Vol. III No. 19

# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

## CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

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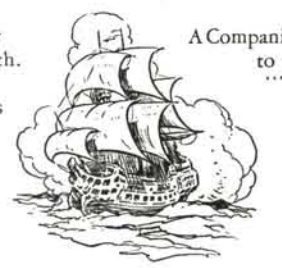

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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME III — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1926 — NUMBER 19

## The Milk of Emerson

EMERSON is the George Washington of American literature. He has been made into a plaster saint, very cold plaster, very high-brow saintliness, and his philosophy has been used to get children up in the morning, and has been warmed over for boosting religions, and adapted for advertisements of bath tubs and real estate. Hitch your wagon to a star, has been the motto of many an American speculation.

Well, it is comfort to find the man more human than his smug descendants who reduce his maxims to platitudes, and syndicate them through the press. It is a gratification to have a book of his own that smashes plaster, lets the warm blood run, and restores the man, as W. E. Woodward and Rupert Hughes have recently been restoring the human Washington. "The Heart of Emerson's Journal"* is a condensation of the ten volumes published some years ago by Dr. Emerson and Waldo E. Forbes (not Edward Waldo Forbes as it is stated in the Preface of the new book); it might well be called The Heart of Emerson, for Emerson's first and warmest thinking went into his Journals, and was merely strung together afterwards for his lectures and essays.

This Emerson, self-revealed, is by no means the impeccable mentor which his imitators, all the way to Elbert Hubbard and beyond, have pretended to be. He is humorous, he is vain, a man naïvely longing for company worthy of his own intellect and desiring to shine therein; he struts when he sets down a self-conscious epigram, with an air of looking it over; he is querulous and craves sympathy, he is afraid he will die before he becomes famous, he is often inconsistent. Only a man both great and very human could work out the theories of pacifism and non-resistance which less original men have been rediscovering ever since, and yet, most amazingly, in the heat of the Civil War decide that only fighting settles such controversies, and accuse Grant at the end of too great generosity in the terms of peace. He was human in other senses also. Wealth, he wrote, loses much of its value if it have not wine. "I abstain from wine only because of the expense."

* * *

Surely this is no theorist, but a true child of Adam. But he is more than mere man. With Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton he comes near to representing the total formative idea of young America. The belittlers will have difficulty with this journal of a transparently great soul which reads like a Bible of American idealism. There is the intense ambition for self-betterment in it, the boundless hope of success, the self-reliance of the pioneer, the half mystic withdrawals toward nature and the woods which so many Americans have experienced, the humorous self-criticism—"great race, but though an admirable fruit, you shall not find one good, sound, well-developed apple in the tree. Nature herself was in a hurry with these hasters and never finished one." Even that curious mixture of puritanism with its opposite which is so typically American that every critic of puritanism from Cooper and Whitman down to Mencken becomes half puritan himself, is in Emerson. He praises Shakespeare because his characters are done in sport and left with God, and in another breath accuses Boccaccio of giving all his attention to a sex excitement which is intense only at rare intervals, and can be appreciated, in any case, only by the continent. He is titilated by a ballet dancer in Boston, but decides that while she may be bad for the boys from Harvard, a good student of the world like himself should see, hear, and presumably experience, everything that is the best of its kind. And yet he believes (with the Prohibitionists) that a sect for the suppression of intemperance or of loose behavior to women would be more useful than either Orthodoxy or Unitarianism which only attack

(*Continued on page* 364)

*The Heart of Emerson's Journals. Edited by Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $3.

## *In His Own Country*

By LORD DUNSANY

A NEW thing came and they could not see,
A new wind blew and they would not feel it.
Out of a world of wizardry,
With a scent picked up in Araby,
And a charm for the hurried mind to heal it,
And a song blown west from Arcady;
A new wind blew and they would not feel it.

Their watchers looked for a wind to blow;
And the new wind sang, and they could not hear it.
It slipped at dusk by the mean dull row
Of their narrow houses from fields of snow
In a magical land: they were very near it
For wonderful moments, and did not know,
The new wind sang and they could not hear it.

If they had heard it, who could not hear,
If they had learned it, who would not listen,
They had seen lost fairyland near, so near,
And the tarns of elf-land shimmering clear;
They had seen those pinnacles beckon and glisten
That now will never be seen by them here;
If they had heard, but they would not listen.

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## Next Week, or Later

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## This Business of Writing

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Editor, *Emporia Gazette*

MAN reflects his moods upon his arts. The spiritual history of a time and a place is found in its attitude toward beauty. When the Kingdom of God comes it will come in beauty. During the ten years passing western civilization has lost much of its faith, has let go its firm hold on hope, and has forgotten something of the buoyant love of humanity which was built upon faith and hope. So the arts in Christendom from the Caspian Sea west to Honolulu have been full of uglinesses, dishonesties, gaucheries. The cubists have come with their crashing colors and their springing angles, revealing devilish indecencies. Sculptors have sought out of the marble all its mocking sarcasms. Man is depicted from his bestial side. He is made to stand on canvases and in bronze and clay as a ruthless, cunning, greedy brute, and music is strident with tonal combinations that were unutterable twenty years ago. The wholesome ba baric yawp of Whitman fifty years ago finds modern expression in salacious gibes, obscer oglings, nauseating profanities. Prose writers shed their verbs like little boys shedding their pants to exhibit their rhetorical indecencies and to shock the playgrounds. Poetry is full of gibberish about unimportant matters largely connected wih the procreative viscera of dull people. In the fictional and dramatical alcove of art we have the rise of the Goddam School of Expression. Now the Goddam School of Literature was bitten by a terrible inferioriy complex sometime during the War. During the War and after the Goddam lost faith, gave over hope, and spat upon love; they said in their hearts "man is a beast. In picturing him we shall forget all of the organs of his body, his brain, his bowels, his circulatory system, and devote ourselves to considering the caprices of his reproductive intestines."

Which intestines are no more important for man's well being or ill being than other groups of his physical functions. Nor is his sex machinery less important than his assimilative equipment. But they of the Goddam School refused to consider more even in the guise of a beast as a whole man. Instead they kept prodding around his lower bowels with some kind of low mischievous obsession that they were revealing life. In every few chapters to release their repressed spiritual inferiority, they came as near to bawling out the short and ugly words of obscenity as the postal law would permit them; and failing in that, they stuck into their manuscripts a lot of staccato Goddams to release the pressure of their low spirit.

Now, human life is not a mechanical process. Convince man it is and you rob him of his faith, hope, and love, and he will jump off the planet and leave it as flat as the pagans thought it was. One thing has persisted through all man's journey in this wilderness ever since he came down from the trees. That is his inextinguishable optimism, his unswerving hope, his unfailing faith. This faith and hope in the last period of his journey for two thousand brief years in the long millenial procession, have flowered into a slowly growing love of his kind, tolerance for its weaknesses, belief in its strength. By hooking up his growing social altruism man is building a civilization in which he is using more justice than ever was used on earth before. Man's growing belief in his own essential nobility in the

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last two thousand years is welding a chain of faith in the wise and benevolent purposes of his god. Some time as he sees farther into matter with the telescope and the microscope and with the cat eyes of science which peer into the dark places, man will throw that chain on to some great wheel of life and pull humanity out of its low estate into another and higher plane of life. To keep man's faith in his destiny alive through the creation of beauty, and so to urge man on to the Kingdom of God, is the purpose of art. After an artist has demonstrated that he can use his tools skilfully, his usefulness depends upon the faith that is in him, upon the hope that he reflects, upon the love which dominates his work. Old Paul was no fool; the greatest of these is love.

Now, through the years of this passing decade in America, the leadership which we call fame in the business of writing has largely been in the hands of those who believe in a mechanistic universe. Generally speaking, the business of cherishing for us Americans our ideals in the wise purposes of God and the essential nobility of man has been in the hands of the women. They have carried the torch of idealism—Willa Cather, Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, among the fiction writers. But one man has gone straight ahead through all the orgy of sex expressionism, through the cachinnations of Goddamism, and the gibberish of impressionism, gaily and wisely describing the American scene in his plays and novels. He has glorified man as the child of God, a wayward child perhaps, weak of course, petty, peevish, dirty, often abominable, but always carrying in his heart that nobility which marks him from the beast. That man is Booth Tarkington.

* * *

Two books have come from him this year which might have been written in 1899, the year he first came skidding across the literary stage with "The Gentleman from Indiana." The two books are a novel "The Plutocrat,"* and a book called "Looking Forward,"* which he describes as "inspiring essays." Now, Booth Tarkington's most ardent friends, one of whom is penning these lines, would not claim for him that he is our most highly skilled literary artist. Once in a while Tarkington writes a sway-backed story. Probably one who loves life and enjoys its robust moments could imagine no more gorgeous pastime in a literary heaven than to sit down forever and read novel after novel of Booth Tarkington for the first ten chapters. After the tenth, here and there, the novel's back does begin to break. Nevertheless they are good novels, honest stories of our times. They depict us Americans as we are, raw, strong, selfish, hard, with a certain raucous and often gargantuan laughter at the finer amenities of civilization. But always we are depicted with love, with an understanding heart, with a dynamic faith in our arrival at some useful destiny in the loving purpose of a wise and patient God. The sheer, naïve daring of Booth Tarkington in using the words "inspiring essays" on the cover of a book in these degenerate days shows his scorn for the Goddam School and all its works and ways. And oh! the joy of the verbs which always adorn his staunch sentences. He is not afraid of inspiration. He seems to say on every page: life is real and life is earnest and the grave is not the goal, and what's the matter with old Longfellow anyway? Why stick your snoots up at him? Longfellow told the truth. When Booth Tarkington makes a story he is affected by the same inhibitions of good taste which kept W. D. Howells and Mark Twain from the broader excursions into rabelaisian raconteurage. And to those who would agonize over the methods of these authors Tarkington would answer: "Well, what's the matter with Mark Twain and Howells? They were artists in their day, who reflected their time frankly and with much more skill than if they were free to take their pictures from alley fences and barn walls where childhood's unfettered fancies worked with chalk and nails and bricks." Tarkington might contend that the pictures were better on the whole because of their polite sophistications than the crude and artless sketches of another age. Tarkington's work has lacked no verisimilitude of reality because he has idealized man. His heroes are not wax and plaster; they bleed even if they do wear trousers. His heroines lack no vitality because their sex appeal is subtle and crafty. The America of Tarkington's midlands is no less terrible because he believes that it has a place in the orderly processes of a divine plan only meagerly revealed. The flat spiritual sterility which characterizes the canvases of many of his younger contemporary novelists who think they are realistic when they are merely dirty, has never attracted Tarkington into any phase of imitation. He has held his banner high proclaiming his belief that man is fundamentally decent despite man's meannesses and weaknesses and that God is essentially good in spite of an occasional democratic victory or other holocaust.

"The Plutocrat," Tarkington's offering this year, is a story which might easily have lapsed into unnecessary nastiness; unnecessary because the sex weaknesses of his central figure are more artistically assumed than described. In writing "The Plutocrat," Tarkington has not dipped his flag to the pagan gods who sit in the high places of our synagogues. He is not ashamed of being wholesome nor is he afraid of "clean mirth." In the book of "Inspiring Essays" which are really little sketches in defense of his philosophy, he has stated the whole case for idealism in parables. The book of "Inspiring Essays" is as lovely a thing as Tarkington ever has done. His parables hold up to the end. He makes his case unflinchingly. He is as wise about the weaknesses of men as the bitterest cynic. But Tarkington's wisdom is that loving wisdom which made Jesus, the Galillean, founder of our idealistic school of art, nickname the blustering James and John "Sons of Thunder" and call the stalwart understanding but chicken-hearted Peter—"This Rock."

* THE PLUTOCRAT. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926.
LOOKING FORWARD. The same.

# Any Old Thing

ODDLY ENOUGH. By DAVID MCCORD. Cambridge, Mass.: Washburn & Thomas. 1926.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THE approach to laughter by way of Bergson is so difficult that one never arrives; the theory may be right but the treatise is totally unillustrated. It contains no substance of the smallest chuckle. Yet it seems so logical, "It must be so," you conclude, "probably I shall never laugh again."

And then a simple coincidence comes along. Instead of Bergson, you read W. W. Jacobs, his nightwatchman's tales; or J. K. Jerome, his Stageland; or the immortal Mark, his sketch book; or something by a new man, just budding out with his first book, like this "Oddly Enough;" and lo! the world is not grey and philosophical at all, nor bitter in the mouth forever because of the war, nor anxious about its complexes, but full of the old foolishness that is wiser than philosophy, closer to reality than "realism," and able to tell you more what life will be like a hundred years from now than all the psychologists and sociologists together. A hundred years from now it—or the best of it—will bustle along like a brook, just as it used to, and there will be cakes—perhaps even ale—in spite of the virtues, and ginger will be hot in the mouth; and every now and then, for mystical but sufficient reasons, the lungs of man will begin to crow like chanticleer.

If Mr. McCord, in his little volume of essays on "any old thing and the next thing to it," does not everywhere and always omit the somewhat stale jest and the thing that has more the manners than the substance of humor, it is a sin for which we all need forgiveness. There are few of such things in existence so winged that they fly altogether in the flue. Charles Jacob's "That We Shall Rise with the Lark" is one of those that run like Ariel every minute on the top of the wind. Mr. McCord's "The Hall Closet" is one of his best. "Half Hours at Sea" and "Of Serious Question" are successful excursions into the land of irresponsible joy. There used to be more of this kind—relatively at least—than there is today. We have been growing solemn, not to say sour, grave, not to say grievous.

In "An Imminent Chapter" he runs into a vein of ivory that has some bite in it. It begins with: "The fifteen years just gone, I fear, will go down in history as the period in which America sent her shock poets out to meet the beauty of the world." That is good writing. And it ends with something about "the solemn fall of tears where youthful sniffers are—taking remarkably to heart a little trouble they ran across in Dostoievski," which is rather good too.

# A Bookma[illegible]

IN QUEST OF THE PER[illegible]
Reminiscenses and Reflections of a Boo[illegible]
WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT. Boston: Li[illegible] Brown & Co. 1926. $5 net.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

MR. ORCUTT writes very pleasantly and with enthusiasm of all his subjects—the perfect book, the distinguished acquaintances he made both here and in Europe, the high esteem in which his novels were held, the kindness he met from those whose help he sought in his search, the delightful times he experienced on his travels, and the gracious hours he passed with the courteous Dr. Biagi in the Laurentian Library. His lightsome yet sincere spirit in the recital of these reminiscences and reflections has a catching quality in it, and I, for one, have enjoyed it *con amore*. There is, too, a benevolent camaraderie about the manner of this recital which is quite insinuating, and affects one almost touchingly. When I had finished the reading of the story of his "guest," I was in a burning mood to write him an order for the perfect book, and had he been sitting with me at that moment, I should certainly have written it.

But I was alone, and turning the leaves of his book idly in musing. As I sat thus I began to feel the spell of Mr. Orcutt's wizardry gently leaving me. And then I bethought myself that while I had been deeply interested in the expository overture of the perfect book, and had listened open-mouthed and wide-eyed to his descant on the triumphs of typography, the lure of the illuminated book, and the achievements of William Morris and Cobden Sanderson, I had not, as a matter of fact, had the perfect book explained to me, nor had I been initiated into the elements of its perfection. It occurred to me then that I had been about to buy a pig in a poke, and I dubbed myself an impressionable ass. Still, I said to myself, partly by way of self-vindication, the man who, as he tells me in this story, has served so long and so ardent an apprenticeship at the University Press, should know a perfect book when he sees it. Why not take him at his word? No, I had suddenly conceived a longing to see this perfect book with my own eyes. I, too, had served some apprenticeship at printing, not at the University Press, I admit, but I thought that what I had learned at the Chiswick Press, of London, might here stand me in some stead. I would, therefore, postpone the fatal deed.

I had before heard of the Humanistic type and had been greatly impressed by what had been told me. So I turned, critically this time, to the specimen page of Petrarch's "Triumphs," given in this book. I confess that the more I looked at it the greater was my disappointment. So far from attracting me, it actually repelled me.

Mr. Orcutt says that Professor Eliot Norton gave the finished volume his unqualified approval, that Mr. George W. Jones, of England, pronounced the type "the most beautiful face in the world," and that the jury appointed by the Italian Government to select "the most beautiful and most appropriate type face to perpetuate the divine Dante," chose the Humanistic type. Faced by these large expressions of approval, I hesitate to pipe out my own feelings. Yet I think I could summon a jury of experts as adequate as those cited by Mr. Orcutt who would pronounce a different verdict. Perhaps, it is a matter of taste, and about that, of course, there can be no dispute. I will, therefore, simply confess that my own taste is inhumanistically inclined, at least in so far as the present type specimen moves me. It irks me and gives me the fidgets. I don't know whether it's printed type or handwriting, and I feel like "punching" it again.

Of Mr. Orcutt's "In Quest of the Perfect Book," as a piece of bookmaking, I have nothing but praise. The type is very readable and of a fine lineage, the press work is good, the illustrations are excellently reproduced and have been selected with discrimination. My personal feeling is against "tailing" off the endings of the chapters, as has here been done, but that also may be a matter of taste. The beginner in the study of bookmaking, either as an art, or as a hobby, will find that Mr. Orcutt's book will lead him to further studies and will send him adventuring on his own; and if he never finds the perfect book—which is more than likely—he will certainly have a good time trying to find it.

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# Blake: Psychologist

By S. Foster Damon

Author of "William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols"

DURING the last hundred years, William Blake has been forgotten, rediscovered, apologized for, apotheosized, denied, and rehabilitated, with the result so far, that today one's center table may safely exhibit complete the books once expurgated for it. Yet, though all authorities agree that Blake's early lyrics are great, Blake refuses to be put in his place; the battle continues fiercely over the Prophetic Books. Those who hate to think are driven to admit that the poetry is occasionally very fine, but that they cannot make out what it means,—and can poetry have a meaning not instantly clear and still remain poetry? But satire aside, the problem seems to be dual: are these books really profound or merely idiosyncratic? and are Blake's symbols inevitable or merely arbitrary?

The solution of both questions is apparently coming from a most unexpected source,—the independent investigations of modern psychiatry. Its disciples universally admit that Reason sits not on the central throne but on a seat below it, and that Imagination, the real monarch, sends forth his messages in the form of symbols. The analysis of the symbolism practised unconsciously by every living being has exposed the self-deceptions of Reason ("rationalizing," as it is now called; "Urizen's hypocrisy," as Blake named it); these tea-table commonplaces of today have demolished most of the objections still trumpeted in the reaction against Blake. Now both Blake and modern psychiatry may eventually be proved unsound; but the fact remains that they agree, and consequently that Blake, having anticipated nineteenth century Romanticism in his first books, went ahead still farther and anticipated many of the essentials of what promises to be the great science of our own century.

* * *

Unless we understand that Blake was fundamentally a psychologist, whose chief interest in life was the ethical problems raised by the mental phenomena of mankind, both as individuals and as a group, then we shall never understand his writings. We shall admire the poetry and the designs, but we shall never know what the poetry and the designs were intended to convey. And whenever we stumble upon some such "proverb" as "He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence," we shall write depreciatingly about the verbal excesses of the Revolutionary Romanticists, with warnings that no Mystic is to be understood literally, though all the while there are plenty of hospitals and asylums filled with the victims of suppressed desires.

Psychology was unknown as a science in his day; consequently there were no technical terms in which to discuss it. The word "psychologist" itself had not been invented: what was Blake to call himself? "Prophet," he said defiantly; "Mystic," the nineteenth century substituted, thus recognizing one of Blake's faculties, but missing his purpose. Why, then, should we blame Blake for inventing terms when no terms existed? Abstractions in a sense they are, but no more so than "the Indo-European," or "the Average Man," or "the Ether," all of which terms have been created and employed much as Blake created and employed the Zoas and their Emanations. Take, for example, his Urizen ("Your Reason"); why could he not have used the simple word "Reason"? Simply because the contemporary conception of Reason was quite different from Blake's, wherefore his use of the word would have been wholly deceptive. Again: why did he write of "Jerusalem" instead of using the word "Liberty," as (he remarks) Jerusalem is called among the Sons of Albion? Because his generation did not see deeply enough; it argued that as slavery caused misery, then misery would be abolished by abolishing slavery. So slavery was abolished and "freedom" was attained, but the hopes of the world were frustrated, none the less. "Jerusalem" meant something far deeper than this merely political "liberty," for the liberty men talked of was only one aspect of the real thing.

Blake's first statement of his observations and conclusions in psychology are to be found in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell;" he felt that with their statement a new era began, and it may well be that he was right, this is the first manifesto of modern psychology:

> Man has no Body distinct from his Soul; for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.

Let us compare this rejection of materialism with Dr. Morton Prince's parallel statement in his "The Unconscious:"

> The psychical (and conciousness) is reality, while matter (and physical process) is a *phenomenon*, the disguise, so to speak, under which the psychical appears when apprehended through the special senses.
>
> Energy is the only life and is from the Body; and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.
>
> Energy is Eternal Delight.

For "energy" substitute "libido," and you will find few psychologists to disagree.

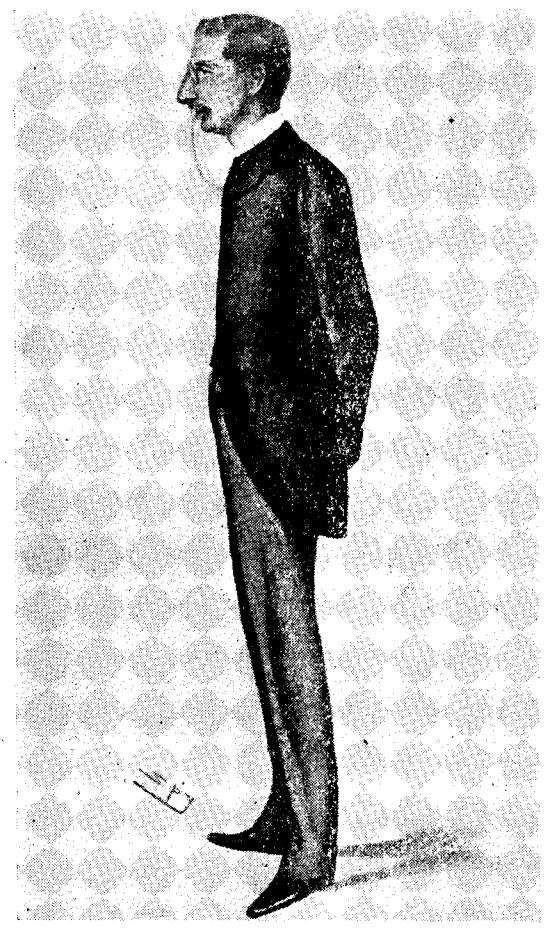
The conclusion of the work is equally modern:

> All deities reside in the human breast. . . . God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men. . . . The worship of God is: Honoring his gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best: those who envy or calumniate great men Hate God; for there is no other God.

Today, Jung in his "Psychology of the Unconscious" writes: "If one honors God. . . . then one honors one's own vital force, the libido."

But "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" was only the beginning. The Prophetic Books continued until they culminated in "The Four Zoas," epic of the brain; "Milton," a personal experience; and "Jerusalem," an analysis of mass-psychology.

Of all modern psychologists, the nearest to Blake is undoubtedly Jung, whose researches have reached independently so many of Blake's conclusions that one is astonished. Blake's terms and Jung's are often interchangeable. Thus Blake's Christians and Atheists are Jung's introverts and extraverts; Blake's four



Rider Haggard. From a drawing by "Spy"

Zoas (the intuitional, emotional, intellectual, and sensorial functions) are the identical functions which determine Jung's four fundamental types; Blake's Spectre and Emanation are Jung's Persona and Anima (both authors noting that the Anima is of the opposite sex). Both place the imagination at the core of being; both stress the necessity of symbolism as a means of expressing what is otherwise inexpressible; both distinguish symbolism from mere allegory, which both consider wholly inferior; both emphasize the importance and value of dreams; both teach that reasoning is one of the most deceptive faculties we have, because of the selfishness that directs it; both believe that the soul preserves traces of its earliest ancestry; and so on. The chief difference seems to be that Jung is a psychiatrist rather than a poet, painter, and philosopher; consequently Jung stresses abnormal cases, for the purpose of curing them, while Blake deals with mankind at large. But this is a mere question of application.

With a knowledge of Blake's purpose and method, plus the memorizing of some dozen of his terms, we can translate the Prophetic Books into modern terms quite readily. "The Four Zoas," for example, begins with the discovery that the personality is being divided. The body (Tharmas) is struggling against the sexual instinct (Enion):

> Why wilt thou Examine every little fibre of my soul,
> Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry?
> The infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
> Horrible, Ghast & Deadly: nought shalt thou find in it
> But Death, Despair & Everlasting brooding Melancholy.

From their struggle are born the poetic or intuitive faculty (Los) and his inspiration (Enitharmon). They flourish, ignorant as yet, and unheeding the battle between the reason (Urizen) and the emotions (Luvah). Finally the commotion reaches the inmost self (Urthona), who falls into the dark void where he still hangs. Such is the very brief outline of the first of the nine "Nights;" and one can readily understand how, without constant reference to the workings of the human mind, this tale would be meaningless and chaotic.

Unfortunately, such are not always the methods of modern scholarship, as may be seen by two of the most recent publications on Blake, the first being an edition of the Prophetic Books* and the second a Life.** It is a sign of the times that these volumes are among the first to ignore the ancient assumption of Blake's "madness." The late Mr. Darrell Figgis probably ended the argument for some years when he devoted a chapter of his "Paintings of William Blake" to a discussion of why people ever thought Blake out of his head.

The edition of the "Prophetic Writings" is intended as a companion to Dr. Sampson's standard edition of the "Poems." The volumes are convenient to hold; the page is a pleasure to the eye; the text is clear. Uprooted though the verses necessarily are from the garden of Blake's designs, yet one is glad to read them unprejudiced by Blake's own difficult lettering and the glamour of the decorated pages.

* * *

But as a scholarly edition—and such it purports to be—it is a keen disappointment. Apparently it was finished in 1912 and never brought up to date, except in the most superficial manner. The editors themselves admit that "the process of revision has not involved any notable readjustment of the conclusions of the earlier investigation; only here and there a slight modification of emphasis and arrangement has been made," and the "Table of Abbreviations" includes only one book dated after 1907—the last fourteen years have been unusually prolific of Blakeana: dates and texts have been established and problems of all kinds have been solved. Of all this research the editors have taken virtually no note. They still date "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" 1790, although examination of Blake's manuscripts have shown that it could not have been finished until 1793, whenever it may have been begun. Scholars may disagree over such points (of which this is but one example) but they may not ignore the evidence completely. The British Museum text of "Milton" has been followed, although Blake's own later arrangements involved the excision of one page and the insertion of six more: these six, however, are published in an Appendix, as "it is now impossible to place [them] satisfactorily"—but why Blake's own placing was unsatisfactory we may wonder. The saddest lapse of scholarship, however, is to be found in "The Four Zoas." The editors have made an honest and intelligent transcript of Blake's long and difficult manuscript, but have been content with that, although the Nonesuch Press had previously issued an equally honest and perhaps still more intelligent text. Collation is one of the essential duties of the scholar; the Sloss-Wallis text differs from the Nonesuch text on every page; why have not these differences been recorded? Most of them, to be sure, are mere matters of punctuation and capitalizing, but there are also surprising variations as to actual wording and the arrangement of Blake's lines. As we are still trying to determine what Blake actually wrote, this lapse of editorship is quite serious.

So much for the technical side. When we come to the question of explanation of the text, we encounter the very thing that Blake guarded against. A surprising proportion of the footnotes say merely that a difficulty is "insoluble,"—which we may doubt freely, as all recent solutions have been ignored. The

*The Prophetic Writings of William Blake. Edited by D. J. Sloss and J. P. R. Wallis. Oxford University Press. 1926. 2 vols. Illus. $14.

**William Blake. By Osbert Burdett. English Men of Letters. New Series. New York: Macmillan Co. 1926. $1.25.

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editors do not seem to know that Blake was writing of the human brain; they cannot explain the very foundation of his symbolic system—the Zoas—although their meaning has long been published; the literary structure of the epics is quite invisible (the longest of them is described as a "helpless confusion"); paradox, in which Blake delighted, seems mere self-contradiction; an idea developed seems an idea changed. Blake would have remarked drily that "Urizen" had been "allegorizing" again.

The life of Blake by Osbert Burdett shows no such confusion. It is a clear and pleasant retelling of the known facts about the passage of Blake through this world, though interspersed with rather irritating propaganda for Classicism. Mr. Burdett is the apostle of a philosophy wholly opposed (as he thinks) to Blake's; for him Blake is the supreme example of the lamentable Romantic school. He regrets that Blake was not properly schooled on Classical models; he believes that the value of Blake's verse lies in its music but not in its thought; he seems to believe, and certainly says several times, that Blake's ideal was idiosyncrasy. He does not seem to suspect that, however Romantic Blake's work may appear, it is ultra-Classical in its attempt to reduce humanity to one formula, and in its recognition of fundamental, eternal types. But perhaps we shall be most just to Mr. Burdett by quoting the last sentences of his book:

> The reader, then, who would view Blake critically will accept him as a fine lyric poet, an inspiring writer of lyrical prose, a great coiner of aphorisms, and, unless he is specially drawn to them, will not feel bound to linger over the longer prophecies. He will discover that Blake is at his best when he is disciplined. . . . When we turn from the uneven work left by Blake to the heroic life of the man who made it, the conclusion to which we come is an old distinction: that his life was noble but his work sublime. Then man, the artist, the mystic, the lyric poet form a complex appeal which makes it fatally easy to do more or less than justice to his several achievements; and, if he still tantalizes, inspires, and yet leaves us unsatisfied, and, it may be, disappointed, let us remember that to tantalize and to disappoint are the very qualities which distinguish the sublime from classical art.

So Mr. Burdett ends; and we need add only that Mr. Burdett's idea of the sublime is his own,—at least, it is not Longinus's.

## Swinburne

A STUDY OF SWINBURNE. By T. Earle Welby. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by Samuel C. Chew

Bryn Mawr College

ACCORDING to a story which if not well founded is particularly well found, three conditions were imposed upon Sir Edmund Gosse when he undertook the "official" biography of Swinburne: he was not to mention the word "brandy;" he was not to say that the poet ever had *improper relations with any woman*; he was to preserve silence with regard to Swinburne's attitude towards the Established Church. The tale is probably untrue; but there is little or nothing in the "Life" to gainsay it. "Previously lives of the great poet," Mr. Welby's publishers tell us, "have been marked by glaring omissions."

Mr. Welby's admiration of Swinburne is of no recent growth. He dates it from his middle teens, the period of life at which, he thinks, the "Poems and Ballads: First Series" should be put into a boy's hands. He admits that the taste formed in adolescence is one that is often outgrown in later life; but as for himself, he is as enthusiastic at forty-four as he was at fourteen. A dozen years ago he published a small "critical essay" on the poet in which, as his concluding words phrase it, he gave Swinburne "the last salute of all my love and reverence." But, as it turns out, this essay was not to be his last salute. He now publishes a far more substantial "Study of Swinburne."

Since 1914 a great deal of material has become available to the biographer and critic. There have been three collections of his letters. There have been several critical studies, including the massive monograph by Paul de Reul. There is Sir Edmund Gosse's biography, a masterpiece of self-conscious reticence; and Mr. Harold Nicolson's contribution to the "English Men of Letters" series, a very clever bit of sustained under-statement. Still in course of publication there is the magnificent definitive and "limited" Bonchurch edition of the Complete Works in verse and prose. And there is the long series of pamphlets privately printed, the most of them by Mr. Thomas James Wise, and a few of the late Mr. Clement K. Shorter and the late Theodore Watts-Dunton. In many of these pamphlets are found batches of the poet's letters now more easily accessible in the published correspondence. Other pamphlets contain poems now included in the Bonchurch edition. A few—notably those printed for Mr. Shorter—contain pitiably insignificant scraps and fragments put into type in extremely limited editions for circulation among friends or sale to the purse-proud. But some others are still of considerable independent interest since they contain pieces which Gosse and Wise have not seen fit to publish in the Bonchurch edition. There remain unprinted (for Swinburne after about 1858 seems never to have destroyed a single sheet of paper on which he had written anything!) the three plays in the manner of Fletcher written at Oxford; the novel "Lesbia Brandon" on which he had worked for many years and which is, if report be true, soon to see the light; and various pieces of verse and prose of so disreputable a character as to be unprintable even in these tolerant and enlightened days. At least one work of ambitious length and extremely scabrous nature Swinburne himself privately printed so long ago as 1888 (when the poet had been living for nearly a decade with the supposedly antiseptic Watts-Dunton!). Mr. Wise includes this book in his bibliography with no other indication of its character than that afforded by its title—which is quite sufficiently revealing. Mr. Welby with less reticence refers to this and similar writings which are of interest primarily to the specialist in abnormal sexology, but which cannot be entirely ignored by the literary critic since they serve to explain the markedly sadistic elements in some of the poems, in "The Sisters," in one of the unpublished plays, and in several letters.

With this new material Mr. Welby, having had access not only to the pamphlets but to the original manuscripts, is thoroughly familiar. He has moreover worked all this heterogeneous matter into the general pattern of his book. There is no bristling "documentation," no pedantry. And having developed an ability as critic of which his earlier books gave comparatively little indication, he here presents the most "convincing" portrait of Swinburne that has yet appeared. The biography is not "exhaustive" in the literal sense of omitting nothing; for facts completely and accurately set forth elsewhere (such as the poet's ancestry and boyhood) are not repeated. The cheap stale jests about the Putney period without which, one had begun to fear, no book on Swinburne could be written, are avoided, and in their place we have a reasonable appreciation of what Watts-Dunton did for Swinburne and a reasonable statement of his influence on the later poetry. We must not make the mistake, Mr. Welby remarks, of attributing all that we dislike in the Putney period to that influence.

* * *

Liberty, in its widest sense, is the key-note of Swinburne's poetry. With this as his dominant theme Mr. Welby interprets the "Poems and Ballads" of 1866; the "Songs before Sunrise;" "Erechtheus;" and the greater dramas. In the main it is the key that unlocks most secrets, though I cannot but think that Mr. Welby's attempts to justify Swinburne's violently jingoistic attitude during the Boer War are unsuccessful. To the original "Poems and Ballads" this critic allots a far higher place than did Mr. Nicolson in his so curiously distorted estimate of Swinburne. The "Songs before Sunrise" are rightly considered as his crowning achievement, while the second series of "Poems and Ballads" is somewhat underestimated, perhaps in reaction from Mr. Nicolson's perverse over-rating of it. The least valuable portion of Mr. Welby's book is the chapter on Swinburne's criticism. The somewhat overworn purple patches—the end of the "Byron," the beginning of the "Hugo"—are brought out for exhibition; and the usual things and only the usual things are said, probably because there is nothing more to be said.

Mr. Welby refuses to judge the poet by ordinary standards of conduct and life. For good and ill—great good and, viewed tolerantly, little ill—he differed from ordinary mortals. That Swinburne was himself conscious of this isolation from other men, not only in the sense that he was a man of genius but in the sense that he was in some other respects abnormal, Mr. Welby makes clear by calling attention to some significant personal allusions that have generally been overlooked.

In conclusion it must be said that the proof-reading of this book does little credit to the publishers. Misprints abound. "London" for "Landor" is bad enough; but the statement (page 187) that the final chorus in "Erechtheus" "creaks into the song of the glorious future of Athens" is worse—it is funny. When the well-deserved second edition of the book is called for I shall be happy to submit a complete list of these many errors. It is to be hoped that Mr. Welby will also then take advantage of the opportunity to be a little more fair to the late Doctor Furnivall; to remove the sudden, unexpected, and violent attack on Sir William Watson; and to compile a much-needed index.

## A Sextet

LOVE-LIFE IN NATURE. By Wilhelm Bolsche. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1926. Two vols. $10.

SEX IN MAN AND ANIMALS. By John R. Baker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

SEX IN LITERATURE. By V. F. Calverton. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. K. Ogden

"I WELCOME this book because it is a good thing that the facts of sex should be rationally discussed," says Professor Julian Huxley in introducing Mr. Baker's account of modern biological discoveries bearing on the sex problem. The same feeling is implied by Professor Barnes in recommending Mr. Calverton's tract to our attention. And if we are to take Herr Bölsche seriously, it must be because on the whole he, too, will contribute to a more rational attitude in many readers.

Sex has been called one of the great mysteries, but the biologist holds that the description is justified no longer. We are even beginning to see how we may arrive at the control which will put us less at the mercy of unknown forces. This is due for the most part to a study of sex in the animal world, particularly in the lowest forms of life; and when the biographer of Haeckel, in his task of popularizing the "Wonders of Nature," was looking for fresh fields to conquer, the reticence of his contemporaries outside their scientific journals made sex an easy prey. But as a good journalist he called it "love-life"—and thereafter sentiment had free play.

"Gird up your loins, I will lead you," these are his words. So with Raphael's Madonna for a mascot, and Goethe's "Sämtliche Werke" for a klaxon, he removes the brakes, and we glide smoothly down into the primeval slime, where ovum-cell and sperm-cell, jellyfish and crustacean, may best be studied. Three hundred and seventy-five pages have been covered ere you first reach a looking glass; and at the question, Are you an animal or a plant? we may pause to sample our cicerone's method.

*Reader, you are an animal* not a plant, though Sir Jagadis Bose interpret his marigolds never so wisely. Moreover, hair and feathers being mutually exclusive, which have you? Feathers, you were about to answer? Listen, ignorant one, to Uncle Bölsche, "Put your clothes aside once more and ask your naked body again. You have not the slightest start toward feathers. On the other hand. . . ."

Another page and you are positively forced to agree that you are not a bird. Moreover, "it is infinitely easy to prove by a hundred good reasons that you really are an honest to goodness mammal," so after another page you may safely admit that you are neither a duckbill nor a kangaroo,—"no snappish opossum that murders the North American farmer's chickens nights and sucks their blood, dangling high up in a tree by its merry, coiled tail when you want to catch it."

(*Continued on next page*)

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You are not a marsupial; but now Uncle Bölsche is asking for your hand, no doubt to startle you again.

Give me your hand. This beautiful hand in which so much human art lies enclosed is a work of art. But it is a wise hand too. The mystic sought to read fate in its lines. The sceptic laughed at that. But more fate actually lies in this hand than in a thousand sibylline books of our wisest men. . . . Let those races of mammals above the marsupial pass by you in imagination like a mighty, sullen, trampling, rattling, roaring vision. . . .

Here are the rock-badgers. There are the sloths. Now you can see the little brown mounds of earth. . . . The Honorable Mr. Hedgehog is a primeval world traveller. You won't get your hand free for ten pages, and then only because Uncle has decided to interpolate a history of the navel.

No wonder it takes half a million words to tell the story, or that in twenty years a hundred thousand copies have found their way into German homes. After all, there is Keyserling. And Spengler, too, has shown what can be done with a vocabulary. Bölsche, moreover, has this advantage, that he relies neither on mysticism nor space-time to put it over. The reader who perseveres to the end and can abide a somewhat elephantine humor will emerge with a great deal of unusual information. For Bölsche has assimilated most of the pre-war scientific literature of sex, and in this respect Mr. Baker's volume forms an admirable supplement.

The chapters in which Mr. Baker deals with Hormones, Chromosomes, Abnormalities, and Hermaphroditism are masterpieces of clarity, and his twenty-three illustrations are admirably chosen. On the Determination of Sex, Birth Control, and such incidentals as why more boys are born in war-time he is particularly to be commended. His quiet approach leads us naturally to the subject of literature by asking us to consider "everyday life in a community of sexless individuals." And he agrees with the psychoanalysts that sublimation of the sexual instinct has helped to give the world its treasures of art and literature. "Fiction it has affected more directly for there is little that does not centre on a sexual theme." At which point Mr. Calverton takes up the tale. From Bellafront to Hatrack, the wheel has come full circle, and after three hundred years—covered approximately for each generation by the ten chapters of his book—the English speaking world seems to be on the verge of recovering something of the Elizabethan spirit.

Professor Barnes, in introducing Mr. Calverton, raises the question whether the next decade will not see a new conflict, "much more fierce and devastating than any previous battle between conventionality and intelligence." If Mr. Calverton is right in the suggestion that preoccupation with sex in literature will diminish in the next few generations, such a conflict is highly unlikely; and here, perhaps, is the weakness of his book if we are to regard it otherwise than as a provisional manifesto. For if it be true that both the "Immoral Revolution" of his ninth chapter and the "Contemporary Sex Release" of his tenth are primarily the outcome of changing social conditions and a recoil from bourgeois standards, why should we assume that the new masses will read *The New Masses?* Mr. Booth Tarkington, for example, may carry out his threat to "awaken the good taste of the public." Nor have Mr. Hughes in Australia and Mr. Arthur Henderson in England—and these gentlemen, too, are often regarded as indicative of the coming order—yet expressed their approval of Zola or rejoiced at the achievement of Joyce.

It is too much, however, to expect the thoroughness of Havelock Ellis and Ivan Bloch in a compilation which is issued as "a challenge to the moralist;" nor, if Professor Barnes is right, is this a time for perfecting a sociological technique, though Mr. Baker has provided a model of method. Rather are we in need of artillery, and though each of these three works has an independent educational significance, each is more easy to justify as additional ammunition for the coming conflict. To complete a Yuletide sextet, I would add Westermarck's "Short History of Human Marriage" (Macmillan $3.50) which this author has based on the fifth edition of his three volume work, approaching marriage as a social institution; the new revision of Remy de Gourmont's "Philosophy of Love" in Ezra Pound's translation just issued for the Casanova Society; and Malinowski's forthcoming "Sex and Repression in Savage Society," which will shortly be added to the International Library of Psychology and will incorporate his famous critique of Freud's generalized Oedipus-cumflex.

# Qwertyuiop

## A Shirtsleeves History

### 1. The Jumping-Off Place

I CAME out of an office building in the forties, swung around the corner into the Avenue, started down it in the blue twilight. New York is at her best on Autumn evenings. The street lights glow nacreously along Fifth, the bulk of tall buildings assumes mystery. The black glistening tide of private cars, picked out by the colors of the taxicabs, hastes with romance. The air snaps and sparkles. Adventure's panther-feet in the great city are just beginning to prowl. I have inhabited this metropolis for fifteen years, but the Fall evenings always "get me," no matter how fagged I have become through the heat of summer, how tattered by the stridence of traffic-noises, hoisting-engines, and steam-riveters. The Autumn opens new horizons to my imagination, suggests new projects. I had just been talking over a new project with the editor of the periodical in which this appears.

The project involved the fifteen years of which I have just spoken. I was to turn them to account. I am a man of about fifty who has been connected in various capacities with literature and journalism during the last decade and a half. I am not going to give myself away, but considerable yellow copy-paper has run through my typewriter in that time. For the past five years I have eked out a living as a free-lance. I have never collected many shekels; but I have many memories. The editor seemed to think my memories might be of interest to the general public.

Perhaps, as he said, the time is auspicious to go back over the literary history of America during the time in which I operated on the literary exchange. Yet, Lord knows, I am not the man to write a regular literary history. What I remember best are the odd things, and my data is extremely miscellaneous. I can't claim to be a creative writer in the best sense, but I have tried my hand in my time at everything from signed articles to he-and-she jokes for the funny papers. I have mixed around, meeting a good many publishers, editors, and writers of all descriptions. If you want a physical picture of me, I am lanky, sorrel-headed, with weakish blue eyes behind large eyeglasses. I chew an unlighted cigar or smoke a pipe when I work, and, at that unusual time, choose to elevate my feet as high as I can, while preserving the free use of my arms for tick-tacking at the type. I have humble lodgings down in "The Village," because that is still the part of town in which I find it most convenient and amusing to live.

I like still to think of myself as a journalist, although it is years since I have been connected with a newspaper. My name is nobody's particular business. And so I have headed this series of random remarks (which are intended possibly to provide a little perspective, a little background to this present period of the greatest merchandising of literature that the world has ever seen) with the cryptic line consisting of the top row of letters common to every typewriter. *Qwertyuiop* be my name, qwertyuiop be my contribution to the annals of this now great and thriving business of producing the printed word and manufacturing books therefrom. I can come to you with no scholarly outline of what has happened of recent years in our literary history. But I can possibly refresh your memories and provide some anecdotal footnotes; perhaps I may be able to convey a little of the color and of the nature of the typewritten activity in the years I have seen, the years that the locust should not devour entire.

I may, of course, wander a bit, occasionally, from my subject to supply contemporary detail not peculiarly literary. But in these days when our minds are filled every day as much with such events as Dempsey-versus-Tunney, the Hall murder and the defeat of the Yankees by the Cardinals, as with news of the latest novel by Miss Ellen Glasgow or the dramatization of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," we should not be surprised to note that similar details will creep into a review of the years 1912 to 1927. In my opinion, to realize that the Bulgars were shelling Adrianople at the time that John L. Golden, William H. Crane, and Nat Willis were expanding in the Lambs' Club Grill and a final uniform edition of Howells was being reviewed by Brander Matthews (to choose an instance) enriches the picture and fills in the perspective. So, though, in the main I shall stick to my subject, I desire a little elbow room.

This will be a heterogeneous chronicle, but out of its heterogeneity will, I hope, emerge some inkling of what America has been doing to her writers and what her writers have been doing to America during the past decade and a half, with side glances at the development of the great modern business of publishing. I don't want the chronicle to be dry facts or full of generalization, however cogent. I want it to meander along without too much classification. When this weighty work was suggested by the editor for whom I am writing, he wanted me to prepare an outline of what it would cover. Well, I can't seem to get the thing started in that fashion. If one went into all that thoroughly, one would become involved in a history, say, of the novel in America, of the development of the short story, of the progress of poetry, of the resurgence of the essay, and so on. You would divide your book up into sections and delve into each exhaustively, classifying, comparing, deducing, expatiating. It would be a splendid three-volume work, but not the book I want to write. I want to write my book in my shirtsleeves, out of what I remember, without fear or favor. I couldn't anyway, write a valuable book of contemporary criticism.

* * *

*Here goes then!* Back in 1912 labor conditions were said to be better than at any time since 1907, though *The Masses* didn't think so. At least, the paper trade was unusually prosperous, particularly on the newsprint paper end. Eighty-one new paper mills had been incorporated within seven months, and with more than eighty millions capital. And, to judge by the booklists, all the paper those paper mills could produce was going to be badly needed! When you consider that one hundred and fifty thousand copies of "Freckles" alone, by Gene Stratton-Porter, had been sold in 1911 and that her "A Girl of the Limberlost" was now in its eighty-ninth thousand, with her new novel "The Harvester" just bursting on the public, you can trace some relationship between the rise of the best-seller in America and the increase in paper-mills. Gene Stratton-Porter had been a discovery of the famous Effendi, that most extraordinary best-seller-detector of the firm of Doubleday, Page. But Doubleday, Page had not corralled the work of Vaughn Kester, whose "Prodigal Judge" some of you may remember. He was Bobbs-Merrill's. "The Prodigal Judge" had swept the country in 1911, its central character a fantastic and lovable sot. Zane Grey came along through Harpers in February of 1912 with "Riders of the Purple Sage," with its background of Southern Utah and its outfit of gunmen and Mormons. And of course this was the time when Jeffrey Farnol was reaping his early golden harvest. "The Money Moon" had succeeded "The Broad Highway." Farnol was compared to Dumas, Dickens, Fielding, and Stevenson,—though two mad wags in F. P. A.'s bailiwick (weren't they James Montgom-

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ery Flagg and Julian Street?) later commented upon him as follows:

> Said Arnold Bennett to Benedict Arnold
> What do you think of Jeffrey Farnol?
> His style is soft and sweet like rennet
> Said Benedict Arnold to Arnold Bennett.

—thus striking a trial balance.

Of course, our own Harold Bell Wright had come out of the West. "The Winning of Barbara Worth," we were at that time informed, had "made nearly three million friends." By the end of May in 1912 the Wright books were selling at the rate of over 125,000 monthly. Meanwhile the now famous Book Supply Company had announced the dramatization of "A Shepherd of the Hills," which was to be produced in Chicago in the Spring.

England, again, played Florence Barclay against that. "Through the Postern Gate" was still going strong and she sold over one million copies of her three former stories. The market was flooded with sweetness and light. America retorted with recruits in the ranks of he-man novelists, two stalwarts. I have said that Zane Grey's "Riders of the Purple Sage" was on the Harper list for February; and there was also a fellow named James Oliver Curwood, who was the only American employed as an exploratory writer by the Canadian government. His "Flower of the North" was published in May, 1912. At seventeen he had travelled a thousand miles in a rig selling a medicine which he mixed up in horsepails. And in the fall of the year of which I write he was preparing to take another trip to the far North from his native city, Detroit. But he was mixing bigger medicine this time.

Why does one begin with best sellers? I suppose because they are so flamboyant. The really good books published in 1912 we shall come to later. There were large literary events. Nineteen-twelve was the year of the inception of the Authors' League of America, of the establishment of Miss Harriet Monroe's little Chicago magazine, *Poetry*, which took such an active part in the poetry renascence,—which word reminds me that it was the year of Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem, "Renascence," modestly half-hidden from the eye by the mossy stone of "The Lyric Year," an anthology designed by Ferdinand Pinney Earle and published by Mitchell Kennerley. Kennerley had announced that an anonymous lover of poetry would donate a sum of $100 to be distributed in prizes to the best three poems included. The judges were Mr. Wheeler of *Current Literature* and Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite. Orrick Johns won the first prize.

And then, too, after all, 1912 was the year of the Titanic disaster, and of the Rosenthal murder, as well as of the septuagenarianism of William Dean Howells, Henry Mills Alden, John Burroughs, and John Muir. Amundsen and Captain Scott, the Taft-Roosevelt conflict and the Bull Moose party,—to say nothing of the woman suffrage agitation, were all in the headlines. Yes, it was a Year.

Harvey, Watterson, Wilson,—do you remember them,—and F. G. Cooper's cartoon, "That's All!" in *Collier's*? Alongside of that, so mixed a scrap-bag is my mind, I recall the Dickens Centenary and William Watson's arrival for it. There was a Browning Centenary too. There was a son of Dickens who came over to lecture here, was photographed with Meredith Nicholson and James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis, and died suddenly from heart failure at the Hotel Astor after acute indigestion. He was also the godson of Tennyson. As for the only son of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, he died at Asolo in July, 1912. He was sixty-three years old, had been a linguist at the age of eight, and his front names were Robert Wiedemann Barrett. *The Lyric Year*, above mentioned, contained many bardic tributes to his father, one of the best being by the late George Sterling.

(*To be continued*)

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Lionello Venturi, who is Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Turin, has recently issued what is one of the important studies of art to make their appearance in Italy in recent years. "Il Gusto dei Primitivi" (Bologna: Zanichelli) contains an analysis of and commentary upon the works of the great Italian masters from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, as compared with those of the late Renaissance artists, the German Nazareni, the English pre-Raphaelites, and the French Impressionists.

# Belief or Unbelief?

ADVENTUROUS RELIGION. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Bishop William M. Brown

Author of "My Heresy"

WHEN the modernist-fundamentalist controversy broke out in America, and religion suddenly became news, reporters frequently called upon me to explain what it was all about. They were generally surprised to hear that I was not a modernist. I accepted the whole Creed, I told them. I believed the Bible from cover to cover. I was in entire sympathy, I said, with Mr. Bryan and Billy Sunday, and the Rev. Dr. Straton, excepting upon one point. I could worship with them, I explained, and I could recognize their faith as mine, with only one reservation: I could not accept their supernaturalistic interpretations.

"Are not people calling you a heretic?" they asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Who?"

"The Modernists and the Fundamentalists," I explained.

"Why?"

"Because I do not accept their supernaturalism."

"Do the Modernists object to your rejection of supernaturalism?" they would ask. "Do they object to your refusal to interpret the Virgin Birth literally, and all that?"

"Oh, no," I had to explain. "The Modernists do not object to my rejection of Fundamentalist supernaturalism. What hurts them is that I reject Modernist supernaturalism. The Fundamentalists want to throw both me and the Modernists out of the ministry; but the Modernists merely want to throw me out."

I repeat this in order that readers may understand my bias in commenting upon Professor Fosdick's new book, "Adventurous Religion," a most fascinating statement of the message of Christianity to the modern world as interpreted by him. I am prejudiced against the book, and I intend to vent my prejudices. I would not write an unbiased review if I could, and nobody could do such a thing anyway. When a reviewer claims to be unbiased, he is indulging in bunk.

Everybody necessarily sees things from his own point of view; and if he has no point of view, there is no point in his saying anything. So be it understood that I am opposed to Dr. Fosdick's position. And having said that, let me add that he has written a splendid, inspiring, and helpful book which ought to have a large sale.

It will appeal especially, I believe, to young people who have quit going to church, not because they are particularly opposed to it, but because they do not find it exciting. By that I mean the average run of intelligent young people.

Low orders of mentality can still become excited by the old-fashioned revivals. By noise and fury and by vivid word-pictures of Heaven and Hell, they may find it possible to shut out the world of reality, and to give themselves over to the savage ecstasies of sanctification.

But the average American youth of today cannot swallow his mysticism in such crude doses. He "believes in something," he says. He shrinks from the conclusion that "this life is all." The fact is that this life is not big enough to suit him; and if it were possible, without insult to his intelligence, to believe in a spiritual world—some vague, magical realm where the findings of science do not necessarily apply—he would like to do so.

If such young people discover Professor Fosdick, their problem may be temporarily solved. They will then understand why, in the heart of "godless New York" in this non-churchgoing age, the police have so often been called upon to keep back the throngs of respectable, intelligent young folks with a modern outlook who have clamored to get into Dr. Fosdick's church. For, although obviously spiritual, he does not insult their intelligence. His views seem to be most advanced; so advanced at times, in fact, that even among intellectuals they may produce a thrilling little shock.

> To be sure (he says in one of these charming essays) God cannot be an individual to whom we cry. The clinging garments of anthropomorphism will long clothe our poetic language about God and, like the words "sunrise" and "sunset," carry over into a new day the imagery of an out-grown world view. But there is no safety for religious faith among the intelligent until it is plainly recognized that the old astronomy has really gone and with it the old god of a local habitation, conceived in picturesque and individual terms.

Not much of a shock in that, of course, but just enough. Professor Fosdick is a shock artist, for while he denies the individualism of God, he hastens to assert God's Personality. Just what personality is without individuality he does not say, but evidently it can be non-individual.

As to the Bible, Dr. Fosdick also makes no claims to which the intelligent must object. It was not handed down from the sky. It was not dictated as if by a supernatural individual to certain human amanuenses. It is not inerrant. It is not an authority upon any subject in the realm of scientific investigation. It was written by people who supposed that the earth was flat, and who had all sorts of other notions which intelligent people today simply cannot accept:

> It is obvious that this amazing literature came warmly up out of human experience. That is its glory and strength. Touch it anywhere and you can feel the pulse of men and women in their joys and sorrows, struggles, aspirations, faiths, despairs. . . . Of course, a Christian who deeply believes in God does not think it was an accident. Of course, he sees in it a revelation, an unveiling of the truth by which man's life is elevated, purified, redeemed. Of course, he thinks it was inspired. But whatever else inspiration may mean, it certainly does not mean that men in writing a sacred book are lifted out of their own day and provided with the mental thought-forms, scientific explanations, and world-views of a generation thousands of years unborn. It is that utterly fallacious and futile idea of inspiration which causes the trouble. One wonders why anybody should wish to believe it.

As to immortality, Professor Fosdick admits that it cannot be proved. He does not even fall back on the proofs submitted by St. Paul. St. Paul admitted that it could not be proved, if there was any doubt whatever concerning the resurrection of Jesus. Dr. Fosdick simply admits that it cannot be proved, but urges a belief in it, nevertheless. He even advances the preposterous statement that such a belief in something unprovable is the attitude of science; but he does it so skilfully and artistically that those who are very anxious to agree with him may find it possible to do so.

* * *

For all of which, the Fundamentalists have been crying out that Dr. Fosdick is employing a Christian pulpit to preach the doctrines of infidelity. They cannot see that he is any better than Ingersoll. They are correct, of course, in that. I admire Dr. Fosdick's Christian character, and his passionate devotion to the truth as he sees it, but I would not go so far as to say that he is better than Ingersoll. They are not even much alike. For Ingersoll preached skepticism as a principle and called people to doubt. Dr. Fosdick merely concedes that the skeptics have utterly demolished the superstitions which the Church has traditionally held sacred, and calls upon his hearers to substitute new superstitions in their place.

The unthinking may be swept away by Dr. Fosdick's appeal for an "adventurous" religion; and it may seem daring in their sight for a Christian minister to consent to views which, but a short time ago, would have caused him to be burned at the stake. But he, it seems to me, would never have been burned. He would not have written such a book until it was quite safe to do so.

Not that I question his courage; but his adventurousness is not of the sort that goes far beyond his times. He attacks a number of evils, but none which it is not considered proper to attack. He attacks materialism. He attacks theological bigotry and narrow ecclesiasticism. He even cries out in general terms against war, but even that is not a particularly adventurous thing to do just now. Eugene V. Debs, for instance, who also had a strong aversion to war, selected a much more adventurous moment to express it.

In the event of another war, of course, Professor Fosdick may do much the same thing; but readers need not worry about that just now. The adventures to which he calls us are all relatively safe. He even warns us, in fact, against being too skeptical.

Chaos, he says, is the sure destination of perfect skepticism, and chaos, apparently, is too terrible an adventure for any of us to accept. The human soul, in Dr. Fosdick's view, simply cannot stand the strain of investigating the universe, without first having a fixed belief in God. The fact that the majority of scientific souls have, without any such belief, investi-

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gated it, he passes over lightly, and quotes a number who have said that they could not.

All of which quotations, I think, are misleading; but important reading nevertheless, for those who desire to understand the changes which are taking place in what we have been calling religious thought. Man has been superstitious, and he has uniformly called his superstitions religion. He has always believed in magic and has always looked to magic to achieve his aims. Modern science, however, destroyed most of his formulas; and intelligent people, as Dr. Fosdick perceives, can no longer look to magic or to God to protect them from pestilence and famine, to win their battles, or to change the external universe in their behalf in any way whatsoever.

How, then, is one to preserve his belief in magic? The Fundamentalist attempts it by jumping up and down and asserting all sorts of things which he knows are not so. The Modernist formula, as Dr. Fosdick voices it, is more subtle. Just transfer this precious belief from the physical to the spiritual universe. Then be careful not to locate the latter realm anywhere, lest some scientist might learn what you are talking about and begin to explore that too. Use such vague terms as "the world without" and "the world within," but be careful not to say what it is within.

* * *

Even then one is likely to become a mere parlor Swami if he puts too much emphasis on this inner life. One must not claim too much for it. He must not claim that all who do not share in this magical communion will not prove to be quite as good and useful people in the long run as those who do: for, first thing you know, some atheistic scientist may turn out well and another precious formula will be exploded. But if one is intelligent and tolerant and earnest, as Dr. Fosdick undoubtedly is, he may make a great impression these days upon people who want to give up their superstitions and keep them too. He may also become a great force for good: at least, for all the phases of goodness which are likely to meet the approval of the better and more respectable element in modern society.

The alternative is to be a heretic and a revolutionist: a heretic who dares to question everything and who, if he constructs even such a hypothesis as a belief in God, does his best to disprove it instead of defending it against disproof; and a revolutionist who, whatever misgivings he may have as to whether God is on his side or not, dares to join with the disreputable, the despised, and the disinherited in the grand adventure of social revolution. But no one need shy at "Adventurous Religion." The book does not beckon us to any such adventure as that.

# A Happy Life

MEMORIES OF A HAPPY LIFE. By WILLIAM LAWRENCE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD, D.D.

CAN an exceptional person be "typical"? Why not? In him tendencies inherent in us all find flowering; certain hopes reach consummation; certain characteristics lose their usual inhibitions and manifest their essential strength. Bishop Lawrence is, then, typical of New England. We need not say of New England at its best, for the best is symbolic of the rest. New England's new life comes to very full epitomization in such a man as the one who reveals himself so frankly and modestly in this rich autobiography. Those of us who at all know and love "William of Massachusetts" find happiness in such a life as the badge of our typical ideals and also abashment at the difficulty of attaining a like simplicity and unselfconsciousness.

This autobiography is markedly modest. It does not deal with introspective, egocentric values. The Bishop lets us use his personal opportunities, his eyes, mind, and reactions as a periscope to get our vision and experience up out of the trench of individual limitations, that we may see the rich and wide horizons he has scanned. He has seen so many interesting things, known so many vital and key people of the past seventy years, been a participant in so many constructive and thrilling events, led in so many sound, commonsense, and idealistic practicalities of our transformed century that he modestly implies his own function as autobiographer to be our vicarious ambassador of experience and to report back to us the varied human treasures of our times, as if they belonged not to him more than to us. He minimizes the truth that in all the complex work of betterment he himself has had so creative a hand.

Once upon a time New England was moulded by the will and ideal of the religious minded. In a fashion decidedly other than Cotton Mather's or Jonathan Edwards's it is plainly evident by this volume that such spiritual highmindedness and power as the Bishop incarnates in our generation wears the old-time robes of deserved prestige. Any churchman, reading this, can indeed take comfort that the church has not lost anything of its inspirational power or its valid and potent influence when rightly contemporized in such a leader. In his own unique genius, Bishop Lawrence is fully as great as Phillips Brooks or any of the team-mates he marshals in this array of intimates before whom we average folk inwardly genuflect.

* * *

And what an array of friends, co-workers, and creative personalities it is! With a candor which makes us gasp sometimes and with no "side" allowed, the Bishop lets us know the greater figures exactly as he has known them. Cabot Lodge is his schoolmate who smashed street lamps. Seth Low, however powerful in days to come, was once the stiff, strange lad from New York whose visits were so prematurely on an adult plane. Longfellow was "just a neighbor," and Oliver Wendell Holmes another. John Fiske was across the street. Harvard men will like the humanization of so many traditional figures,—of President Eliot and Agassiz in the first crew with the crimson kerchiefs, rowing under the bridge from which a watching boy dangled his dusty feet,—of Old Pebo trudging through Harvard Square, anxiously holding his hand almost to his hat ready to appear to recognize any student who hailed the near-sighted old saint,—of Asa Gray and shy Greek Goodwin, and all the other "giants of these days." Think of the house guests at Nahant and Boston,—of Mark Hopkins and Charles Sumner and Sherman, and by and by in his own home, of Henry Drummond and Francis Parkman and Roosevelt and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There are many whimsical, though minor points of recollection, which remind us very vividly that many elements of modern life are not so eternal as we thought. The Bishop played on the first tennis court in America, his incidental pictures of changes in Boston bring the past up to the dawn of this very day, his autoless, Victorian, sparsely equipped conditions of work were only yesterday. His playful statements of faith and of science as they were even in his early Episcopate, make us happily realize that after all intelligent opinion takes very quickly to new axioms and that the live issues of yesterday may seem as curious as the fashions of the "gay nineties" very, very soon after. "I have seen system after system crack and fall to pieces, while the Orthodox in science, philosophy, or religion bemoan the overthrow of the faith; whereas new thought, so far as it has been found to be true, has, if welcomed, added to the strength and glory of the faith." "The coming generation won as it always must win, in the issue of the evasion or suppression, or, on the other hand, the reception, of the coming truth." The Bishop is still identified with that coming generation. No hardening of the mental or spiritual arteries is in him!

* * *

The greater causes to which the Bishop has so indefatigably given himself are perhaps well known. Inside glimpses of the process by which they came to victory are the more appreciated therefore. The Peabody Education Fund, the business methods of parish administration which now obtain, the Harvard Teachers' Endowment, the Wellesley Fund and Wellesley rebuilding, the tremendous undertaking of the Church Pension Fund which has so completely revolutionized our attitude toward all clergy, the Harvard Business School Fund, The Cambridge Theological School Endowment (with all that it stands for in the validation and guaranteeing of an ideal for the modern ministry), the War-Time Commission and the modification of the conditions of Chaplaincy,—all these great projects have contributed lasting betterments far beyond the immediate objects of campaign. Their perpetuation and perpetual modification will be a part of the Bishop's immortality. He is one of the makers of our new era.

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# Henry W. Longfellow

A VICTORIAN AMERICAN, HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. By HERBERT GORMAN. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by HERVEY ALLEN

Author of "Israfel: Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe"

IN this biography of one of the most bulky figures in American letters, Mr. Herbert Gorman definitely comes into his own. Abandoning the somewhat esoteric matters which have occasionally heretofore engaged his facile pen, he shows himself for the most part amply able to deal in a catholic and tolerant manner with a huge mass of much misunderstood material, and to draw from it some sound conclusions about the age and the figure with which he deals.

It is a peculiarly happy circumstance that the present moment has been chosen by Mr. Gorman to contribute this study of Longfellow—his time and environment. This autumn alone brings forth the biographies of three or four of the outstanding figures of the past in American letters. Professor Emory Holloway has contributed a much needed study of Walt Whitman that we shall discuss at another time, there are studies of other figures to follow, and Mr. Gorman's "Longfellow" falls thus neatly and most satisfactorily into what would otherwise be a yawning gap. It is only fair to say that Mr. Gorman's biography is the only extant study of the poet which presents him in a credible manner to modern minds. This was in itself no easy task, and the author's performance, one need not hesitate to say, arouses admiration.

In the first place we think Mr. Gorman is chiefly to be congratulated because from the first, and throughout the book, he has consistently taken an international viewpoint and tried to evaluate Longfellow not merely as an American and a New Englander, but as one of the poets of the age writing in the international idiom of English. A survey of many American biographies, or for that matter the work of the majority of our native writers of any era, shows that they have frequently signally failed to visualize themselves as part of a general Occidental scheme. Longfellow is known abroad as few of our writers are—the fact that he is the only American poet with a bust in Westminster Abbey may be taken as a symbol—and it would therefore have been peculiarly unfortunate if Mr. Gorman had approached him from a provincial American-continental standpoint. The attitude of the biographer is, however, made wholly clear in the preface to his book, one of the best prefaces that we have ever seen appended to any American biography.

* * *

Mr. Gorman has not taken an easily fashionable attitude of hostility to Victorianism. He realizes, indeed, its unfortunate implications, but he also realizes, as any competent biographer must, that to criticize his central figure for not belonging to some other era than that into which the accident of birth had placed him, is to commit an absurdity. It is also true, however, that great men, especially great poets, have always to some extent transcended the boundaries of their time, and by the vigor of their personality emerged from the pure mold of social convention with some expression of the universal human spirit. That Mr. Longfellow so seldom accomplished this, is, as Mr. Gorman shows, at once the cause of his great contemporary popularity and his present place as a very minor and secondary poet.

The pages under review serve to make plain what was already rightly suspected before, that Mr. Longfellow's chief function in the scheme of American letters was to call attention in America to certain aspects of European culture and literature and to interpret them in a purely secondary way, certainly one well suited to the audience of his age. But the present time has long passed beyond this stage and desires to sample for itself the well-spring of both European experiences and literature from which Longfellow drew his inspiration. He has therefore gone out of mode. Longfellow himself felt his shortcoming and strove from time to time to interpret his native environment to his fellow citizens in such poems as "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," and those dealing with New England. There are also evidences that early in his career, like Whitman, he hoped to give direction to a genuine movement in a truly native literature. This ambition, although it raised its head uneasily from time to time, Mr.

Gorman shows was thwarted by Longfellow's long sojourns abroad, the cramping nature of his native environment, a certain *flair* in his own temperament for the romantic past, and the comfort and flattery that finally silenced the better yearnings of a nature peculiarly susceptible to them both.

Had Longfellow been capable of heeding the warnings and protests voiced by such contemporaries as Edgar Allan Poe and Margaret Fuller, instead of like an ostrich hiding his head in the sands of flattery, his fame might be now on a different scale. It was, it seems, Mr. Longfellow's custom to read only favorable reviews and to burn those from which the incense did not arise. The world, however, read both, and the little flames from time to time on the comfortable hearth at the Craigie House, hid the inevitable from only one pair of eyes.

Mr. Gorman's generally tolerant and just attitude toward his central figure, however, is largely concealed in this biography by an unfortunate epithet which he uses continually. The poet throughout is addressed as "Henry." Confined to the poet's childhood, or for peculiarly intimate or ironical passages, this would have been well enough. Used without any logical emphasis, it is belittling to the book rather than to Mr. Longfellow. One feels, indeed, that Mr. Gorman has been a little afraid of being accused of even a qualified admiration for Longfellow, which he very rightly discovered in himself, and has been at some pains to conceal the fact.

* * *

The American background is on the whole very well done. Generally speaking, however, I think that Mr. Gorman tends to underrate it by insisting upon its frontier aspects. Portland, Maine, had more of a cultural potential behind it than is indicated. Not only Longfellow, but John Neal, N. P. Willis, and Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith emerged from its mold, and as the diary of the last shows, with considerable contemporary effect. On the other hand the picture of Longfellow's environment at Bowdoin College is a penetrating piece of work, as well as the discussion of the poet's ancestry.

With Longfellow's arrival in Paris and on the European scene, Mr. Gorman like Longfellow, seems to be more at home. This is fortunate, perhaps, for so much of Longfellow's life was essentially "abroad." The picture of the last trip to England with all of its symbolic Victorian ramifications is one of the best things in the book.

Mr. Gorman is essentially right in calling attention to the little known but significant criticism of Margaret Fuller, but he does not indicate the fact that part of her attitude toward Longfellow was due to the policy of the paper, the New York *Tribune*, for which she wrote. Miss Fuller was a bad poetess of the late forties, an able critic, and a boarder at Horace Greeley's home where New England was by no means a Holy Land.

* * *

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's passions were on a purely domestic plane, and even these were inhibited by the Puritanism he could not shake off. Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau maintained with him a certain aloofness. Poe was actively hostile. Mediocrity worshipped at Longfellow's shrine in vast crowds, even as they now throng in multitudes to hear Eddy Guest. The vanity in the man overcame much that was real in him. It was a gentle, complacent vanity that seemed to be modesty. His quiet, satisfied, dignified, and thoughtlessly beautiful countenance needed only the denaturing touch of the idealizing artist to remove from it the trouble in the glittering eyes. Then it became the *beau idéal* of the safe and sane poet, meet to be displayed in every "parlor" and school room as an inspiration and example to the young. He strove to make the world happier and better, as the chief end of his art. He was in short, the epitome of what every ordinary man and woman in a democracy most desires in the artist: an ordinary person like themselves, who by industry, morality, education, and the cultivation of talent produces the equivalent of genius.

The treatment of Poe in his biography is one of the best I remember to have seen. Mr. Gorman is thoroughly aware of Poe's significant presence in the scene and does not miss the essential values of his criticisms of Longfellow, because they are unfortunately mixed with personal abuse. Longfellow's pathetic triumph at his own purely physical survival of Poe betrays a pettiness far more fundamental than that of the Virginian, disorganized nervously, but still in the final analysis able to think straight. Mr. Gorman's own comment on it is superbly summed up in the incident with which he has so cleverly chosen to close his book. Henry W. Longfellow is being buried:

> The mourners bow their heads silently as the casket with its crossed palm leaves is deposited in its last resting place. Ralph Waldo Emerson, standing feebly by his daughter, lifts his vacant eyes. "I cannot recall the name of our friend," he murmurs to a mourner near him, "but he was a good man."

There is not the smallest doubt of it. Nature had denied only one thing to Mr. Longfellow. It was that vague but significant thing called genius. Mr. Gorman's book has shown conclusively why it was that this very lack so endeared Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to the triumphant mediocrity of his time.

# Chaucer in New Dress

THE BOOK OF TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. By GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Edited from all the known manuscripts by Robert Kilburn Root. *Princeton: Princeton University Press.* 1926.

Reviewed by JOHN P. TATLOCK

Harvard University

CHAUCER'S "Troilus and Criseyde" is the first modern English poem. It achieves what all modern poems do not achieve, richness and reality. But it is not always modern. The traditional story, from Boccaccio and earlier writers, is not stripped to its essentials and then newborn in some one ideal or actual land and time. The poem is fluctuating because one picture is superimposed on another, or (better) because its action takes place on no less than four levels. There is the ancient level; the love-story takes place during the siege of Troy, and the poet has taken extraordinary pains to make its detail accurately ancient. The modern reader notices, and may smile, where he fails, but the mediæval marveled and was stimulated where he succeeds. Chaucer here produced the first English historical novel, as he was later to produce the first dialect story.

Then there is the level of late-mediæval literary fashion. The extreme, sorrowful, and timid emotionality of Troilus the mighty warrior and trusted councillor belong to the social pretense which was devised to flatter fashionable women, when in the twelfth century women began to come into their own socially. Herein he has some of the charm of reality which almost says to the critic Hands Off, but the charm in the exaggeration has vanished. There is the level of contemporary Naples, the preference of the furtive to the direct, the joy in intrigue. The complicated Pandarus, go-between as he is and the father of it, is more Italian than anything else. Finally, the two principal women are the fruit of Chaucer's observations at the English court. Helen, with her graciousness and sure tact, in her single appearance is a perfect sketch of a great lady. Criseyde in look, manner, and daily conduct is an Englishwoman of high breeding, and never shows it more surely that when she is in a difficult situation. She is the earliest Portrait of a Lady in English literature.

All this on analysis proves to be straight-away and simple. When we hear the music played for the second time we recognize with pleasure the four themes as they recur, and admire the beautiful fusion of them. But one puzzle is not so easily solved. It is not the *naïf* question why the lovers do not solve their difficulty by marrying; there are plenty of satisfying answers to that. But why does this woman whom we have come to esteem and love, and to feel for as for few heroines, whom we find emotionally stable, delicate in feeling and sound in judgment, soft though she is,—why is she untrue to her long-constant lover in thought and in word within ten days, and in act within a few weeks? Why does she meanly and unfairly try to put him in the wrong? Why has the poet shown us no trait, no act, to prepare us? Here the critics will fall out. So many and divergent views have been taken of her character that she bids fair to become a feminine Hamlet in the history of criticism. Let us return this answer, in simple form. Chaucer has not prepared us because we knew all along. Not only had he told us in the opening lines of the poem, not only was Boccaccio's heroine as obviously inconstant by nature as she was frail, in the entirely familiar earlier versions her inconstancy was her one outstanding trait. The problem which Chaucer accepted was not to account for the inconstancy of a charming woman, but to show how charming a woman can be who is known by everyone to be inconstant. The modern, however well-read, comes to the poem in a quite different frame of mind from the mediæval reader or auditor who encountered it even for the first time. The poem is startling to the modern reader; but it is not untrue. Usage as to characterization varies from generation to generation. Doubtless a modern poet would have understood his duty differently; he would have produced a work of more unity, but we should not remember it so well. Criseyde is a many-sided person. Chaucer characteristically prefers to expatiate the pleasant sides, and leave us to our precedent knowledge of the darker. Neither we nor Troilus see her after her fall.

Of this remarkable poem Professor Root has produced a definitive edition. His chief labor has been devoted to the text, to giving us an accurate reproduction of what the poem was when Chaucer had made his final revisions; an enormously complex task, for the eighteen manuscripts and early printed editions show continuous alteration by the poet. Mr. Root's general solution of the problem will be accepted. In addition, Mr. Root has given us much new light in his notes, and in his introduction an imposing and adequate bird's-eye view of everything relating to the poem. His style is stripped and exact, and he has removed all scaffolding.

# Picturesque New York

NEW YORK IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES. Being Volume II of Valentine's Manual of Old New York. By HENRY COLLINS BROWN. New York: Valentine's Manual, Inc. 1926. $5.

PERHAPS only in New York, where tomorrow pulls down what yesterday put up, could a city of less than fifty years ago assume the aspect of quaintness. But certain it is that the New York of our fathers, as Mr. Brown describes it, emerges with the picturesqueness of the past upon it. It was a lusty town even in the early eighties, though no subways wound their length beneath its streets, and only the first of the skyscrapers reared their modest height above them; though stubby little engines, puffing out clouds of black smoke, drew elevated trains whose safety was still a matter of conjecture to the timid; though the Brooklyn Bridge was just coming into being and Jones' Wood, a few blocks above the present site of the Rockefeller Institute, was a favorite pleasure resort.

In the early eighties, and for some time thereafter, truck farms and squatters' houses were plentiful in the thinly settled districts of the upper city; apartment houses were practically unknown in the better residential sections; Broadway was the fashionable shopping center; the Astor House Rotunda, the Hoffman House Café, and Delmonico's were in their prime; the Eden Musée furnished unlimited amusement to the country cousins who took the ferries from Jersey and Long Island for a day's outing in the great city, and who led their children from the lurid tableaux of the Chamber of Horrors to the delights of Macy's windows if it happened to be around Christmas time. Women still wore picture hats in the theatre and looked with indignation at the signs politely requesting their removal; the typewriter and soda fountain were only beginning to make their appearance; the woman stenographer was an innovation in the business world; the surface lines were still drawn by horses, and the cars, heated only by stoves, still frequently had straw on the floors in winter to keep the passengers' toes from freezing.

Those were the good old days when the Bowery restaurants furnished meats for 8 cents a portion, potatoes gratis, fishballs for 5 cents, and desserts for the same amount; when women were still "ladies," and trailed their skirts along the street; when the wealthy man of sporting proclivities drove his tallyho, or exercised his fast horses along the old Speedway; when Morris furniture and cosy corners and Dutch rooms were the rage, and when Ward McAllister divided the New York social world into the Four Hundred and the negligible.

It is a fascinating picture which Mr. Brown presents, and his book, with its wealth of illustrations and its crowding allusions, makes delightful reading.

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# Paumanok

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I CALL him Paumanok, because I feel him specially in the earth of Long Island; but he lives everywhere. I have known him in the hot sun of Pennsylvania, where copper light rallies like Roman helmets round the boles of pachyderm beeches; in the linden arches and cool evening of moated Burgundy. He lives in every poet's heart, "and being helped, inhabits there." He is the dearest enemy of all, the darkest angel, *terrae filius*, spirit of mockery and loss.

He does not need to put his words in rhyme and soothe soft minds with sentimental music. He speaks direct. He is the lightning in the sycamore, the tunnelled anthill teeming in the sun. He is the spark of horror burning in the brain, the despair of poets waiting for a word; the silence fallen on lovers in whose reins warm understanding runs and yet they're tightened with idiot denials. Poets are his meat. He mocked Will Shakespeare, tweaked Molière, and that young fellow here in Cold Spring Harbor—what was his name? Walt Whitman. So he mocks us all with terrene malice, and stings us to achievement unawares.

It is part of his sport that one should attempt to write of him at all. Clever people would deny his existence. There is a strange passage in Whitman's "Song of Myself" where for a moment Walt seemed ready to recant all his bravest doctrine. "I am given up by traitors, I talk wildly, I have lost my wits." That was when he was in the throe of Paumanok, the cruel imp. But blessed imp too, for in that quicksilver misery we all find ourselves one.

He is not content until we have humiliated, and confessed him. Absurdity, be thou my good, is the cry in his dark shriving boxes. At least confessions made to him are secret enough and rarely blabbed. Poets, for whom every darkness is Hallowe'en, sometimes pay their devoir to him in jolly masquerade. In prose it is rare. Poetry, the voice of dying men (or men being born again, who can tell?) is less mannerly.

* * *

This is part of his quaintness, that in those regions of refreshment where poets, theoretically, find their peace, his wave-length is most palpable. I mean in the country, close to soil, far from the gallant rectilinears and huge comedy of town. In the new washed world of clear morning things speak too plainly of what they mean. The bee asleep in the hollyhock, the spider fiercely attentive in his silver ambush, the warm diffusion of mint leaves by the kitchen steps, the acorns rattling on the roof—every one a reminder of the vast tensions that hold the world together. The red beads of the dogwood tree strew the ground; and now the acorns are crackled underfoot: how many acorns must be trodden for one that comes to sprout? Panther-colored prairies of Long Island, ardently tawny under dark wet sky; seagulls going effortless with the wind, their cusped arc of wings as unutterably curved as the lips of women adored, how does one obey the paradigm of these symbols? Paumanok laughs, and makes the poet laugh at himself. It cannot be done. Laughter is followed by silence. The tingling thrill of awe runs like a frost on thighs and shins. So he stands, beautiful ribald angel, between you and your dream.

Most he loves the natural comedian. Wordsworth knew him somewhat well, but that grave spirit offered our *terrae filius* thin sport. The mind of Keats was more his revelry. Keats once called him Belle Dame Sans Mercy. It doesn't matter what you call him: he is not sexed. He is mere mind, pure taunt, unbodied ecstasy of satire and defeat. It is the great laughers he can cudgel best. Blake knew him, and Meredith. He stands, ready to tweak, on every blank page. He has memorized every unwritten poem. He sits on the dear corners of lips and sketches those faint lines that all the poets of the world have foolishly wanted to kiss away. He gives eyebrows their enchanted upward lift when they hear music. He hides in the Christmas tree. He abetted the oldest misunderstanding, that between man and God. He loads every rift with ore, so that he can make merry when you overwrite your prose. He drives the wedge of gross comedy that splits the sacred moment in two.

But perhaps cunning that can recognize him is cunning also to outwit. Admitted, he is of less avail. Spirit of futility, he is himself futile. He can take, hard pressed, the prettiest forms. That dangerous lovely book "Sirenica" comes brutally near giving his exact picture: he is the song of the sirens, the Imagined Better Thing. He is implex in every line of this barren bravado, telling me not to be a fool. But for a morning season I outface him. I have rounded Cape Stiff. On a hundred sheets I have made notation of his power, and destroyed them, he prevailing. But in his very homeland I shall snare him, the springald. These autumn thickets, these panther fields, will stand by me. It is for men, for men, not mocking ghosts, to make any ground sacred. It must be trodden by human feet, hear human voices; this gives meaning to the perilous sweetness or rain and air. The old gods are dead, I hear him whiffling. Are they, then? Not by a damn sight.

The gods are dead, you say to me,
Old gods of terror and delight—
And on the word, from every tree
A Pan peeps out, a dryad white;
When artists bend their dreams and hands
All ages with one key unlock,
And Master Shakespeare's yellow sands
Are on the shores of Paumanok.

* * *

But be not untimely sure. You must prepare your minds for trouble. Did you think that poets spend their lonely nights in vain, just to count the patterns of the sky? Did you think it all a rumor, something invented by hysteric playwrights, a refrain from an old song, a wind rustling dry reeds? No, it is true, and you must let him have his worst with you. Spirit of horror that tells you your dream is fustian; warm guile in the barleycorn that fills you with idle vacations of mirth. He is the bird that flashes by the pane, the cold cold reason even too chill for grief. You must drink his tisane, be it bitter as hemlock. Quiet, quiet then, he'll tell you; so cunning that his mocking whisper can even sound like mercy. Sleep is the remedy, he'll say; and as the first Lethean undulation lifts the slackened line, draw you back to mooring. Sleep, he whispers, to bring you so much nearer the last silence, when even the weariest head may never lie on the whitest breast.

There are who, in braver moments, over a fiasco of sweet Italian hillside, can talk of sublimating him, spiritualizing. Yes, I am instructed it can be done. But Passive Insistence is also a doctrine—simply Not Insisting. Drink him like wine: float with him as the gull floats in the blue wind across channel. "Their mastery of the air was their surrender to it," says a writer watchful of the gulls. So you may sometimes turn your gale to a wind of clear weather. Just Not Insisting. He can be cozened, too, by a little melancholy. For he can uncoil you your curliest mirth; but who was ever mocked out of a favorite grievance? And poets have whole troops of young and pretty sorrows, ready to dance at their command. The princely Landor (some read him still) knew this. "Poets are in general prone to melancholy; yet the most plaintive ditty hath imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian." A young sorrow, sweet in its innocent finery, is too human, too tender, for our Paumanok to understand. Who was happier than the versifier, sweetening his doubts by measure, when he wrote his paraphrase of the endless theme—

How do men make their words endure
Beyond the night that has no cure,
And so avail them strong and sure
Against the dark tomorrow?
Ask of the poet: he knows best,
Remembering how his hand was pressed
Against the softness of your breast
O lovely lovely Sorrow!
How do we make a garden sweet?
The paths are soft beneath the feet
But ecstasy is incomplete
Still waiting for tomorrow—
The linden tree let slip her seed,
In every bush the birds agreed
But I perceived my secret need—
I had no pretty Sorrow!

How do we sanctify this place
And fill the naked air with grace
And carve Today's imperfect face
Upon the stone Tomorrow?
To keep divinities divine
There must be acid in the wine
And so, to make this place a shrine
Give room to tender Sorrow!

Let Reason, like the night-owl, pass
And cast his feather on the grass:
I'll find it there, and raise my glass
And honor him—tomorrow.
Tonight is Beauty to be sought—
She is a woman, to be taught;
To me, and me alone, she brought
The perfect gift of Sorrow.

* * *

The poet carries that most subtle enemy in his own too hospitable heart; but an enemy without whom he would be poor indeed. There are those who know not Paumanok, but I doubt their ignorance is bliss. For oh what serenity when you have done your duty by that imp of clay—have given him your ruddiest tenure for the hour, the week, the month, whatever he required. Then suddenly he is gone. Leaving the heart he leased a while and where you gave him such rich furnish, he can even conclude with what might be thought a tenderness. Perhaps it is his most cultivated cruelty, to unman you so? Yet almost you hear him say, as Sir Kenelm did to the Lady Venetia, "Hold high your gallant head, because I love you."

So he is gone, and the environing earth shines with new color. There are the panther fields of autumn: they *did* stand by you. You smile, raking among the leaves. Out of silence a word has come. But have no fear that his secrets will out. No one knows him but you.

# A Fine Talent

TRANSFIGURATION. By SERGEEV TZENSKY. With an Introduction by MAXIM GORKY. Translated by MARIE BUDBERG. New York: Robert McBride & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

HERE is a new name, and a fine and curiously individual talent. Its characteristic, or one of them, for this Russian is not easily pigeon-holed, is a sensitiveness to all sorts of sub-surface influences, and along with a detachment from the "world" in so far as that word implies any particular organized society, an intense compassion and tenderness for all its component parts.

It would appear, both from the story itself and from Gorky's preface, that Tzensky is decidedly a one man's man. He began writing, Gorky says, some twenty years ago, and the critics couldn't make him out at first. The Revolution of 1905 passed him by completely; during the War he pastured cows somewhere in the Crimea, and then, in '25, he turned up with this novel which Gorky thinks the "greatest book written in Russia in the last twenty-four years." Yet even now, Gorky has never seen Tzensky, doesn't know what he looks like, nor who his friends may be.

The story bears out this introduction. Its scene is the Crimea, its dreamy and affectionate view of nature suggest the reveries of an educated sheep-herder, and while Tzensky's mysticism and compassion are very "Russian," Russia as a nation, either of Czars or Soviets, is unmentioned and scarcely implied. In short, here is a poet, who looks out on and sets down his notion of the visible world, without conforming to any accepted pattern of thought or feeling, as if he had just stumbled into it.

Even that is an overstatement about a writer who evidently has poked about patiently in many directions before finding his footing, if it implies that his work is in any way merely "wooy" or queer. For Tzensky has humor, and he can be, in his own way, as realistic as any of them. The many figures that flow into and out of his main story—that of a moody, indecisive husband, trying to avenge (if vengeance is what *she* would really wish) the seduction of his wife—and their surroundings, are set forth with unfailing sincerity and care. But the writer is always the artist who both sees actual life and stands outside it, lives in the "real" yet feels its unreality, and whose characteristic mood toward the whole mystery and tragedy of existence is that of compassion, a sometimes amused but always tremulous tenderness.

Gorky's "greatest" Russian book in a quarter century, may be dismissed as the sort of thing people say in introductions. His suggestion that nobody else has ever "drawn portraits of the Russian 'intelligentsia' with such a woman's love," is more to the point, although the people in the book are not really "intelligentsia" except in the loose, post-Bolshevik sense of that word. The jacket's "stark realism"

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and "no more typical picture of modern peasant life has ever come out of Russia" are even more idiotic than such comments usually are. The story isn't "stark" in the least, nor has it anything to do with peasant life.

"Great," indeed, seems scarcely the word. Tzensky's view is too circumscribed, his talent too subjective and personal. But artist the man is—fine and genuine, with all sorts of unexpected glints and flashes; a curious gift of floating the action of the moment in, and washing it with, the intricately built-up mood that accompanied it; and always that sense of beauty and pity.

## A Frustrated Life

AN OLD MAN'S FOLLY. By FLOYD DELL. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $2.

CAN it be that Floyd Dell has reached some sort of working arrangement with an inimicable, bourgeois world? In his latest novel, at any rate, he looks upon his youthful rebels with a moist and tolerant eye and casts away the red ink with which he used so flamingly to defend them in favor of a paler fluid much resembling cambric tea. Perhaps, like the heroine's father, he is a victim of the fact that radical ideas do not long remain upon the firing line.

If his book rested its claims to attention upon its mild enthusiasm for burnt-out causes, it might be dismissed in a paragraph. The first hundred pages, however, tell a different and far more arresting tale. Here, crisply presented and accurately observed, are the essential facts about the early life of the old man of the title, the simple, frustrated life of a man who dreams shy dreams and yet, at every turn in his career, lets slip from his weak grasp the chance to make them come true. Nathaniel Windle's boyish worship of a brilliant cousin, his flaccid acceptance of a dull job, his timid romance, his marriage to the wrong girl, his increasingly remote connections with his family are all admirably realized.

Unfortunately, Mr. Windle stumbles upon his own kind of world—through inadvertent connections with the I. W. W.—so late in life that only a *tour de force* could have kept him in the center of the stage. The author ineffectually tries to translate the old man's negative qualities into something positive, to make Mr. Windle's whimsical identification of new friends with old dreams an artistic link between the first and second parts of the book, but, despite this attempt, the hero soon drops through a trap-door, so far as the reader's interest is concerned, and with him go the only authentic and original elements in the story.

The accent shifts and the conventional *dramatis personae* of the conventional novel of protest appear, the frank, high-spirited, rebellious young heroine (Ann Veronica's latest granddaughter), two or three imperfectly differentiated male pacifists, socialists, and conscientious objectors, and a dull and obvous piece of machinery named Susan Beaver who plays the rôle of author's assistant. Compared with Floyd Dell's earlier protestants these are quenched and colorless people. And, incredible as it may seem, we leave the heroine with a baby at her breast —a baby born in (common-law) wedlock.

## The Milk of Emerson

(*Continued from page* 355)

each other, for the governing of our passions with absolute sway is the chief work we have to do.

"Goethe was the cow from which all their milk was drawn," Emerson says of the nineteenth century. Emerson was the cow from which came the milk of the American idealists, philanthropists, boosters, reformers—yes, and statesmen, preachers, editors who have been on the side of the angels in this country ever since. Indeed the most that they have done is to thin or sour it. No one can possibly understand this country, either what it was, what it has become, what it may be, or comprehend its unexpected moral strength or its (to Americans) equally unexpected moral weakness, unless he knows his Emerson. And if Emerson can be finally read only in his essays and his poetry, he is read at his most spontaneous, most sincere, and most American in these diaries, which were after all exercises in the discipline of setting down clearly what he felt and thought. If you are an American by birth or training, and an idealist by disposition, it is questionable whether you know yourself until you have read Emerson and this book!

## A Diverting Book

CANDAULES' WIFE AND OTHER OLD STORIES. By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

WHAT is the function of the reviewer? Many are the verdicts; from the thundering "Thou shalt keep silent in the presence of greatness" of irate genius, to the solemn assurance of the critic himself arrayed in sacerdotal robes, 'I have a mission!" Has the artist a fault? He must be warned against persisting in it and should he prove obdurate the public must be told to turn away from the false prophet; with the ultimate though unexpressed hope that the prophet without support or following may quite literally and for quite natural reasons disappear. We need not delve very deeply into history for examples.

I take a more humble view of my task. Almost everyone, doubtless, has at some time in his life attended a county fair and watched with admiration the tireless efforts of those people who stand before the different booths, and by partially hinting at, partially revealing, the splendors or terrors within, either by unaided lung power or assisted by music and dance, lure the hesitating visitor to buy a ticket. So the reviewer! Having found a book that gave me pleasure, I invite you by whatever nimble antics may best fascinate your eye, to come and read it. Even the most shocked of the Israelities (they were not called Philistines in those days) must have felt a

Jacket illustration by C. Bertram Hartman for Louis Untermeyer's "Collected Parodies" (Harcourt, Brace).

renewed interest in the Ark of the Covenant when they saw David dance before that sacred object.

In "Candaules' Wife and Other Old Stories" there are set side by side a translation of an ancient tale as told by Herodotus in his famous History, and a new version by the author. The new version is really new. Mrs. Putnam does not launch a boomerang to return upon the work of the unfortunate historian in order to deform and abase it by incongruities and absurdities. She does not dance upon the body of her victim. The old tale is the point of departure from which the author takes flight into new regions where we find her fancy and modern psychology playing a delightful game together.

These new-old tales are thus presented with consummate tact, with humor, and with learning never absent and never obtruded. And crowning delight, they are written in a charming style, fluid and unforced, which always sparkles and never flashes. Satire is perhaps the dominant note, but others are sounded. There is swift tragedy, like the swoop of a vulture revealed rather by the shadow it casts than by its actual presence at the end of "He Who Could Not Escape." A sudden glance into an abyss and we are reminded that we must not interpret too literally the much lauded moderation, the "nothing in excess" of the ancient Greeks. It should not be difficult for this generation at least to realize that the aspirations we enshrine in our sanctuaries are the ones we find it most difficult to engrave on our hearts.

I hope many will read these tales. They will find in them diversion not divorced from varied profit. And I add another hope. If we may believe that the ancients we hold most dear, exist somewhere under a paternalistic régime, not too unhappily, in spite of the imprudence of having lived and died before the Christian era, may Herodotus be shown this book and Homer spared another that shall be nameless.

## Bewilderment

PREFACE TO A LIFE. By ZONA GALE. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IF in the past it has been held that Miss Gale channeled deeply but within an essentially narrow passage, this can no longer be said of her. The intent and sweep of her latest novel encompass the meaning of life itself, and the metaphysical questionings of her protagonist, whatever may be thought of their clarity, probe even beyond the limits of human experience.

It seems only fair, however, to divorce the metaphysical aspects of the book—which do not become preponderant until the latter third—from its earthier elements. For over two hundred pages the tale presents a succession of situations, almost any one of which overshadows in significance the central problems of "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Faint Perfume." The hero, Bernard Mead, long before the meaning of existence becomes an obsession with him, is an important figure. The conflict between his desire to make his own way in the city and his father's will to keep him at work in a small Wisconsin town is made to yield epic implications. And Bernard as he contemplates his sudden love for Alla, flaming up almost immediately after he has engaged himself to Laura, realizes from the beginning that this is not for him a question of one woman versus another, but of the value of any woman's love in the scheme and content of life.

* * *

Into the ambitious design of the book as a whole are woven minor patterns of startling brilliance and precision. The inhabitants of the little town of Pauquette are caught whole—their speech, their manners, their thoughts. Miss Gale's vein of satire has been tapped and made to give up rich new ore. Deftly she manages larger groups than she has ever assembled before—and keeps them individualized. From the acid, elderly "helping guest" and the spinster aunt overgenerous with caresses to young Hazel who, "mature in nothing save coquetry," returns from boarding-school to exploit her expensive new accent, every figure, however small, is accurately and shrewdly observed.

Moreover, accurate observation is wedded to a supreme competence of method. Narrative, dialogue, and unspoken impressions are so blended in Miss Gale's sensitive prose as to give the haphazard texture of reality. One character serves as a foil to another, and the trick is so neatly turned that we hardly become aware of it. In such a pregnant sentence as "The eleven years since Laura's advent had crowded the mantel, filled the walls, added to the furniture, multiplied all the planes," we catch the material essence of Bernard's marriage, and when Bernard's old school friend regards him "with an irritating amazement" no pages of description are needed to tell us that the hero's spiritual transformation has become complete.

* * *

It is after the visit of this old schoolmate that Bernard, hitherto so comfortable and contented in the growth of his lumber business and in the affection of his fat, amiable wife, begins to dream again. Vaguely he feels that life is tasteless, his children disappointing, that he is dying and drying up without having found out what it is all about. By way of dissipating his increasing dissatisfaction he turns to Alla, but once more he is persuaded that it is not love of woman that he craves. Brooding, he begins to feel that there are microscopes in his eyes, that he can see through things, that he can sense the reality behind their outer husks. Physicians variously diagnose his trouble as repressed imagination and too close an attention to his work during the hot weather, but Bernard himself is convinced that ultimate truth is almost within his grasp, that he is just upon the brink of solving the very heart of his mystery.

It seems unfortunate that it was necessary to bring

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the hero to the point of madness in order that he might express whatever message there may be in his muddled mysticism. He may have derived some comfort from the Chinese motto "First fecundity, then structure," and from his discovery that "too much lumber, coffee, bacon, and talk" had driven him into a condition where he could at last perceive the unity within diversity and his own union with that unity, but his metaphysical speculations are vitiated for the reader by the fact that he is to all appearances actually mad. The last hundred pages may be justified as a convincing study of incipient insanity (though not as an artistic conclusion of a novel); their message, if any, remains obscure. And this is the more deplorable because Miss Gale's competence and artistry are adequate to the communication of much subtler truths than those than seem to be glimmering in the shattered mind of Bernard Mead.

## Mr. Ford's Saga

A MAN COULD STAND UP. By FORD MADOX FORD. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1926 $2.50.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

IT is scarcely possible to consider this, the third and penultimate novel in Mr. Ford's great saga, independently of its predecessors. And no present estimate of its merits can claim more than provisional value; a final opinion must await the publication of its sequel. For the most important fact about it is the fact that it is intermediate; a necessary and inevitable element of a structure as yet incomplete.

"A Man Could Stand Up" presents the later phases of the war as they were experienced by Christopher Tietjens. "You see here," Mr. Ford remarks in his dedication, "the end of the war of attrition through the eyes of a fairly stolid, fairly well-instructed man. . . . And you have here his mental reactions and his reflections. . . ." Nor does Mr. Ford disclaim, as to this book, certain non-æsthetic intentions, especially that of making war seem undesirable. In this he has succeeded admirably, accomplishing his moral aim entirely by means of flawless art. A less expert novelist not improbably would have defeated his purpose by sheer excess of moral zeal, falling into the obvious traps of over-emphasis, exaggeration, or hysteria. One has only to compare, in this respect, Mr. Ford's book with "Three Soldiers" or "The Enormous Room" to perceive its essential distinction. It is a powerful indictment of war; there have been few more powerful. But its power proceeds from a calculated and consistent under-statement, a ruthless equanimity that ultimately proves more agitating than any emotion.

The war experiences of Tietjens form the central episode of the book. Mr. Ford, with that extremely assured craftsmanship which one has come to take for granted in his work, has set them in a frame. The actual "action" of the book passes in London during a relatively few hours of Armistice Day. The story opens with Valentine Wannop's reception of the news that Tietjens has returned to London, shifts to Tietjens's final term in the trenches, returns to London and brings Valentine and Tietjens to a belated meeting which, ironically, is interrupted by the arrival of his army companions, tipsy and bent upon further celebration. The conclusion is bitter enough; after so much horror and deprivation and delay the act of love is still denied to the two eager lovers.

In "Some Do Not" and "No More Parades," Mr. Ford again reveals his superb sense of structure, in "A Man Could Stand Up" he has composed chiefly for muted trumpets. This indicates the precise difference between the third novel and its predecessors; a difference in tone-color due to the absence, in this novel, of certain instruments (Sylvia, for example) which figured in the others. But the qualities of writing which gave the earlier novels an exceptional distinction appear once again. Mr. Ford again reveals his superb sense of structure, his ability to write beautiful and subtle prose, his command of the resources of the narrator. There are those of us, and I am one, who believe that he has carrried the traditional English novel to its greatest formal achievement. And in his great saga, now all but complete, we recognize one of the few notable contributions of the present century to English fiction.

## Cheerful Recollections

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE DOG AS WRITTEN BY HIS MISSUS. By FLORENCE AYSCOUGH. Illustrated by Lucille Douglass. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

BOOKS like this one are the reassurances that come all too rarely, that the world is still good to live in no matter how much important people like generals, foreign-office thugs, financiers, and their kind work at their kill-joy business. As an antidote to Mr. Silas Strawn, and the newspaper correspondence from China generally, read this delicious book. As a matter of fact, read it as an antidote to anything that tends to make existence troublesome. It is cheerful, it is wise, with the twofold wisdom of intelligence and humor; and in spite of its canine viewpoint it is human. Or rather because of it; for has not man bred the dog in his own image, turned him, in some respects, into a model of humanity?

Yo Fei, the hero of this none too modest autobiography, is an aristocratic dog, proud of his lion-dog breed, of his name which is taken from that of an ancient Chinese hero, of his birthplace in Shantung where Confucius, Meucius, and other great ones of China were born. He tells the exciting story of his life from his early days in a Chinese family to the climactic story of his crossing a fearfully large ocean, and a fearfully large continent, one of the tenderest passages of dog-bereavement that may be found in literature. In the course of it we are given a delightfully intimate picture of Chinese life, its festivals, its folk life, and its culture. Readers who go with Yo Fei through the crowded, tight streets of the Chinese city, who watch with him funeral processions, wedding parades, and the demonstrations against an eclipse, who follow him into a Chinese theatre, and upon his rambles over the Chinese countryside will learn much, much more than the great bulk of books about China have to offer. And he will be constantly diverting company, for Yo Fei's observations are well seasoned with humor, and have a certain dignified nonchalance which is a characteristic of well-bred dogs.

Mrs. Ayscough has already put those of us who are interested in China vastly in her debt, with her "Fir Flower Tablets" (translations of Chinese poetry done in collaboration with Amy Lowell) and her beautiful "Chinese Mirror," which is by far the best book about China written by an Occidental. Her new book makes a considerable enlargement of this debt.

It should be added that these books belong not to any tight compartment to be called Books of the Orient, but to the body of Literature itself. They are the products of a joyous, inquiring, sensitive, and cultivated mind and will give pleasure to any lover of good books no matter where his taste turns.

The illustrations by Lucille Douglass (who made the drawings of "A Chinese Mirror") are exquisite, and bring China to the eye as closely as the author brings it to the mind.

## A Novelist's Novelist

MY SON JOHN. By E. B. DEWING. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1926. $2.

MAX BEERHOHM has pointed out in one of his essays that there are few convincing novelists to be found in novels. One thinks of those in Henry James and Leonard Merrick as perhaps the best, though even they did not turn the trick consummately; and of all the parade of young men who, since Scott Fitzgerald's Amory Blaine, have mirrored their creators to the point of adopting the same profession, almost none of them has turned the trick at all. Nor, however novel her approach to the problem, has Miss Dewing in "My Son John." Her John Lord, neither as novelist nor man, quite convinces you. His story is told in the style of an informal biography—letters, talks, newspaper clippings and reviews, comments, passages from his books. Through such lifelike mediums are revealed his literary career, his private relationships, his fundamental self. But the method used has a very serious drawback, which makes these revelations far less significant than they should be. So much time is used to set the stage, to create an illusion of reality with realistic paraphernalia, that not a great deal of time is left to give us John. None of us has tastes so exalted that in the case of real writers we are unwilling to forego learning the significant truths of their life in exchange for the material facts, the day by day happenings, the people they knew, the things they liked, the gossip and anecdotes concerning them. All that makes for a delightful biography of real writers. But of real writers only. To ape that style of biography in treating of a writer who after all was not real is to make the trivial very trivial indeed. To trick out John Lord in all the factual raiment of a writer, to fit him into a pseudo-real background, to send him along a pseudo-real career without simultaneously bringing him to life is to fall between two stools.

Just who was John Lord? He found one woman fascinating and married her, found another woman fascinating and couldn't marry her, so that ultimately she passed him up for some one who could. He wrote books that won him great celebrity, but the passages quoted from them make one sceptical of their high merits. He had, we are told, a remarkably charming personality, but it is felt only to the slightest degree. He went to war and was killed, leaving behind him a curious letter, the nature of which does not throw a great deal of light on his soul or a great deal of credit on his authorship. If he was extraordinarily talented, and many-sided and charming, where is the proof of it? Certainly not in the surface literary activities and the conventional love affairs offered us here; they could well enough appertain to an author, but they would hardly individualize or humanize him.

His mother's case is better, we think. The famous singer, Madame Helena Lord-Goshen, catches some breath of life at one time or another, and goes out of the story a personality one can accept if not actually remember. But one will long remember the butler she once engaged, whose letters to his wife in England are among the most delightful fish-stories one has ever been asked to swallow. To Tibbetters rather than John Lord must go the real palm for authorship.

This isn't at all a bad book, however, for readers who like a literary atmosphere, and it certainly merits serious criticism. In its own peculiar fashion it is very well told, and John Lord seems in Miss Dewing's clever hands always about to become real, which is enough to hold one's attention throughout. His life-story is a very gallant effort to achieve a difficult end. If he fails to be basically convincing, it is probably because it would take a novelist as great as himself to make his greatness seem real.

## Barnstormers

THE BLACK ANGELS. By MAUD HART LOVELACE. New York: The John Day Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

SOMETHING of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat," and perhaps just a suggestion of "The Constant Nymph" are called to mind by this romantic first novel of Mrs. Lovelace. It is a novel of Minnesota from before the Civil War to the end of the 1880s, and of a large family named Angel, sisters and brothers and later their children, who toured the country as a concert troupe and afterwards as performers in "Pinafore." Song and music came to them naturally, and there was in them enough of the bohemian to make their buffetings about delicious adventures. Among all these angels, a mother and a daughter stand out, as a mother and a daughter stood out in "Show Boat." Fanny Angel, the mother, and prima donna of the troupe, had to give up singing and dancing for marriage; but after her daughter was born the lure of the road proved too strong for her, and she left her husband, she left her baby, to go once more before the footlights and die in harness. Angel, her daughter, grew up with the same strong urge in her blood, and her father, having learnt wisdom, refused to let her marry the young townsman whom he knew she might some day leave. The boy she loved was married to her aunt, a woman much older than himself. When things came to an intolerable pass and they could not marry themselves, he went away, not telling where. Afterwards his wife died in a fire, and he came back to Angel.

A comparison of this romantic story with "Show Boat" is all but inevitable. Both writers have chosen

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similar material, similar background, and a similar kind of treatment—romantic treatment. Unfortunately for Mrs. Lovelace the comparison is not in her favor. We don't get here that heightened sense of a past American scene which, for all its heightenings and glamourous veneer, had something plausible and genuine about it. We don't get either the vividness, the richness, the lift of the writing in "Show Boat." Things move more slowly, to a realistic rather than a romantic pace, and the tempo is nearly fatal. No more do we get the broad but vigorous characterizations Miss Ferber gave us; there is no equivalent of Parthy in "The Black Angels," no equivalent of Gaylord Ravenal. And Mrs. Lovelace has stooped to a kind of sentiment which is much less pleasing. Virginie's death-bed gesture, while I will admit it is as gripping a moment as the book can boast, smacks too much of the sentimental story-book heroine even for romance.

To compare "The Black Angels" with "Show Boat" does not, I realize, say just how good or bad it is. Certainly it is not bad. It is agreeably written, and it is not dull. The adventures of the "Pinafore" company hold one's attention admirably, and Mrs. Lovelace has indulged in so much quotation from that opera that it is inevitable to think of her as a Gilbert and Sullivan fan. But the whole book, and I think that is the reason why one likes it so moderately, is too simple, too naïve. For our generation, when the old romantic novel is held up to scorn, it is not treated with enough of the sophistication which a romantic theme now demands. I think of the characters as belonging properly to books for innocent young girls, and I wish that just once or twice Mrs. Lovelace had played a little more boldly with fire. Somehow I cannot see the Angel family concertizing in a covered wagon. Something of their own music fails to communicate itself, and that minimum of dash which must have pushed them forward is not in them. They were such proper folks; and one looks for proper folks in drawing rooms.

## The Realism of Business

SWEEPINGS. By LESTER COHEN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

CERTAINLY industry has been the chief factor in American life during the past fifty years. And, presumably, it is the function of literature to be a revelation of life. From this point of view, it may fairly be argued that American literature has shirked one of its tasks, generally fighting shy of industry or introducing it, if at all, in subordination to some romantic motive, so that one judging by our books would infer that the American man is little interested in business, and is prone to sacrifice it at the slightest provocation on the altar of love. True, there have been numerous exceptions: Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, Ernest Poole, Dreiser, Herrick, Hergesheimer, Charles Norris, all occur to one, but even here propagandist or romantic interests have tended to divert attention from the theme of industry itself. The romance of business and the wickedness of business, yes; the realism of business, no. We have not had a Balzac or a Thomas Mann or even a Gissing. But now comes Mr. Lester Cohen with a book which suggests that if he is minded to do so he can do the job. "Sweepings" is, in the first place, literature, and is, in the second place, literature with a single-minded concentration on the theme of business. It is comparable to "Buddenbrooks," not inferior to Balzac's second best, and better than Gissing's best.

"Sweepings" is the story of the commercial fortunes of the Pardway family. Peter Aram Pardway, starting out, shortly after the Revolution, as a blacksmith, had become, some forty years later, an ironmaster and owner of a factory. Then his wealth and his life were both destroyed in a great fire, but his ability, leaping over a generation, descended to two grandchildren, Daniel and Thane, the central characters of the novel. These leave their ne'er-do-well father and run away to sea as mere boys; when they return in early manhood it is with their heritage of sturdy character from their grandfather already hardened and matured. Thane becomes a stock broker, Daniel obtains a ship and runs the Civil War blockade with cotton. In a few years they have increased their initial capital of three hundred dollars to thirty thousand. Then on the famous Black Friday they make a great sum by selling short on stocks, duplicate the performance on the occasion of the Chicago fire, and settle down in the latter city, the elder brother to develop a huge cut-rate department store while the younger comes to be known as the Great Bear of the Chicago wheat pit. The cautious shrewdness of the one in a business where caution counts, the daring of the other in a field where daring is the word, net the two brothers an enormous fortune. But eventually the Great Bear is broken and Daniel's department store slips through the hands of his four feeble children, the "sweepings" of the title. So the cycle is complete; the Pardways sink back into the insignificance from which they emerged, save for the possibility of "a redeemer" in the person of Daniel's grandchild.

The structure of the work is well conceived. The materials are good and substantial; the workmanship is honest; stone is laid firmly upon stone; but after the architect has raised a strong and comely building the unlucky idea comes to him of decking its roof with a series of mortuary chapels. The final pages reek with deaths; Mr. Cohen is as lavish of them as Dickens ever was with eleventh hour marriages. Furthermore, some moralistic demon has impelled him to make each death melodramatically suitable in time and circumstance to an extent that would satisfy a Methodist deacon,—if Methodists have deacons. All this, however, it must be repeated, affects merely the roof of his building. The sins of these last hundred pages may readily be forgiven for the sake of the rest. On the work as a whole Mr. Cohen and his readers are alike to be congratulated.

## Too Much of a Cat*

(A Fable for Super-Realists)

HAYA SHI DA couldn't even eat.

*"What!"* cried his mother, raising her hands to the height of her big ears, *"What* is he doing now?"

His father reached irately across the grass mat and took away a bowl of cherry blossoms from between them. Haya Shi Da was tracing cats on his rice-cake, with a chop-stick, dipped in berry juice.

"The priesthood is the only thing," concluded his father.

"It will cost us fifty yen a year," replied the mother.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"You will now repeat the ceremony *backward*, beginning with the fifty-ninth syllable," ordered the Priest of the Lower Order of the Temple of Shigi, squatting down and wrapping the skirt of his kimono around his legs.

Respectfully, all the little apprentice priests squatted down and wrapped the skirts of *their* kimonos around *their* legs.

Haya Shi Da squatted down and wrapped the skirt of his kimono around *his* legs.

Squatting down brings one close to the floor. This floor was made of tender, white, unseasoned cherry. There was a dent in it—from the boot of a tourist, perhaps. Haya Shi Da pressed down with his long thumbnail, making a circle. He added a head. He added a tail. Whiskers remained to be added. Likewise ears. He added these, and more.

When he came to himself, his comrades were about to pronounce the sixteenth syllable. On the floor the thumbnail cat seemed about to squint, perhaps purr.

By the next day, however, the thumbnail cat had accomplished neither reality. A rude slash had been dealt its nose. There was no accounting for such a thing. Unless some one of the nightly Presences —one of the mysterious temple Presences—had done this, furious at its perfection. No one minded the Presence that came lately. It was supposed to be fond of rice-cakes. No one minded except Haya Shi Da, obsessed by cats.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Lotus rise on the lake like thick cream. They are

*Adapted from a Japanese folk-tale.

too close for counting: too close even for fish to breathe.

Haya Shi Da saw this thing.

When cherry petals fall, they melt and are invisible, if behind stands the holy mountain, pink, too, with the sun.

Haya Shi Da saw this thing.

The tinkle of the little bells in the distant temple is one with the sound of water over velvet stones.

Haya Shi Da saw this thing . . . and yet better than to see these pretty things is to draw cats. This may be done with a twig in the sand.

Only when one is drawing does one forget the puzzle of the Presence. For it comes nightly now. And it eats all the rice-cakes.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There is but one thing to do when the Emperor commands.

The Lower Order of the Temple of Shigi has petitioned for an annual subsidy of fifty thousand yen, in view of the special sancity of the Presence

that condescends nightly to accept the offering of rice-cakes.

The Priest of the Lower Order of the Temple of Shigi winds a scarf around his middle, and over his kimono. All the little apprentices except Haya Shi Da, wind—respectfully. Heavy shoes are taken. The bridge is crossed. The Priest of the L. O. of the T. S. gets minutely into his 'riksha.

Haya Shi Da squats in the doorstep—disrespectfully—and watches them go. He is in no mood whatever to have the sanctities of the temple committed to his care.

Charcoal smoke blows out from the inner room. It is a pleasant smoke to smell, one of the few pleasant things thereabouts . . . dry, like burnt rice-fields. (Rice-fields—rice-cakes. Ha! The Presence.) Was the Presence, too, in his keeping? Plague the Presence. It had slashed one of his best cats. Well, to return. The smoke is a reminder that duty waits on one's performance. The ceremony of orris-root-powder-sprinkling had been forgotten that morning in the dignified confusion.

Haya Shi Da unfolded himself from the doorstep, and turned to duty.

Flames eat orris as the sun eats snow, *but what*

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*after all is the best position for placing the tail?*

The tail spotless white silk screens stood bland and unruffled. They were nice to look at—framed in black lacquer, inlaid with pearl. Long gaunt cats would do well—disreputable cats—cats with tails flung back like a scarf, a wreath, a boa, what does it matter? Yawning mouths are splendid in effect, since the lolling tongues may be left white to heighten the effect. In the paws, too, white claws should be indicated. . . .

Haya Shi Da hesitated, and perceived the stick of charcoal in his right hand, still warm from the burner. On the screen, the first cat half-yawned.

Haya Shi Da grew terrified.

Haya Shi Da thought of the Priest. He thought of the Presence. He thought of the worshippers. He thought of the Emperor. He thought of his mother, with her hands above her big ears. He thought of the rice-cake cat. . . . It had been not quite so good—but it had had a splendid ear, tilted forward, so. The next cat, of course, should be larger, with eyes reversed. The next, a white nose —or a black?

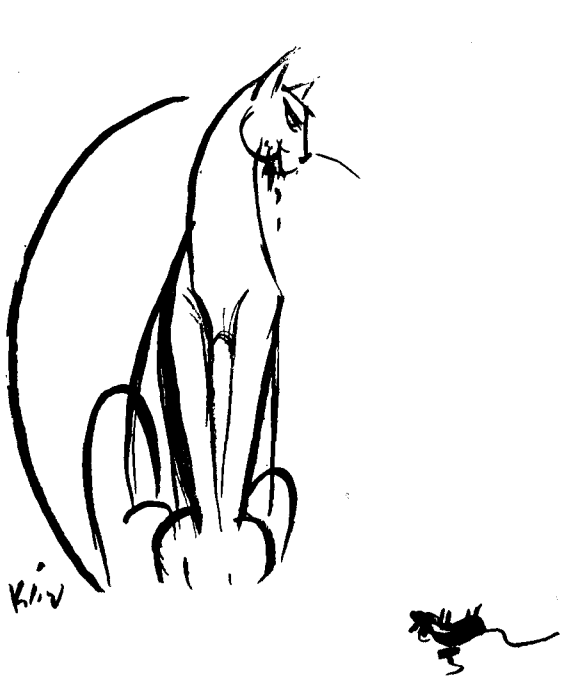
Night came down, too soon and too dark to execute the seventeenth cat's tail. Haya Shi Da warmed his boiled rice over the coals and crept to bed.

* * *

That night the Presence came, but this time with an extraordinary number of feet. Haya Shi Da had no doubt that the floor of soft, unseasoned cherry would be all clawed up by morning.

When the noises stopped, he intended to go out and investigate. But the noise increased. It was the noise of spirits, which is abstract. There were no creakings, no yowlings, no plungings, no pouncings, no snarlings. Only noise, which is all of these, undifferentiated. . . . It was well that the sliding door was closed.

Haya Shi Da slept late, for he was tired. The racket had long ago ceased. He put on his straw slippers and his blue kimono, when he awoke, and cleaned his teeth carefully. Other devotions were to wait on curiosity.



The light bells of the temple quivered along the brocade above the burner of everlasting fire. In the doorway, open to the sun and the fresh breeze, pendants tinkled, pricking the air with their glass edges. In the midst of the sun's flood on the floor, lay a gigantic rat of an abstract color—the Presence —visible for the first time in death.

It was covered with wounds.

The cats on the screen had dripping red mouths.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Drawings by GEORGE CLERBE

# *The* BOWLING GREEN

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE

### PERSONAL STATIONERY

IT'S not color or texture or a monogram embossed
That gives identity to a sheet of paper:
It's what you write on it.
I don't remember that any of the great letters—
John Keats's, Charles Lamb's, Abe Lincoln's—
Were written on Personal Stationery.

* * *

### THOUGHTS IN RED INK

When I go to the Prune Exchange Bank
To retrieve my passbook
I always think, how helpful
If there were somewhere to leave my mind
To be Written Up—
Collections entered, debits and credits noted,
Soul balanced—and Carried Forward.

* * *

### LONELY FUN

Philologists
Have lonely fun all by themselves.
*Sarcastic*, for instance, means a flesh-eater
And it's wrong to apply it,
As the New York *Times* always does,
To Bernard Shaw.

* * *

### THEY'RE TOASTED

But is there nowhere in the world,
Exclaimed the indignant young poet,
Nowhere in the whole world
Where it is safe to put things down?
Must I always carry my new sonnet-sequence
With me in my brief-case?
Even the leather briefcase
Is getting a little scorched.

* * *

H. B. H., evidently an adorable client, writes from the Boulevard du Montparnasse about a little toyshop once mentioned here:—

First I must tell you about finding the wee shop on rue Fleurus—Aux Délices d'Age d'Or. The minute I saw it I felt I *must* go in, and when my youngest-born, aged almost four, unglued his nose from the window to demand an infinitesimal guignol, without which life would no longer be worth living, in we went, three eager children and their no less eager mother. It was almost dark outside but the shop was unlighted, till as we opened the door an unseen someone in an inner room turned on one solitary light and we found ourselves in quite the most crowded shop in all Paris, with not only all the toys in the world, but mercerie, lingerie, parfumerie, bonneterie, maroquinerie, and half a hundred other assorted "eries," all jumbled together in an utterly hit or miss fashion, and yet somehow all looking quite neat and tidy and in their proper places. A dear little old man with a hump on his back came out to see what all this so large family might desire, and while the littlest one was demanding le tout petit petit guignol his eight year old brothers were finding all sorts of other treasures on which to lavish their weekly dole of eight francs. It was while they were settling this weighty matter among themselves that I took the opportunity of telling the old man his shop was mentioned in a book by an American author. I do wish you could have seen his face! It was one of the events of his life. "Gabrielle," he called, "Gabrielle, come! Behold a lady who tells me we are in a book, that an American author has written of our Quartier and mentioned our shop by name. It is a good name," he added with honest pride, and then, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, "Ça me fera renommé, n'est ce pas, Madame?" I didn't bother to tell him that you had given no address, but I assured him that many, many people would read the book and would come in to visit his ship. Before we left we had parted with almost fifty francs and I feel sure that that was one of the biggest day's sales that M. Jacquet —that's his name—and his wife, Gabrielle, have ever made. I expect we shall go back often, with a fourth birthday coming soon, and Christmas and all; besides, it's not every day that I have said to me, "But surely it is not possible that these so big boys are all the children of Madame?"! Yes, decidedly, Aux Délices d'Age d'Or must be revisited.

Yesterday being Toussaint and an extra jour de congé for the young fry we made a *Pélerinage aux nécropoles* as the Journal termed it, in the direction of Père Lachaise. It was a glorious day, the first after a fortnight of rain, and all Paris was there, decorating, sweeping, weeding, and generally befurbishing its graves. (I do wish they'd take the wrapping paper off the flowers, don't you?) Remembering your ideas on graveyard etiquette I left my Baedeker behind but I did inquire for Sarah Bernhardt's grave, and oh, how I wish I hadn't! The disgusting bad taste of those misbeguided souls who erected a tablet there flaunting an American eagle and an advertisement for the Orpheum vaudeville circuit. I writhe still at the memory of it.

All [illegible] PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oscar Wilde's grave—it is at the opposite end from the memorial Aux Morts—and I think that that young man would have been well content with his, to say the least, most unusual resting place. It's perfectly *gorgeous* but it simply does not belong in Père Lachaise. An unexpurgated account of the salient points in Oscar Wilde's life was on the back ending with a quite dreadful verse in which "urn" and "forlorn" rhymed in good Brooklynese. I have a feeling it's part of The Ballad of Reading Gaol. I do hope I'm mistaken. "A lady" is said to have had this monument erected. Does anyone know what lady, I wonder?

* * *

At a gathering of booksellers in Indianapolis the other day those round the table were asked to put down impromptu a list of the three books they would like best to take with them to a desert island or any other prolonged rustication. Those who voted were bona fide booksellers, and the books mentioned are an interesting commont on the private tastes of the Trade. There were eleven voters and their choices were:—

Oxford Book of English Verse
Of Human Bondage, Maugham
Virginibus Puerisque, Stevenson

Last Days of Pompeii
Longfellow's Poems
Bulfinch's Mythology

Stalky & Co., Kipling
Options, O. Henry
Wuthering Heights, Bronte

Stalky & Co., Kipling
Tom Sawyer; Twain
Outline of History, Wells

Oxford Book of English Verse
Ben Hur, Wallace
The Way of All Flesh, Butler

Poems of Shelley
Anna Karenina, Tolstoy
The Golden Bough, Frazer

Dreamthrope, Smith
The Story of My Heart, Jefferies
Essays of Elia

The Forsyte Saga, Galsworthy
The Story of the Bible, Van Loon
Tom Sawyer

Keats's Poems
Damon and Pythias
Hoss Sense and Nonsense (?)

Origin of Species
Emerson's Journals
The Ring and the Book, Browning

Keats's Poems
Leaves of Grass, Whitman
Oxford Concise Dictionary

You will notice that the books that were mentioned more than once were The Oxford Book of English Verse, Keats, Stalky, and Tom Sawyer.

* * *

In Chicago, lunching with Mr. Solle, one of the very alert staff in Kroch's remarkable bookshop, I asked him to give me his own private list of what he considers Neglected Books. It went thus:—

Kingsley Porter: The Seven Who Slept
Gilbert Murray: Religio Grammatici
Cummings: An Island Chronicle
Arthur Cosslett Smith: The Turquoise Cup
Maurice Baring: Diminutive Dramas
Compton Leith: Sirenica
A. F. Wilson: The Township Line
The Letters of William James
W. H. Hudson: The Shepherd's Life
Dennis Bradley: Eternal Masquerade
Evelyn Underhill: Letters from a Prairie Garden.

There was one more title on Mr. Solle's list of too much neglected books, but demurely we suppress it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"An interesting experiment, savoring of the latest exploits of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, has just been made by M. Jean Giraudaux, the famous novelist," says *John O'London's Weekly*. "M. Giraudaux, who won the Goncourt Prize with his 'Siegfried et le Limousin,' and is said to be the successor to Marcel Proust, has written a novel about members of well known Parisian families."

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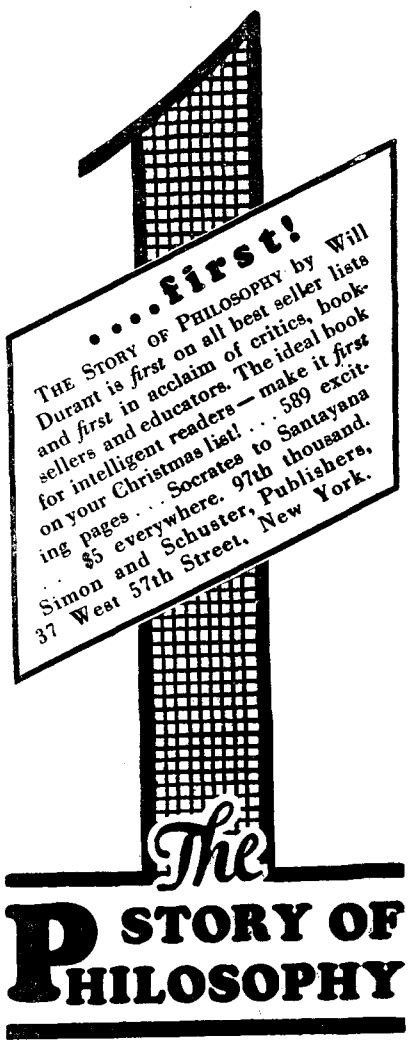
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# Books of Special Interest

## Royal Resurrections

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ANCIENT EGYPT. Portraits by WINIFRED BRUNTON. History by Eminent Egyptologists. Foreword by Professor J. H. BREASTED. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $10.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN
Boston Museum of Fine Arts

MRS. BRUNTON has looked with the scrutinizing eye of a modern portrait painter at the faces of ancient Egyptian royalty as they are preserved in sculpture and rarely in their mummified physical remains, and she has considered the known facts of each individual's nature and career until her imagination has been stirred to reanimate this lifeless material by line and color. From the obliterate past, and from the rigid immobility of statues, her study and skill have brought eight kings and five queens into the startling and credible semblance of living men and women. Such imaged reincarnation is certainly not the sort of immortality to which these personages confidently looked forward during their lifetime, but it is the translation into a modern idiom of what they themselves required from the artists and sculptors of their own day.

The craftsmen whose skill was devoted to the service of the Egyptian court were bondsmen also to an artistic tradition in which the formulas of expression had become established almost unalterably by religious customs associated with the dead. Egyptian portraiture owed its origin not to personal vanity or to the creative impulse so much as to the materialistic nature of Egyptian belief in conscious existence after death. The disembodied spirit of the dead required imperishable likenesses of its living form in which to reincorporate itself in order that it might continue perpetually to enjoy the food and drink and physical pleasures it had known in life, and Egyptian artists working within the strict limitations imposed by ritualistic tradition created portraits which are remarkable in being at once impressively and amazingly individualized. Thus the documents on which Mrs. Burton has based her work are as original and valid as the hieroglyphic inscriptions on contemporary monuments, and her claim that in Egypt at least such a study of physiognomy can properly be regarded as historical research is justified by the use which she has made of the available data.

Her method of historical reconstruction is unique but quite legitimate; her interpretations are sympathetic but maintain due regard for truth and for unexaggerated historical probability. Like any other conscientious historian, when facts are few, she admits their paucity. As Professor Breasted states in his Foreword to the book, this admirably accomplished task differs from that of the recognized historian only "in the degree of its almost unlimited measure of refinement and in its employment of another category of expression."

A number of different writers have contributed the chapters of historical commentary accompanying the portraits, and the text of the volume varies at will like a road that runs up hill and down dale. More than once Terence Gray casts a murky light upon the tomb of Chephren by referring to the "fumerary" temple beside the Sphinx. Professor Margaret Murray, as a woman, is pardonably proud of Queen Hatshepsut's "triumphs of peace," to the obvious embarrassment of Professor Peet who is constrained in a later chapter to note that, in spite of the well known matriarchal tradition, "women of mark are so rare in Egypt that the importance of the few who seem to raise their heads above the common level is apt to be exaggerated." Peet restates the evidence concerning the short-lived heresy of Akhenaten briefly and clearly, and favors the popular view that the king was a religious enthusiast rather than a political reformer. He points with special emphasis to the fact, generally overlooked in discussions of the "new" religion, that the ideas expressed in Akhenaten's famous Hymn to the Sun Disc, the finest surviving fragment of Egyptian literature, are not at all new, but are found embodied, even in identical phrases, in hymns to Re and other gods. It should not be forgotten that sun worship in Egypt was already flourishing at Heliopolis as early as the Pyramid Age. Akhanetan's contribution to Egyptian religion seems to have been an attempt at true monotheism, but a monotheism devoid of ethical significance, as was Egyptian religion in general. The temples of the Disc contained no cultus image of anthropomorphic or other form; the glowing circle of the sun itself visible through the open roof of the shrine was present daily in the sanctuary. But in the worship of the disc as the beneficient source of all life upon earth, there is no surviving hint that any attention was paid to the improvement of man's nature. Conduct good or bad and duty to one's neighbor found no place in the ritual. This was, of course, entirely consistent with the Egyptian's uncompromisingly practical and materialistic apprehension of life both in its present state and as he conceived it to be in the future.

## Historiettes

MINIATURE PORTRAITS. By GÉDÉON TALLEMANT, Sieur des Réaux. Translated by Hamish Miles. New York: Brentano's. 1920. $4.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE "Historiettes" or miniature portraits of Tallemant des Réaux form one of the most entertaining and malicious collections of historical anecdotes. The book is the scandalous Secret History of the reigns of Henri IV and Louis XIII. It is well known how Procopius wrote an official history of the reign of the Emperor Justinian full of panegyric and dignity; and then added another chapter known as the "Secret History" written with all the venom of a disappointed courtier. Tallemant is the Procopius of his age, except that he never wrote the dignified part of his memoirs. This stupendous collection of gossip about the eminent figures of two reigns is a good corrective to romantic idealization of the past. But how much of it is true? How much of Procopius and Brantôme is true? Suppose some hanger-on with a nose for news wrote down all the malicious tales he could collect about society in New York and London during the nineties—how pious posterity would virtuously declaim against the sins of our uncles and aunts! But that was what Tallemant did. Most of his information is based on hearsay, mainly from elderly French ladies like Mme. de Rambouillet; and elderly French ladies are not the most charitable persons in the world. But the fact that these tales were told and that Tallemant thought them quite credible is in itself some evidence that the society of the early seventeenth century was a good deal coarser and nearly as free-living as that of our own days. Only, in the seventeenth century the art of concealment had not been carried so far.

Mr. Hamish Miles who has here translated a few of Tallemant's best portraits, spares the reader the worst of the coarseness; in my opinion, with unnecessary timidity. Why import our miserably hypocritical prudery into another age? Is not this furtive suppression the sort of spirit which produces the revolting turpitudes of a book like "Ulysses"—that supreme product of Ireland the chaste? I do not blame Mr. Miles; he is simply being over-cautious.

Tallemant gives us our details which reveal great coarseness of manners. Anyone who has read the satirists of the reign of Henri IV—the Sigognes, the d'Esternods, and all the other contributors to the Cabinet Satyrique—knows that the early seventeenth century was "exceedingly foul-mouthed," not lascivious like the eighteenth century in France, but brutal, stercorous, nasty, like the English in Smollett's novels. The reform of manners begun by the Italians and embodied in books like "Il Cortegiano" and "Galatea" was violently interrupted in France by the religious wars. The habits of dissolute soldiery contaminated even the court where a Medici was Queen. The refinement of mediæval chicalry was lost. Now, the person who undertook to reform French manners by example, by her *salon*, by a revival of chivalry, was the *précieuse* Mme. de Rambouillet, the relative from whom Tallemant derived so much of his information. It is not unnatural to suppose that the good lady a little exaggerated some of the anecdotes she told in order to magnify the extent of her reform. For even in the minority of Louis XIV fine manners became fashionable and the King would tolerate no camp-followers *à la* Henri IV.

The Tallemants, as M. Magne has recently showed us, were associated financially with the Rambouillets. They were tax-farmers and invented one of the earliest marine insurance businesses. But they were Protestants and as Louis XIV drew nearer to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, their fortunes declined. Gédéon Tallemant had no capacity for business. His turn of mind was social and literary. He accompanied young Gondi (afterwards Cardinal de Retz) to Rome; and, on his return, married his cousin, Elizabeth Rambouillet. It is thought they did not get on any too well. Gédéon abjured to Catholicism about the time of the Revocation. Meanwhile he had become involved in a lawsuit over a collected edition of Voiture he had laboured over for years, and lost a lot of money. He was born in 1619 and died in 1692.

The "Historiettes" remained in manuscript until 1833, when their publication caused an immense sensation in France. Novelists like Vigny ("Cinq-Mars"), and critics like Villemain, had idealized the seventeenth century to an absurd extent. The revelations of Tallemant—even when all deductions have been made on the score of malice, gossip, religious prejudice, and the like—was a very cold douche to this warm hero-worship. Cousin and many others were convinced that the book was a forgery of the Liberals. Of course, it is authentic enough, but the "general reader" (for whom Mr. Miles translates) must not think that Tallemant shows the whole picture. It is seventeenth century France with all that was fine and heroic and noble left out. It is as if you drew a sketch of Nelson, putting in all the Lady Hamilton stories and the Naples episode, and omitting the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; or of Lincoln, repeating all his smoking-room stories and the libels in southern newspapers about his getting drunk, and leaving out the War and the Inaugural Address.

Tallemant possessed insatiable curiosity and a very racy style, but he was credulous of all gossip and had one of those minds which love to belittle. You have only to read his Sully and his Richelieu to see how absurdly partial and belittling his portraits are. You would never think that Sully restored France after the Civil Wars, that he was one of the wisest of Renaissance statesmen; Tallemant presents only a tyrannical, bawdy, peculating, absurdly ceremonious, old gentleman. His Richelieu is showed full of petty vanities about family and his writings, a ridiculous gallant, avaricious, a man of expedients and a tyrant; and this was the Richelieu whose fineness of character defeated a series of the most formidable plots ever hatched against a statesman, who stood alone—with the pale, keen face and piercing eyes, as Philippe Champaigne has painted him, so magnificently set out in his Cardinal's scarlet—against the whole court and the King, and won; who reduced the most seditious nation in Europe to an absolute obedience which lasted for a century and a half. No doubt Sully was ridiculously ceremonious in his old age and did have his fingers in the royal treasury; no doubt Richelieu, dressed in a grey satin doublet, made love to Marion Delorme, and no doubt he overestimated his tragedies and was jealous of Corneille. But if that were all we should scarcely have heard of them. Tallemant's portraits may be true, but they are very far from being the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Nevertheless, the "Historiettes" make a vivid and fascinating series of "documents" and Mr. Miles has chosen some of the best for his volume. Even these selections give an astonishing picture of life in those times, in some ways so different from ours and yet with the same human nature everywhere apparent. I venture to disagree with Sir Edmund Gosse and Mr. Miles when they compare Tallemant with Saint-Simon. The Duke was a great writer, the very greatest of memoir writers. Tallemant was not a great writer but he was a very able and amusing journalist (he is not any "greater" than Bachaumont) and his theme was the perenially popular one of society scandal. He died in obscurity but he has scribbled himself into what scholars optimistically call immortality.

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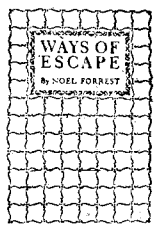


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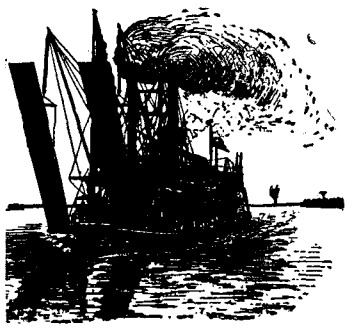

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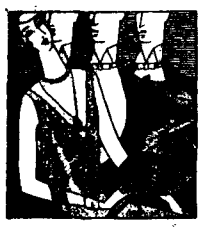

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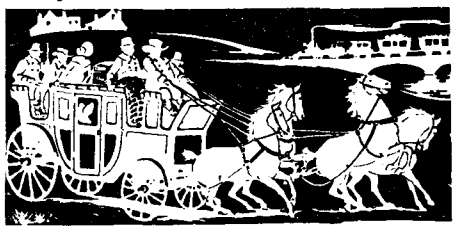

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## On Thinking

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THOUGHT, APPROACHED THROUGH STUDIES OF SLEEPING AND DREAMING. By H. L. HOLLINGWORTH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS FRYER

MR. H. L. HOLLINGWORTH of Columbia University deals in his recent book with two great psychological unknowns and sees in them a relation that has been hitherto little appreciated. To the psychology of the unconscious he adds a chapter of factual evidence upon sleep, drowsiness, and dreaming. Here we find him reaching out toward a more scientific understanding of this field which has been so largely preëmpted by the psychoanalysts. In his criticism of Freudian principles of dream formation Hollingworth shows that the mechanisms of condensation, elaboration, and rationalization are striking features, not merely of the dream, but of any act of memory. All unconscious activity is treated in the same manner. Supporting his views by his own research Professor Hollingworth manifests considerable skepticism and scorn for the theories developed from the practical efforts of medical men.

In the discussion of the second psychological unknown, the higher thought processes, or thinking proper, the author assembles and criticizes many conflicting theories. Data is scattered and inconclusive for this field, and to trace a relation through what evidence exists is all that can be expected of any writer until further research points the way toward a tenable theory of thinking. In tracing this relation and in adding the new information upon drowsiness and dreaming Hollingworth has rendered a genuine service to psychology.

Mental activity, as found in day-dreaming, night-dreaming, perception, reasoning, judgment, and so on, is carried on in a manner which Hollingworth chooses to call the redintegration sequence. The conditioned reaction is one example of the redintegration mechanism. This mechanism is a mechanism of association whereby parts of a stimulating situation become substituted for the whole, whereby thinking comes to be carried on by *cues*, to which meaning has been attached. In the words of the writer, "a complex stimulus recurring by itself or in some foreign context, provokes a complete reaction previously made to a total situation of which this was a part." The brain patterns are said to be reinstated more or less completely when any of these parts are excited. Thinking takes place in this manner, from the lower forms of uncontrolled thought to those of logical reasoning.

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Briefly, the volume is an elaboration of this theory of redintegration with the addition of another called the doctrine of psycho-physical continuum. This doctrine of the relation of body and mind says that there is not a gulf between these so-called orders but a continuum between them. However, in the physical world the total antecedent is required to instigate the consequent, as in the chemical reaction. The physical event follows certain details of a context, and these only, while the animal and human adjustment may be to any detail of the original antecedent, as explained by the redintegration formula. The part does service for the whole and the redintegration mechanism is Hollingworth's criterion of mental activity. But he would say that there is no exact dividing line between the physical and the mental: "All we can say is that the more redintegrative the process is, the more mental it is to be considered."

The unique and most interesting part of the book for the general reader is the first third, discussing sleep and drowsiness. Here a distinct contribution to the facts of psychology is made. Those who believe that a hard day's work justifies a "calm and sweet repose" will not enjoy having their conscious retirement called by the names Dr. Hollingworth uses. He does not consider sleep to be a biological necessity and he says that "No one has yet given an adequate scientific justification for this absurd stupor." He regards the sleep reaction as an active instinctive disssociation of the established activity patterns of the nervous system, working down from the higher toward the lower levels, but never completely involving the whole system. It is a [illegible] instinct, phylogenetically useful in the protection of the helpless infant, which has now come to serve a new purpose for the human race. The parent of the new-born infant welcomes the "vestigial stupor" of the offspring, encourages it in many ways and under medical advice. Very quickly the physiological economy of the growing organisms adapts itself to an imposed sleeping rhythm and the sleep habit is formed for the individual. This is Hollingworth's theory of sleep. For him the study of this problem and "the elimination of the nocturnal stupor is a question of far greater human importance than the reconstruction of industry, the conservation of timber and water power, the eugenic movement, or the League of Nations," and his suggestion is that, although sleep cannot be dispensed with immediately with immunity, it might be eliminated by the individual "without discomfort and danger by saving fifteen minutes a night for the first year, half an hour daily for the second year, and so on."

⁂

It is considered that the different stages of this dissociation called sleep afford the basis for the phenomena of drowsiness and that the persistence within this dissociation of independent patterns of mental activity, persevering tendencies, etc., affords the basis of selective wakefulness on the one hand and on the other, of the conscious experience of dreaming. It is in the mental activity of drowsiness that Hollingworth finds assistance in understanding the operations of thought. There is a vicarious representation of events and the presence of a motivation cue as in other processes of memory. But in drowsiness associations tend to be loose and fluid, with the removal of constraining mental sets, although as in dreaming there is always the motivation phenomena. Drowsiness seems similar to the dream consciousness but more controlled and nearer thinking which is checked by facts and the laws of logical sequence. In drowsiness ideas and thoughts are associated on the basis of superficial resemblance and trivial analogies. Feelings of vastness and grandeur are due to the magnification of sensory impressions. To the drowsy mind the finger, hand, or head often appears to swell to enormous proportions, one foot seems to weigh a ton and to fill the entire bed.

It is the recognition of the part played by sensory impressions in drowsiness and in the dream state especially which removes Hollingworth's conceptions from those of the psychoanalyst, or *psychoanalogist*, a term suggested by Hollingworth as more accurate. For him the dream contents or materials are provided by the incoming impressions reaching the sleeper. One investigator reports that while asleep and stimulated upon the lips and nose by a feather he dreamed of undergoing some severe torture in which the skin was torn from his face. Again, stimulated by two pieces of iron struck together a short distance from his ear he dreamed bells ringing and becoming a tocsin, after which he was engrossed in scenes of battle and revolution. Again, stimulated with perfume, he dreamed of entering a perfume shop in Cairo. And when pinched lightly on the neck he dreamed that a blister was being placed, while in the dream there appeared the figure of the physician who cared for him during a childhood illness. The perseverative tendencies of the dream are thought to be aroused by these sensory impressions, producing the process called by the psychoanalyst "wish-fulfilment." The perseverative tendencies are found to be of the nature of an interesting story not complete on retiring, and the stimuli from the environment, hardness of the bed, street noises, lights and so on, serve to initiate the dream and to furnish the dream materials, working themselves around the motivation tendencies. It is in this way that Dr. Hollingworth explores the field of thinking and attempts to reach certain preliminary and tentative conclusions upon the nature of these psychological unknowns.

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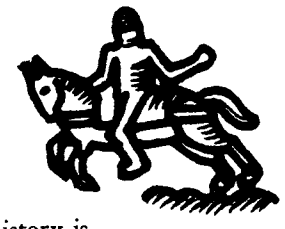

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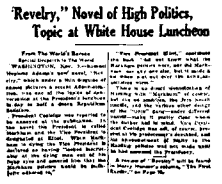

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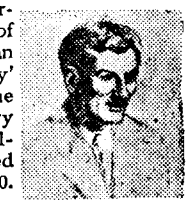

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# Books of Special Interest

## A Useful Work

JEWISH INFLUENCE ON CHRISTIAN REFORM MOVEMENTS. By LOUIS ISRAEL NEWMAN. New York: Columbia University Press. 1926. $7.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY S. TEDESCHE

THIS work represents an enormous amount of compilation and research unusual in this day of Outlines. It is a valuable mine of material to students and investigators who are interested in studying the various heterodox and reform movements both Jewish and Christian during those centuries.

At this time when people are consciously seeking to understand each other it is stimulating to find so well expressed in Dr. Newman's work that people in the Middle Ages were just as amenable to the laws of human nature as they are now or as they were in Alexandria when Platonism and Mosaism were fusing in the crucible that was to produce Christianity. Dr. Newman's aim is to determine the resulting strands of Jewish influence in the Christian fabric in order to offer definite evidence to "those who later desire to attempt a critical interpretation." His volume is divided into four books.

The first contains an exhaustive treatment of the men Jewish and Christian who helped bring about a return to the simple interpretation of the Biblical word. This return to original languages and sources of the Bible through reciprocal contact and instruction played havoc with orthodox doctrine. Each wider dissemination of the Bible through translations into the vernacular has given rise to heterodox and reform movements. Christians made these translations usually after instruction in Hebrew by Jews or Jewish converts, thus establishing valuable points of contact.

The second book gives a pellucid and replete account of the rise and history of the heresies. These were explicitly demarcated from each other but their common denominator was a "thorough-going opposition to the Catholic Church."

The third gives a detailed account of John Huss, Ulrich Zwingli, and Michael Servetus along with their followers, showing the Old Testament and Hebraic elements in their reforms as well as their personal associations and relationships with Jews. The reaction of the times to "The Battle of the Books" is also dealt with here. Book IV contains brief studies concerning the Jewish rôle in the iconoclastic controversy; Martin Luther's debt to Jews and Judaism; Hebraic and Mosaic aspects of American Puritanism.

Dr. Newman as he stated in his preface, has given us a compilation of facts rather than a critical estimate or commentary. He leaves "to those who come after, a critical interpretation of the facts he has gathered." With this as an aim it might have been better to entitle the thesis somewhat differently as "Influence" implies causation. There is, however, a tendency to attempt such a critical interpretation and not always with fortunate results, because of the meagreness of evidence extant. After all the mere fact of a Christian studying Hebrew usually in order to refute the Jews out of their own mouths, or quoting from the Old Testament rather than from the New, is not sufficient proof of Judaizing or Jewish influence. Yet these two standards are frequently taken as the sole norm of judgment, (e.g. "pro-Jewish influence" in the character of Simon of Montfort because he seems to have been piously interested in the Old Testament). This our author realizes when he says he is "left in a quandary as to which side Judaized" in the iconoclastic controversy because both sought vindication for their doctrines in the Old Testament.

With reference to doctrine and theology it is also difficult to determine Jewish influence, as for example concerning the Passaggii and their Dietary Laws. Adherence to a literal interpretation of the Old Testament when we consider the origin of the Christian faith in general is not necessarily conclusive, especially when we note only a superficial resemblance between the dietary laws of the Passaggii and those of the Jews as then practiced. Judging from the words: "The use of meat . . . was prohibited," the Passaggii appear to have been vegetarians, so the discussion as to whether they possessed "their own ritual slaughterers" seems hardly relevant. Dr. Newman realized the uncertainty of this proof when he states: "This observation . . . must not be pressed too far."

## Woman's Equipment

WOMAN'S DILEMMA. By ALICE BEAL PARSONS. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

THAT Havelock Ellis, so long accepted as a godfather of the feminist movement, should be subjected to analytic pricks from a proponent of the feminist cause, seems almost unfilial. Yet Alice Beal Parsons, attempting to get at the root of her chosen matter, finds herself obliged to state her difficulties with an authority who has, as she interprets him, confused the question by arguing both ways:—by shifting ground, for instance, on the question of variability, and by asserting both that women are more infantile and that they are more evolved, than men. The implied warning is valuable to students of a subject wherein we need to be more than naturally alert, so befogged are we by tradition and taboos; for if Ellis can momentarily doze, into what conscienceless comas may we not find lesser writers sinking. Shouldn't indeed each fresh investigator feel constrained to begin at the beginning,—although by beginning one doesn't, of course, mean the conjectured life of that prehistoric tribal family of which one knows too little and hears too much.

It is in starting afresh and disregarding prevalent assumptions that this lively book may serve as a model. The "dilemma" that it discusses is naturally a multiple one; and it is not new. What work may women do, and under what conditions? And if these questions are answered as feminists would have them answered, then what about bearing children and caring for them afterwards? And there is that old matter of the Home. It is the later chapters of the book that deal with these familiar themes, but the writer prefaces them, as by no means all writers do, by the inquiry that should logically precede them. "How different are men and women?" she pertinently asks, at the outset; and proceeds throughout the more significant half of her book to review certain important accumulated evidence. Women were conceded a few years back, as we remember, to be "people;" but a lesser people. Why is that earlier status not yet entirely done away with? Why is an entire sex wriggling to free itself of an inferiority complex? Since it is not feminists alone, nor indeed women alone, but every living being who is affected, and at every turn, by the current notion, whatever it may happen to be, of differentiation, one wonders that all thinking adults aren't engaged upon it, and one looks eagerly toward the outcome of every honest effort to consider it.

Briefly stated, this study of Mrs. Parsons minimizes sex differentiation. Endeavoring to avoid "men's incorrigible habit of theorizing about women on slender grounds," she quotes liberally from recent investigators, biological, medical, psychological, and thus buttresses the arguments, implied and stated, that lead to her own conclusions. These conclusions are challenging, but in accord with the current development of feminism, Mrs. Parsons believes it to be established that there are, roughly speaking, no mental and emotional and but inconsiderable physical differences (not of an artificial sort) between the sexes. "Woman freed of her purely artificial disabilities is quite as able as man to pursue a taxing career without giving up her function of bearing children." "Women are neither constitutionally inferior to men, nor constitutionally so different that their activities must be different." "If, as the evidence seems to show, the biological differences between the sexes are less immutable than we had supposed, their problematical and undemonstrable effect on mental traits becomes shadowy indeed." The writer finds also, after considering sex and genius, that "it is possible that sex has nothing whatever to do with the individual's ability to crystallize experience into words, or form, or color, or sound." And finally, she dooms domestic life.

It goes without saying that the foregoing statements will be questioned by lingering obstinate believers in the inferiority, or in the superiority, of women. They will also perhaps be questioned by persons of cautious habit and speculative temper who cannot believe that the fascinating question of sex differentiation is as nearly determined as this book implies.

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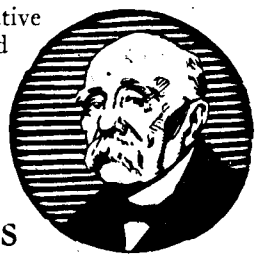

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# The Novel Crop of 1926

By William Lyon Phelps

"I CAN think at this moment of only two years in my novel-reading life that can compare with 1926—they are 1894 and 1920. In 1894 came "Esther Waters," "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," "Jude the Obscure" in serial form, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "A Traveller from Altruria," "The Jungle Book," "The Ebb-Tide," "Pembroke," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Under the Red Robe," and in 1920 appeared "Main Street," "The Age of Innocence," "Youth and the Bright Medusa," "Miss Lulu Bett," "The Third Window."

Practically all the British and American veterans have produced in 1926 novels that are, either in fact or in intention, important works of art. The most pretentious book of the year is "The World of William Clissold," by H. G. Wells, which appeared in England in three volumes, its only similarity to Victorian manners. I surmise that its author already regrets that he allowed the first volume to appear in advance of the others; it received a general slating, and put the reviewers in a hostile attitude towards its two successors; in America we were given the whole work at once, and in two volumes.

I wish to pay two compliments, neither of them to the author. In a time when nearly all new books are marred by inexcusable typographical errors, the American publishers printed these more than 800 pages without any mistake. At first I thought "ascendency" was a slip, but I find there is authority for that spelling, though I don't like it. The only other possible slip I noticed was "St. Simon" when "St. Simeon" is surely more common, but the former may be, for all I know accurate. To launch such a leviathan without a mishap is an achievement; and our American publishers should be proud.

The other compliment is to Mrs. Padraic Colum, whose review in this periodical was an admirable critical essay, full of thought and insight. Mrs. Colum is one of our foremost living critics—she is well equipped by knowledge and judgment, and commands a prose style truly distinguished.

Some of the English reviewers complained that the book was dull. I did not find it so. It is portentously long, filled with summaries and repetitions taken from the author's previous works in fiction, history, and philosophy; but I found it continuously interesting, not at all difficult to read. There is a physical vitality in Mr. Wells's temperament that gives fire and heat to the whole work, like an efficient central-heating plant in a vast edifice. He wrotes, as he lives, with inexhaustible gusto.

Yet it is, in many ways, a detestable book. The peevish preface (before the title-page) in which he attempts to score off those who have attacked his previous books and to forestall adverse criticism of this one, is filled with appalling statements. He protests that Clissold is not Wells; he protests too much. He maintains that the work is a novel, when it is really a novel only in name. It is a gigantic tract for the times, and its interest lies in its strictly contemporary flavor—it belongs to 1926, and will perish like the almanacs and calendars of this present year.

If he were not a man of genius, he could not have written this book at all; if he had even elementary good taste, ability to appreciate points of view opposed to his own, and anything akin to sound culture, he could not have written the book in this way. Clissold's attacks on the Catholic Church, on Socialism, on classical education, on standards of morality, are marred by crudities and by a kind of bumptious conceit that is happily all his own. The details of Clissold's various amours are not nearly so offsnsive as the boastful complacency with which they are recorded. He is forever telling us of the "adult mind," which will relegate theism in religion and monogamy in morals to the ash-heap; but this same adult mind, in love-affairs at sixty, forces us to reflect that there is no fool like an old fool. I refer of course to Clissold and not to Wells.

Mr. Wells has an enormous audience in many nations and exerts a powerful and wide-spread influence, chiefly on immature minds; he wrote to Henry James that he preferred to be regarded as a journalist rather than as a novelist. For my part, I am grateful to him because he wrote "The Wheels of Chance," "Kipps," "Mr. Polly," "Tono-Bungay," and "Mr. Britling." When he wrote those books he was a novelist and a literary artist—and Clissold's crude ideas on religion, morality, politics, and education cannot destroy the earlier works.

Immediately after reading "The World of William Clissold" one should read Hugh Walpole's "Harmer John." The author has completely recovered from his sudden attack of Red Hair, and has written a novel ranking with his best, with "The Green Mirror," "The Cathedral," "The Old Ladies." This is realism and idealism combined; and the spiritual values of life, missing in Clissold's world, are here restored. Man is an incurably religious animal; man is as instinctively religious as he is instinctively lustful—for there are good instincts as well as bad. Harmer John cannot endure the thought that the same town which has a cathedral should also have slums; and I suppose towns will have slums until all churchgoers feel responsibility for them. It is an interesting coincidence that simultaneously with the publication of "Harmer John" came a plan to rid New York city of its slums, a plan that decorated the first page of the metropolitan newspapers.

John Galsworthy, whose passionate sympathies with the oppressed and whose fierce hatred of injustice cannot spoil his art, has given us another instalment of Forsyte family history in "The Silver Spoon." If he were not an artist in spite of himself, his novels would suffer from propaganda—and they never do. It was not until some time after I had read "The Silver Spoon" that I discovered that he himself believed in the scheme of emigration therein discussed—so nicely did he balance the scales. Mr. Galsworthy has two consciences that somehow do not interfere; a moral and an artistic conscience. Tolstoy finally sacrificed the latter for the former, as many others have done. A minority have managed, on the other hand, to stifle the former altogether. But Mr. Galsworthy loves something even more than he loves justice—he loves the truth.

"The Silver Spoon" I found a more interesting narrative than anything he has written since "The Man of Property." In that novel Soames was the most detestable character—in "The Silver Spoon" he is the most admirable. It is a fine instance of development.

I do not know whether Arnold Bennett's "Lord Raingo" is a good novel or not; I read over a hundred pages, and was forced to desist, owing to invincible boredom. It is strange that a man who has written two or three high-grade novels and at least twenty diverting ones, can be so dull as in "Lord Raingo." Perhaps it is better farther on—I haven't the courage or the curiosity to find out.

In certain quarters I am regarded as a little unbalanced because of my enjoyment of the novels of Archibald Marshall; if to admire works that are completely normal be a sign of abnormality in the admirer, then I plead guilty. I like Mr. Marshall's books because in these sensational days he has the audacity to fill his books with natural people, natural situations, and natural talk; and I like "The Allbrights" better than anything he has written since the Clinton Series.

C. E. Montague's "Rough Justice" is a well-wrought, thoughtful novel, stocked with ideas; a good picture of English life. May Sinclair's "Far End" is a condensed novel, with a house as a hero, and an unconvincing conclusion—the best thing in it is her omission of the tags, "he said," "she wailed," "he kissed." Jane Austen proved the value of omitting them.

W. J. Locke in "Perella" turns off another competently-written story, with a good fable and amusing characters, nothing more or less. Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son" is very fine to its mathematical middle; its latter half is deplorable. Compton Mackenzie, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Frank Swinnerton, Rose Macaulay, Robert Hichens, have each and all produced new books in 1926, I really ought to read before reviewing, for although this is quite out of style, I am still old-fashioned enough to do it. If I had the creative gift of some reviewers, which would enable me to discuss books I had not read, I should become a novelist and leave criticism to others.

One of the best English novels of the present year is a first book by a young woman who refuses to divulge her name: this is "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." It is a novel that many writers of well-earned fame would be proud to sign. I confidently recommend it to intelligent readers.

I have not mentioned Rudyard Kipling's "Debits and Credits," for although Mr. Kipling is one of the most eminent authors now living, he belongs to the nineteenth century. He is one of the great Victorian novelists and in all probability will survive with his peers.

I have not had time to read many of the new American novels of the year; but of those that I have examined, I award first place to "Her Son's Wife," by Dorothy Canfield. I feel sure of the literary quality of this work. During the fourteen years of her career, Dorothy Canfield has produced novels of American domestic life, of university life, of life in France; but none of her previous books has gone so deeply into the uncharted places of the human heart. This is a study of motive, and although the interest is mainly intellectual, as in the analytical novels of Henry James, there is plenty of drama, because the story is a fight to a finish between two women. A fight between women is more ruthless than that between men, for if there are any rules governing such a combat, neither of the principals remember them. As both parties gain by a trade, so both usually lose in a war; but in this war, although one woman is crippled for life and the other robbed of peace of mind, both parties gain. The novel is full of surprises, and the biggest surprise of all comes on the last page.

As an American, I am proud that such a book should be written by a native; it has that high seriousness which Matthew Arnold made the touchstone of poetry; every page bears the impress of an artist resolute and sincere; it stands so far above the general level of contemporary fiction, and is such an advance on the author's previous work, that it belongs to a higher plane. Dorothy Canfield's position in the front rank of living novelists is now unassailable.

Edna Ferber is a brilliant virtuso. "Show Boat" is an impressive performance, full of vitality, color, and charm. Nothing human is alien to this clever woman, whose three novels "Girls," "So Big," and "Show Boat," are as different as three American novels could well be. Of all her performances, I like "So Big" the best, because the protagonist is splendid; a stunning and triumphant figure. But there is no doubt that "Show Boat" is more picturesque, both in its scenery and in its persons. It is a contribution to the social and theatrical history of America. I had supposed that it was a historical romance of modern times, and that the life it described belonged wholly to the recent past. But the author informs me that although the show boats have left the Mississippi, owing to the too abundant perils of that ungovernable river, there are plenty of floating theatres on the other rivers of the South; that they are at this moment more magnificent than Magnolia's, and also more profitable; those who own and direct them are literally rolling in motors and diamonds. Miss Ferber thinks that "Show Boat" is her best book, just as Hugh Walpole thinks "Harmer John" to be his masterpiece; it is natural, I suppose, for an author to love the latest child the most. Well, perhaps they are right; and both books are so excellent that their authors' pride is justifiable.

It seems clear that in America the women novelists have surpassed the men; indeed I do not know of any country in the world which has so remarkable a group of women novelists as our own. What collection of men in America and what list of women writers in any other nation today can equal an assembly composed of Edith Wharton, Anne Sedgwick, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Margaret Deland, Ellen Glasgow, Elinor Wylie?

I have not read all of Ellen Glasgow's works, but of those that I have read I certainly put first "The Romantic Comedians," published this year. This is written with a subdued and chastened irony and never becomes obtrusive. A parochial group is shown up through the wrong end of the telescope; and that particular form of insanity which afflicts men of sixty, and takes the form of self-delusion, making them believe that they can still be objects of romantic attachment on the part of young women, is mercilessly diagnosed. Should any old man who reads "The Romantic Comedians" be suffering from this delusion, it ought to cure him, but if he is sufficiently infatuated, it probably won't. If his old man's sensitive pride is too severely hurt by Ellen Glasgow's truthfulness, I advise him to read Mr. Locke's "Perella," where the young girl sticks to her aged husband. Of which two things may justly be said. Mr. Locke does not write realistic novels, but romances; and it would be very unfair to submit his plots and characters to the verification of reality. Then too, his old man belongs to the scholarly type, like college professors, and every one knows that they are irresistible.

Margaret Widdemer's new novel, "Gallant Lady," is a study of the younger generation and the "young married set" from a new point of view, and is worth reading for that reason. It is unconventional and original; though it lacks the depth and vitality of the best work of Dorthy Canfield and Edna Ferber.

Two of our foremost novelists, Edith Wharton and Anne Sedgwick, have published this year collections of short stories; these are written with exquisite art, but they cannot rank with "The Little French Girl" or with "The Age of Innocence."

Sinclair Lewis, in "Mantrap" wrote a motion-picture story, the true value of which he knows better than any one else; he has a rod in pickle for us all, which will chastise us at the psychological moment. Joe Lincoln, whose Cape Cod resembles that of Eugene O'Neill only geographically—it is always the same world, but there are optimists and pessimists—has given us "The Big Mogul," which I shall read later. On my list to be read at an early date are "Tampico," by Joseph Hergesheimer, "Preface to a Life," by Willa Cather, "Trail Makers of the Middle Border," by Hamlin Garland, "The Kays," by Margaret Deland, "Galahad," by the amazing John Erskine, "The Orphan Angel," by Elinor Wylie, "Early Autumn," by Louis Bromfield, "Pig Iron," by Charles G. Norris, "Hildegarde," by Kathleen Norris; and I shall not fail to read "Tish"—because Mary Roberts Rinehart always has a good story and the knack of telling it in a diverting manner.

This article is little more than a roll-call. I have meant to call attention to the fact that 1916 has had a bumper crop of novels, which are decidedly worth reading. How can any one book survive among so many? How many of these books, excellent as they are, will be read in 2026? Last week I read for the sixth or seventh time, "Pride and Prejudice," in which nothing happens; but everyone will be reading it in 2026, and with the same unspeakable delight. The only thing that can possibly prevent that novel from having readers in 2026 will be a total change in human nature. The only living man who really thinks human nature is going to change is H. G. Wells; and the only thing in the world I am absolutely sure of, is that it won't.

A drawing done in youth by Aubrey Beardsley for "Pickwick Papers"
Courtesy of the Anderson Galleries

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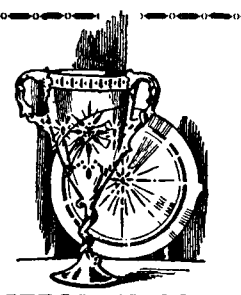

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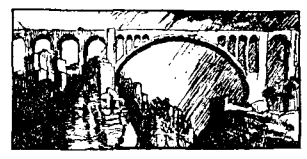

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# Peter's Pence of Literature

By Count Hermann Keyserling

DURING a recent visit to Weimar, where I spent several days, and where I had the opportunity of conferring with the custodians of the local spiritual legacy of the past, I was struck by a number of ideas which, I thought, were of practical value. My training in political finance is not sufficient to enable me to be certain that the particular form in which I express what I mean will meet every objection. But in any case I believe the intent of these ideas to be right. I set them down here in the hope that they will provoke a widespread discussion on the subject.

According to current German law the literary legacy of an author is "released" after the lapse of thirty years from his death. In other words, it is placed freely at the disposal of anyone who wishes to exploit it. That the protective period of thirty years is too short, and that I hope soon to see it extended to fifty years, in accordance with the practice in other countries, I mention only in passing; as long as the inheritence of property is regarded as valid, it is, to say the least, a cheap appraisal of things to allow the grandchildren of a creator of spiritual values, who still enjoy the usufruct of the legacy, to be legally disinherited as long as the legacy itself has demonstrated the permanence of its value. . . . But this observation is, as I say, made only in passing. *I think it wrong that a spiritual legacy should ever be released, for it is this very fact which invalidates the original intention that this legacy should be transferred completely to all mankind.*

The world having become what we find it to be today, the idea—originally only that of America—that the state of prosperity is the normal state (the intent being, that it *should* be), and that wealth is the relevant exponent of all values, has triumphed historically. And this circumstance may be evaluated in the purely positive sense for five reasons: first because in the world of today it is in reality very easy to turn every quality into a source of wealth. (In this connection we need only remember that Germany, in spite of defeat, and in spite of her tremendous debts, is rising again irresistibly: a small capital, rapidly used and reused, means more than an immense capital which cannot be transformed, or which can only be transformed with difficulty. Thus, today, capital is rather the effect than the cause, just as, for Hegel, God was the effect and not the First Cause.) Second, because a narrow life demonstrably constricts and deforms. Third, because the psychological injuriousness inherent in the acquisition of wealth disappears as soon as wealth has become the tacit and self-understood basis of life. Fourth, because on this earth the spiritual, too, can be made fruitful only by material means. Fifth, and most important of all, because it is the privilege of the sovereign spirit to impart to facts whatever meaning it desires.

The old idea indeed, that the creation of ideal values should not pay was also nothing more than a free idea imposed by man, the creator of idea and meaning, and it is one which falls or stands according to man's attitude toward it. For this reason prosperity should, from the historic point of view, be regarded as the normal state of things, and material wealth should be accepted as the expression, faithful to the spiritual meaning, of every possible value. If, thanks to the World War, things are, in many respects, very different in the Europe of today, it is nevertheless certain that, in spite of the consequences of the war, poverty will, in a very few decades, be overcome to an extent unheard of hitherto. The guarantee for this is to be found in the universal "materialism" of the masses.* And if things are as I have indicated, is it not utterly contrary to sense that the highest spiritual legacy of mankind should not as such represent a material power?

I wish to link up with these observations the example of Weimar, an example which is both familiar and obvious. Classical Weimar has been lifted out of the secular into the eternal. For Germany it has much the same significance as classical Athens would have meant for mankind, if it had been preserved, and before long that significance will exist not only for Germany but for all mankind. It is quite certain that before long Weimar will become one of the most popular centres of pilgrimage in the world. And so, from what I hear, the State does all sorts of things for Weimar. But the State will continue to accumulate other obligations, which will progressively absorb its exclusive attention. Following the line of its development, the State will tend more and more to become the expression of the Socialist idea in the sense of the care of the well-being of the masses. Its rôle will become, with progressive exclusiveness, that of the adjuster who fixes justice and fairness in the relations between the various forces of life. It will therefore be able to do less and less for purely qualitative matters, that is to say, it will find itself in increasing contradiction to the sense or meaning of such matters, and when this is the case it will inevitably show itself more and more inadequate for tasks of this kind.

It follows logically from this—the idea has been demonstrated in detail in my book "Politik, Wirtschaft, Weisheit"—that if the qualitative is to continue its rôle, it must consolidate its position more and more independently of the State. And so in regard to Weimar the state of things is such that the Goethe House itself is being—barely—maintained, but that the Goethe heritage—perhaps the richest spiritual legacy of mankind,—does not command anything like the means which it needs in order to work itself out as it could and should. It is only in regard to the antiquarian aspect that a certain degree of success has been achieved, while in regard to prospective other aspects, which are a million times more important, nothing at all has been done. By prospective aspects I mean here the spread and encouragement of the vital spirit of Goethe, which is to be reincarnated in our children and in our grandchildren. Matters stand much worse with all other exponents of Weimar, and worst of all with the Nietzsche archives, the maintenance of which is, thanks to the utterly inadequate period of protection, with discontinuation threatened in the very immediate future. And on top of this we must remember that Nietzsche has been hailed as the first and greatest prophet of the world in the making. Is not this state of things perfectly shameful? Spiritual Weimar should in its own right be able to command a budget of more than a million marks. It is only thus that the legacy of its great spirits could become as fruitful as, ideally speaking, it ought to become. It is only thus that it can grow and reproduce itself, as it should. But here I shall be interrupted with the objection that the plain fact is that we lack money for the purpose. And with that I come to what is really the practical aim of this article: it will be a trifling matter to obtain this budget of a million for the future, first, as soon as it is recognized what is at stake and second, how the thing is to be started off.

As far as the first half of the problem is concerned, I need add little to what has already been said above. The spiritual values of mankind will, in an increasing measure, be recognized as human values. Putting the point in extreme form, I would say that the maintenance of the spirit of Weimar is of much more importance, from the point of view of humanity, than the maintenance of the German State. And for centuries to come the same will be true in an increasing degree of all authentic spiritual values. As I have proved in detail in my new book, "Menschen als Sinnbilder" (Darmstadt: Otto Reichl), there exist in the domain of the spirit not abstract, but only spiritual values. It is not only in the case of Christ that we have to do with a strictly *personal* spirit, the same is true of every spiritual creator.

It follows that it is a fundamental principle that in every case we must point all efforts to this end, that the purely personal character involved may be completely retained. And obviously this can take place only if the relevant spiritual legacy—let us say the Goethe legacy—becomes an institution living in its own right, as the Christ legacy lives in the institution of the Church. Only when it is *not* the State, *not* an alien-spirited power; only when the spiritual legacy maintains and directs its growth and continuation in its own right: only then have we a guarantee that the personal element will be retained. And from another point of view; the fact that this objective is attainable along the path I have indicated, is made so obvious by the continuation of the person of Jesus, in contradistinction to all other spirits, thanks to the Church, that not another word need be wasted on this subject. I may therefore pass on without loss of time to the second point, that is, how the thing is to be started off in order that the institution analogous to the Church may arise.

The situation is as a matter of fact extraordinarily simple. *Spiritual possessions should never be completely released; a certain percentage of what these bring in as returns should be retained for the common benefit.* And, be it noted, the income should not be turned over to the State, which would then use it up for any purpose it might choose—probably for the support of idiots—but to an institution, analogous to the Church, but yet to be created, an institution devoted exclusively to the service of the spirit. It is very obvious that a proposition of this kind will call forth the most vigorous protests on the part of many publishers; but I really cannot see why other individuals should derive especial profit from those possessions which have been taken away from the natural heirs. Quite naturally the usual argument will be invoked against this proposition that it will serve to raise the price of a commodity which was intended for the good of all. But in the first place this rise in price does not represent anything considerable—for otherwise the works of living or protected authors would, in comparison with those of dead or unprotected authors, hardly be read at all, whereas the contrary is demonstrably the case. In the second place, mankind will inevitably be growing richer. In the third place—and most important—this argument has no weight whatsoever against the counter-argument, that only with this percentage can we create a fund which, by means of a real Peter's penny, shall be able to ensure the continuation of a spiritual heritage just as the original Peter's penny sustains the Catholic Church. And anyone who raises the further argument that the sums to be obtained in this fashion will never amount to anyting of consequence, forgets that hundreds of years, thousands, still lie before us, in which these sums may go on accumulating. He forgets further what all historical experience goes to show, namely, that once the needed institution is in existence, it will attract important legacies, and gifts in various forms, which will help it over the first difficult stages. But if there is anyone who thinks that the immediate insurance of these spiritual legacies is as yet unnecessary, let him remember that we are rapidly approaching the barbaric age of the Chauffeur,* and that everything therefore points to the prospect that without a special form of assurance these legacies will never be secured. Taking into consideration what I have said above I, for my part, see no valid objection against my fundamental proposition. It is obvious that the working out of this proposition will, in the course of centuries, lead to the accumulation of ever larger property. And it is equally obvious that it will be much easier in this way to find spirits who will act as the immediate officials of the literary heritage, serving the idea of the continuation of the spirit of the great according to their meaning and intention, than it would be if the choice were left to government officials. All that is needed, in order that something of enduring greatness and of infinite importance may be achieved, is a quite trivial and harmless legislative act.

The importance of this achievement would, in my opinion, far exceed the importance of any act since the coming of the new post-war period. And this legislative act could, without any ado, be made retroactive for all writers even of the remote past. I cannot see any reason why the publishers of authors who no longer receive any royalty should not, after a certain period, pay a certain percentage of the income on new editions, just as naturally as everyone of us, without any ado, pays taxes which have been newly enacted.

But it is only at this point that I come to what I consider the most important issue. The Peter's pence of literature must under no circumstances serve any charitable purpose. Charity is the business of the State. Before long its *sole* purpose will be to serve the highest good of the largest number. As against this it should, in view of the irresistible growth of the overpowering Chauffeur world, be the exclusive function of that which is not represented in the State to take care of the qualitative. It is utterly contrary to sense that the heritage of great spirits should serve the purpose of supporting asses. In the case of the new institution, which is yet to be created, we must have to do only with that which is qualitative in the extreme, i.e., something which is focussed on the aristocratic and hierarchic, for in the eyes of the spirit there exists only more and less; there is never equality. So that the institution, analogous to the Church, which is to be created, must from the outset be so organized as to further only that which has the highest value. In the case of living writers this process will certainly involve a certain degree of error, though it is equally true that if the right men are chosen for sizethis Senate or Consistory, and—I emphasize this—if they are made as independent as judges are, success should be easier to attain than in any other analogous domain. But in the case of the dead all error can be removed, and it is this which is of primary importance. The achievement to be aimed at is the perpetuation of the spirit of the great in the same sense that the church perpetuates the spirit of Jesus and of the saints. And in order to pick out the right spirits, the same processes must be set on foot which are employed by the Church when it proposes a canonization. By the time a spiritual legacy has been set free, it will, in the majority of cases, not be difficult to determine whether this particular spirit belongs to the "Saints" or not. Should the answer be in the affirmative, then his spirit must for all eternity be supported by an endowment. In regard to the last century in Germany, this is what would have taken place first in the case of classical Weimar, second in the case of the legacy of Nietzsche and Wagner. And the same would apply to the spiritual and intellectual heroes of all other countries.

Since I have not the time for personal correspondence, I would like to ask all those who are in fundamental agreement with my suggestion, to make their statements to that effect in the press. Likewise I would like to ask those who have suggestions for improvements to offer, to do so through the public prints. A few words on the part of a large number, at the cost of very little time, would suffice to set the necessary movement on foot along large lines.

*Cf my book "Politik, Wirtschaft, Weisheit," also "The World in the Making" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

*See Chapter 1 of "The World in the Making" for detailed explanation.

The annual catalogue of "The Mosher Books" has just made its appearance. Book-lovers familiar with these publications will remember a little duo-decimo of about 200 pages, printed on hand-made paper, bound in blue boards, entitled "Amphora" published in 1912. Mr. Mosher had the habit of enriching his catalogues by using their blank pages for printing selections of prose and verse that appealed to his fancy, together with some of the "Forewords" which his catalogues contained for many years. The book was a gem still treasured by many booklovers. It had long been Mr. Mosher's purpose to make a second collection of rare verse and prose, selected from his catalogues from 1912 to 1923, intending to publish them in a satisfactory format when death frustrated his plan. This has now been done by other hands. A new volume, "Amphora: A Second Collection," with a portrait of Mr. Mosher, together with several tributes to his life and work, taking on the character of a memorial, will be published this season. Book-lovers fond of "The Mosher Books" will want this delightful companion volume to "Amphora" of 1912.

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The English book auction season of 1926-1927 opened with a sale at Sotheby's in London on November 8, 9, and 10, of valuable books selected from several private libraries, including the most extensive collection of Oliver Goldsmith ever offered at auction, comprising upwards of 200 editions of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Other notable works were the sixth edition of Gray's "Elegy," 1752, with a presentation inscription and pen corrections by the author; presentation copies of the works of Robert Browning, and Douglas Jerrold; Boswell's "Life of Johnson," with corrections and additions; an extra-illustrated copy of "Byron and His Contemporaries," and "Letters and Journals;" Westmacott's "English Spy," 1825-26; and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies."

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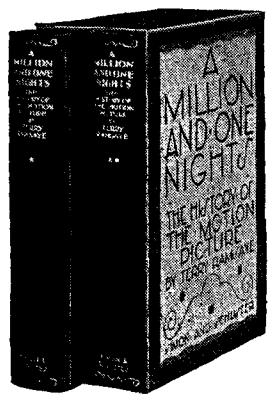


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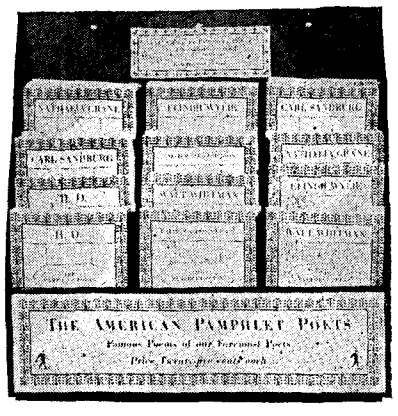


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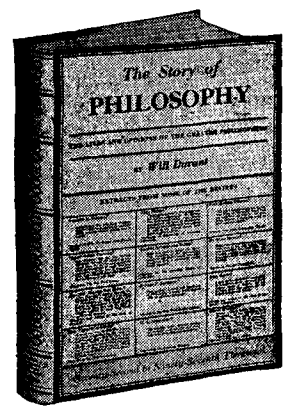


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# Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

IN "South Wind" Norman Douglas set down with delightful humor the strange chronicle of the exiles, eccentric and otherwise, who have made Capri their geographical and their spiritual home. Now that book has an Italian counter-part entitled "Aria di Capri" (Naples: Casella), which is signed by a name hitherto unencountered in my diligent reading of all things Italian, Edwin Cerio. It looks to me very much like a pen-name, and my suspicions are confirmed by the un-Mediterranean flavor of the Christian name, and the fact that the surname, when pronounced, approximates remarkably to "Cheerio!" If I were to hear that Norman Douglas himself had a hand in it, and that "Cheerio-Cerio" is a pseudonym covering a collaboration of which he is part, I should not be surprised.

* *

In case there are readers anxious to expose my ignorance and claim personal knowledge of the estimable Edwin Cerio, I hasten to say that the question of the authenticity of this signature is merely idle and amused speculation, so far as I am concerned, for the book itself stands squarely upon its intrinsic interest and the droll humor of its style. Imagine "South Wind" in the form of a series of sketches, thirteen being "Men" and fifteen being "Things." The former are biographical and personal impressions of different eccentrics of genius who have added to the gaieties of life in Capri; the latter are stories of various unusual incidents in which those, or other, eccentrics were involved. Add the two together and "South Wind" is the result, with a little left over for a volume like "Siren Land." Edwin Cerio writes about these people apparently without fictitious names: "August Weber: Lunar Myth." "Oscar Westergaard: Solar Myth," "Miradois: the German Christ," "Bludoir: the Interim Christ," "Emilio Gilardi: the Fifth Evangelist," "Norman Douglas: Sirenologist."

I quote some of the chapters on "Men," although most of the people are known, I imagine, only to visitors to Capri, because the accounts of them differ in no respect from the accounts of Marinetti and Norman Douglas, whose existence is vouchsafed for by other witnesses than Edwin Cerio. It happens that no preliminary acquaintance with any of the gentlemen is necessary to the understanding and enjoyment of what is here related concerning them. Be they real or imaginary portraits, they constitute a collection of individuals as curious as any who marched through the pages of "Nightmare Abbey" or "Headlong Hall." The secret of the peculiar charm of Capri is revealed, and the why and the wherefore of Norman Douglas are no longer a mystery. Where else, if not in Capri, could he live; where find his inspiration? Let Edwin Cerio speak:

> "Siren Land" is the only British possession which has been annexed to the Empire by right of spiritual occupation. . . . The English in Capri are dedicated to the export of Sirens, a southern marine product. They have installed on the island a breeding ground for the only mythological animal upon which their imagination can feed. The English intellectuals are sirenophagus gluttons, with a special liking for the Mediterranean variety of that charming amphibian, in which they do an active trade. . . . Sirens, which are born here spontaneously, by parthogenesis, are not found in England, and all attempts to acclimatize them on the shores of Britain have failed. Even the greatest attempt of this kind failed, "The Sea Lady" of H. G. Wells.

* *

Having described how Norman Douglas came to write "South Wind," "Siren Land," and "Old Calabria," Edwin Cerio is led to an enumeration of "England's intellectual forces in the Mediterranean:" Compton Mackenzie, Francis Brett Young, D. H. Lawrence, Rebecca West, and Hugh Walpole. These are a few of the writers who have from time to time been stationed in the waters of Capri, a squadron of powerful cruisers attached to the heavy battleships of the metropolitan literary fleet; Wells and Shaw, of established fame; J. D. Beresford, E. M. Delafield, Katherine E. Mansfield, Frank Swinnerton, Romer Wilson, James Joyce, Stella Benson, St. John Ervine, Aldous Huxley, Wyndham Lewis. . . . Amongst all these people Norman Douglas is an entity apart. . . . But for Douglas Capri would have become a refuge for respectable people, a pathway of virtue, a sink emptied of its iniquities.

Douglas is the professional of imaginary sin. As an anonymous poet says:

*Was there a sin Tiberius committed*
*Which might one moment find N. D. outwitted?*
*No, cry the rocks and the reverberate caves,*
*No, from their tombs proclaim a myriad slaves.*

Edwin Cerio, like many another admirer, tried to extract from Norman Douglas some biographical facts. The answer received was: "The only more or less respectable event in my life was my birth. The rest is not fit for publication." Nevertheless, he contrives to give an outline of the history of this "celebrated pantheist explorer." First he entered the diplomatic service, and was secretary at Petrograd, but "owing to insubordination on the part of his superior, the Ambassador," he left the Foreign Office and went to India to write a report on imperial tariffs. Encouraged by this, and having learned from Darwin that there are no toads on volcanic islands, he proceeded to the volcanic island of Lipari, discovered a toad, and presented it to the South Kensington Museum. Whenever he heard that an animal was unknown in a certain place, he would go to that place and inevitably produce the animal aforesaid. On the island of Stympalos in Greece he found a frog that ought never to have been there; in the Orkneys some snail, and in the lake of Saima, in Finland, "a rare, or rather a unique sea-lion, which ought not to have been in the lake of Saima."

After such a training Norman Douglas was "ripe for Capri," and the account of his doings there follows in a mock-serious vein which is highly entertaining: he wrote monographs on the flora and fauna of the island—" as soon as there was a subject in which nobody was interested, about which any work was bound to be a commercial failure, Douglas studied it thoroughly and wrote a monograph on it—discovered Siren Land, and gradually emerged as the author in whom so many of us delight.

The other sketches are also written in this semi-serious style. August Weber, the German artist, on first beholding the sea which separated him from Capri could not see how he could get there without a boat, so he bought one for forty lire and, after various maritime adventures, landed triumphantly on its enchanted shores, oblivious of the regular steamer service which would have saved him his few remaining coins. Gustave Julius, Friedrich, Otto Döbrich, alias Miradois, carries his rücksack, his pilgrim's staff, and his baby and milkbottle, because a suckling child should be taken from its mother after six weeks, and by the time its teeth have grown, the mother should have another baby. Also it is his business to teach theosophy, Christian humility, and the new pan-German doctrine of expiation. Marinetti made the mistake of postponing his visit to Capri until after he was celebrated. Fame in Capri is local and peculiar, and the island is jealous of its prerogatives. To Edwin Cerio it should be for ever grateful for one of the most diverting books ever written about genial eccentrics.

## French Poets

MODERN FRENCH POETRY, AN ANTHOLOGY. Compiled and translated by JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY. Greenberg, 1926. $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK BLISS LUQUIENO

AS Mr. Shipley says himself, his task was twofold: to select and to recreate. There is no fault to be found with his selection. His explanatory notes, moreover, are excellent. Taken all together, they form a delightful essay on the modern French poets. But he has seldom accomplished successful recreation. He could not, given his method. "Some of the present renderings," he says, "contain words that may seem affected or inept, inversions and other forms that may seem awkward; before condemning the English, the reader should reflect that facility is perhaps easier than faithfulness, and that the purpose of this volume is not to demonstrate the technical skill of the translator, but to convey the spirit of the original."

But the spirit of most of the poetry in question consists in large part of just what Mr. Shipley does not, by his own confession, try to reflect. Its spirit is *music.* The motto of the Symbolists and their followers was "De la musique avant toute chose." So the translator who is willing, even for the sake of faithfulness, to use such unmusical rhymes as *twilight—high light—wry light,* and *horizon—flies on,* and *stilly—lily,* all in the same short poem, cannot hope to recreate the spirit of an original that does nothing of the kind. Moreover, the lack of music in Mr. Shipley's translations is not only the result of poorly chosen words. It is often due to the substitution of unmeasured for measured lines. The translation of Verlaine's "Chanson d'Automme," for example, is much less rythmical than the original, each verse of which is carefully measured:

| | |
|---|---|
| The heavy thrall | Les sanglots longs |
| Of the sobbing call | Des violons |
| Of the fall | De l'automme |
| Weighs, nor departs, | Blessant mon cœur |
| Like my heart's | D'une langueur |
| Pall. | Monotone. |

It is to be regretted that Mr. Shipley did not give more heed to "facility," and did not, besides, keep more faithfully the promise, made in his Introduction, of retaining "the line-length, and freedom or strictness of foot," of his originals. An unmusical Verlaine, or a Verlaine that is only relatively rythmical, is not Verlaine at all.

## Three Anthologies

THE OXFORD BOOK OF PORTUGUESE VERSE. Chosen by AUBREY F. G. BELL. Oxford University Press. 1926. $3.75.

SONNETS AND POEMS OF ANTHERO DE QUENTAL. Translated by S. GRISWOLD MORLEY. University of California Press. 1926.

SONNETS WITH FOLK SONGS FROM THE SPANISH. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by RUDOLPH SCHEVILL

THE Portuguese may claim the rare distinction of having composed some of the choicest of the world's lyric poetry, and this anthology has been prepared by Mr. Bell with admirable taste. It contains an unusual number of songs remarkable for their charm and perfect craftsmanship. Possibly no greater meed of praise can be given to the little collection than to say that it is not only a fitting companion volume for the "Oxford Book of Spanish Verse," but that for sheer lyricism together with beauty and depth of thought it very frequently surpasses it. The history of Portuguese verse shows three epochs noteworthy for their extensive productivity: the mediæval, which runs well into the fourteenth century, the great flowering period of the sixteenth century, at the forefront of which stand such unique poets as Gil Vicente, Camoens, and Bernardim Ribeiro, and the last hundred years in which are prominent such names as Almeida Garrett, Herculano, Anthero de Quental, and Castilho; writers like Guerra Junqueiro and Teixeira represent the national lyric genius well into our own days. The introduction gives an appreciative account of Portugese lyric art.

Since the general reader does not as a rule become acquainted with this verse in the original, such a volume as Professor Morley's translations of Anthero de Quental's sonnets and poems cannot be too highly recommended. He has caught to a remarkable extent the poignant beauty, the depth and the technical excellence of Quental's verse, notably in the case of the sonnets. Others have ventured to make translations of Quental, but none can so frequently claim to have worthily rendered a most difficult original.

Mr. Havelock Ellis's volume containing original verse mingled with translations from the Spanish, is of inferior worth, and the name of the distinguished author alone lends an interest to its pages. The sonnets, all written between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five show, on the whole, a genuine sincerity and much of the warmth and color inherent in youthful productions; but they also betray a stiffness and lack of inspiration. The little stanzas of four verses, by which Mr. Ellis renders the Spanish *coplas* are amusing, and now and then catch a successful note; but the monotony of their English form gives no adequate garb to these infinitely varied popular songs. This the author admits when he says that his translations are faithful verbally, but that they avoid "most variations of effect" and present "a certain loose uniformity." Possibly a volume of translations would do better without the interspersed sonnets.

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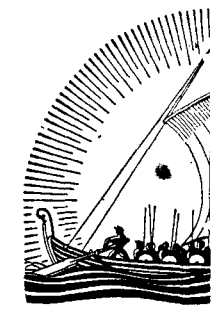

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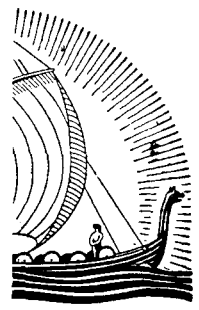

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# Rainer Maria Rilke

By Ludwig Lewisohn

RUMORS of the poet reached me everywhere. In the Styrian mountains Hofmannsthal, remembering the days of his own youth, spoke of Rilke. The towers and gates of Prague, the river and the Hradschin trembled in the wan sunlight of the poet's vision. Finally he was supposed to be at Foyot's in Paris. Perhaps he was. But I let the days drift by. Why trouble him with the importunity of my admiration? When I inquired he had already slipped away to that lost tower in Switzerland which has been his home since the war estranged him from all the cities of men.

Strangely enough it was Paris that continued to emphasise the most hushed of poets and most withdrawn of men. The *Nouvelles Literaires* wrote of him at length even before the Franco-German literary relations had been reestablished by the receptions accorded to writers as different as Alfred Kerr and Thomas Mann. It was recalled that Rilke had been Rodin's secretary, that he had lived here and written some of his most important works in an apartment in the Rue de la Campagne Première. The French were pleased. They were more pleased when a volume of French poems, Vergers, by Rilke appeared. Next came the news that he was translating the works of Paul Valéry into German. An extremely handsome gesture was made. Among the excellent Cahiers du Mois there appeared one the other day called Reconnaissance À Rilke. Thirteen French men of letters, including the really eminent Valéry contribute; appreciative voices from all countries save England and America, swell this little chorus of praise and gratitude to the works and personality of a mysterious and difficult poet.

* *

Whence comes this feeling which Francis de Miomandre calls "nostalgie de Rilke?" How many of this group of critics, French or Spanish or Polish, can hear the poet's rich, slow, incomparable music or those words of his which seem not to have been set down through the operations of a willing mind, but to have come like falling dew or drifting leaves? Of all this they hear an echo only. But upon that echo is borne to them the voice of Rilke's inner spirit, of his world-piety, of his grave, deep and mystical denial of all the vain works of man.

His vision was full and perfect long before the world war was dreamed of. But it is since the war that that vision has seemed most pertinent and persuasive to minds wearied and bewildered by the destructive thunder of the wheels of a mechanical civilization. They turn to Rilke; they seek to stand with him at that point of the inner life at which the self and the universe are no longer divided, at that point at which the soul *consents* to its continuity with an order unmiraculously perceived as divine and receives all phenomena into itself. A great vigilance and a great stillness of spirit have lead Rilke to an attitude unique in the history of either letters or thought. It is in vain that critics speak of Dostoevski, of the undoubtedly decisive effect upon Rilke of his visit to Russia. It would be equally in vain to speak, as I am tempted to do, of Wordsworth and of his "wise passiveness." Experience rather than learning will open that door. But most people, hot of heart, violent of will, are excluded from the moods that are the material of Rilke's poetry. Unlike Wordsworth he does not need the grander aspects of nature; he avoids the complications of the human scene. A face, a street, a remembered legend, a caged animal, an heroic gesture suffice to induce in him that mood of contemplation in which he sees "into the life of things" by being no longer divided from them. In this habitual mood of his the common contradiction between mind and nature, subject and object, is abolished. But there is, be it remarked, no deliquescence of personality, no mystical union of the I with a non-I. There is the profound perception of the identity of God and nature and the self which becomes literally

*the eye with which the universe*
*Beholds itself and knows itself divine.*

Identity, or, rather, once more—continuity, undividedness. This strictly modern mystic wants no abrogation of the natural order. The natural order is the divine order. "Perform no miracle for my sake," he prays. "Let thy laws prevail which become more visible from generation to generation." And then in verses probably matchless in our time he celebrates the law of gravitation and achieves a poetic conquest of the special ideas of that time which is far to seek in the writings of those poets who have celebrated the mere mechanical aspects of civilization:

*Wenn etwas mir vom Fenster fällt*
*[und wenn es auch das Kleinste wäre),*
*wie stürzt sich das Gesetz der Schwere*
*gewaltig wie ein Wind vom Meere*
*auf jeden Ball und jede Beere*
*und trägt sie in den Kern der Welt.*

To the eternal laws all things yield themselves up with a trust and a humility that are prayer, security, goodness. We only in our arrogance thrust ourselves forth from the unity of things into an empty space of freedom. . . . To paraphrase Rilke thus is, of course, to distort and betray him and that marvellous texture of his work in which form and substance, flesh and spirit, the word and its incarnation are indivisibly one. But an intellectual apprehension of his central attitude is necessary to a right appreciation of all his work and, especially, of Das Stundenbuch which is like no other philosophical poem and will, in all likelihood, take its place gradually as one of the very great works of the poetic faculty and imagination. It calls toward flight from "this poor city of time," toward a new sense of that oneness in which there is neither low nor high, neither trivial nor important which but in all things and through all things breathes the ineffable breath of God:

*Es gibt im Grunde nur Gebete,*
*so sind die Hände uns geweiht,*
*dass sie nichts schufen was nicht flehte;*
*ob einer mahlte oder mähte,*
*schon aus dem Ringen der Geräte*
*entfaltete sich Frömmigkeit.*

Significant for Rilke's development are, I suspect, the poems in which he remembers his childhood and adolescence. He retained, long beyond the wont of men, the child's ability to let day and dream be a continuous country. Later day and dream became appearance and reality, became the self and the universe, became the thing and God. This retrospective blending of two worlds carried over into the present of the poet's imagination is well illustrated by the beautiful Dream of Boyhood:

*Oh, I should love to be like one of those*
*Who through the night on tameless horses*
*ride*
*With torches like dishevelled tresses wide*
*Which the great wind of gallop streaming*
*blows.*
*And I would stand as on a shallop's prow,*
*Slender and tall and like a banner rolled,*
*Dark but for helmeting of ruddy gold*
*That glints and gleams. Behind me in a*
*row*
*Ten men who from the equal darkness*
*glow*
*With helmets of the changeful gold de-*
*signed,*
*Now clear as glass, now dark and old and*
*blind.*
*And one near me blows me a vision of*
*space*
*Upon a trumpet glittering that cries,*
*Or makes a solitary blackness rise*
*Through which as in a rapid dream we*
*race:*
*The houses slant behind us to their knees,*
*The crooked streets to meet us bend and*
*strain,*
*The squares flee from us: but we grapple*
*these*
*The while our horses rustle like the rain.*

As the boy stood within his dream the mature poet stood within his world. From the periphery where one *observes*, his temperment carried him effortlessly to the center where one *experiences*. Truth comes to him who keeps the vigil of eternity. . . . From these interpretative statements it is easy to derive Rilke's silent opposition to the naturalistic movement in literature; it is equally easy to see why all the expressionistic poets consider him their master . . . .

The three books of Das Stundenbuch—Concerning the Monastic Life, Concerning Pilgrimage, Concerning Poverty and Death—are expansions, infinitely rich and profound and often intricate, of the last three verses of the poem I have translated. Implicit in those verses, as well as in the preceding ones, is Rilke's pantheism—a word that omits all the warmth and humility and love of his vision—his quietism, his cultivation, unique and perhaps uniquely needed in our age, of the life of utter contemplativeness. Yet like all major poets, like every spirit who deserves the name of master, Rilke rises in the book Concerning Poverty and Death from the intense hush of his usual verses to the monition and the stronger music of a messianic cry. It is the cities with their false mechanical civilization, with their lie concerning progress that keep man from nature and from God, from divine poverty and from ripening like trees toward the ultimate beauty of their death. Power must be broken:

*The kings of this world are grown old*
*And leave not any heirs behind them;*

metal, now money and machines, must shrink back into the veins of the hills. Men must become conscious of their slavery. An iron note enters Rilke's description of the false and bitter lives of the slaves of the cities:

*Und ihre Menschen dienen in Kulturen*
*und fallen tief aus Gleichgewicht und*
*Mass,*
*und nennen Fortschritt ihre Schneckenspuren*
*und fahren rascher, wo sie langsam fuhren,*
*und fühlen sich und funkeln wie die Huren*
*und lärmen lauter mit Metal und Glass.*

But his more habitual note is not one of condemnaion. It is that of a compassion at once aloof and tender:

*For, Lord, the crowded cities be*
*Desolate and divided places.*
*Flight as from flames upon their ways is,*
*And comfortless of any graces*
*Their little time fades utterly.*
*And men who dwell there heavy and humbly move*
*About dark rooms with dread in all their bearing,*
*Less than the springtime flocks in fire and daring,*
*And somewhere breathes and watches earth for faring,*
*But they are here and do not know thereof.*

*And children grow up where the shadows falling*
*From wall and window have the light exiled,*
*And know not that without the flowers are calling*
*Unto a day of distance, wind and wild—*
*And every child must be a saddened child.*
*There blossom virgins to the unknown turning*
*Who for their childhood's faded rest are fain,*
*And do not find for what their souls are burning,*
*And trembling close their timid buds again.*
*And bear in chambers shadowed and unsleeping*
*The days of disappointed motherhood*
*And the long nights' involuntary weeping*
*And the cold years devoid of glow or good.*
*In utter darkness stand their deathbeds lowly*
*For which through gradual years the grey heart pants;*
*They die as though in chains, and dying slowly*
*Go forth from life in guise of mendicants.*

In the cities the rich are not rich nor the poor poor; all are the prisoners of things dead because torn out of their natural and divine place and order. Men do not lead their own lives nor die their own deaths. In page after page of great and perfect verse Rilke calls for a savior from the disgraces of our lives. The savior will bring life that is vision, death that is ripeness. In verses like the resonance of golden trumpets Rilke prays that that savior be established in the grace and ancient radiance of God and that he himself may be dancer before that new Ark of the Covenant, proclaimer, tongue, and baptist of the Messiah:

*Du aber gründe ihn in deine Gnade,*
*in deinem alten Glanze pflanz ihn ein;*
*und mich lass Tänzer dieser Bundeslade,*
*lass mich den Mund der neuen Messiade,*
*den Tönenden, den Täufer sein. . . . . .*

I have spoken of only two of Rilke's volumes, Das Buch der Bilder and Das Stundenbuch and have omitted both his fitful prose as well as his earlier and later verses. He is so little known among us—more like a legendary name than a living poet—that what is needed is first of all to make him and his work accessible to the lover of poetry. If this is a difficult task in respect of the poet's spiritual character, it is an even harder one in respect of the form in which that spiritual character is so completely incarnated. For that form has, superficially viewed, two marks that seem contradictory. Even from my few quotations and my wholly inadequate versions it will be seen that Rilke uses the entire vocabulary of the language. There are no prosaic words. He writes "Gesetz der Schwere" (law of gravitation); he writes "Fortschritt" (progress); he writes "Gleichgewicht" (equilibrium). In the texture of his verse these words are not only thorough-

(*Continued on page* 386)

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*By*

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# A New Tolstoy Diary

By ALEXANDER I. NAGAROFF

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY. 1853-1865. Paris: Trianon Publishing Company. 2 vols. 1926.

LEO TOLSTOY'S hitherto unpublished Diary which covers twelve years of his life and which has now appeared for the first time in French translation (why the Russian editors are so deplorably slow in bringing it out in the original I do not know) is a book of absolutely unique interest and importance. It was begun by Tolstoy in 1853, when he was a twenty-four-year-old officer fighting in the Caucasus, dreaming of military decorations more than of anything on earth, trying his young forces at writing and having no idea of the indiscreet attention with which the world would honor seventy-odd years later the entries in which he confided his most secret thoughts to paper. It discloses the history of his participation in the Crimean Campaign, his first literary victories, his social and wordly experiences and achievements, his trips abroad and Parisian adventures and, finally, his marriage and family life at the Yassnaya Polyana in the years when his creative genius definitely ripened and matured (the Diary is brought down to 1865).

From begining to end the Diary is essentially introspective and sincere. It is in this that lies its value. The young Tolstoy was just as much of a moralist as was the old Tolstoy. Day after day he scrutinized himself with utmost attention and noted literally every move of his mind and soul. The whole Diary is, so to speak, his dynamic auto-portrait, the photographic mirror in which he looked at himself for twelve years and which has faithfully preserved every expression, every wrinkle, and every smile of his psychological face. Rich, indeed, was this face in expression! Reading the Diary one cannot but remember the words of a Russian critic who said that Tolstoy was not one man, but an infinite variety of human beings, miraculously fused into the soul and body of one man.

Count Leo decided to join the Army fighting in the Caucasus for two reasons. First of all, he wanted "to flee from debts." Still more did he want to flee "from bad habits,"—"dissipation, drinking, gambling, weakness of character, etc." The young man had received from the Creator more than a generous share of passions and desires. This was undoubtedly a heavy load to carry for one who had made up his mind to be "moral," to live "cleanly," and to do nothing but "good deeds." The Diary is a glowing record of the young Tolstoy's desperate and, alas! unsuccessful struggle against the devil, or rather the devils, that lived in him. He decided most categorically to be good to his fellow-officers. Yet we learn from the very first pages of the Diary that he offended one of them, quarreled with another, and decided to challenge a third one to a duel. He would give up gambling,—this was decided too. But no sooner did he arrive in Tiflis than a famous marqueur drew him into a billiard contest. They played days and nights, made 1,000 rounds, and it was but a happy chance that saved Leo from losing his entire fortune (just as it was a happy chance that saved him a few years later from gambling away, in the trenches of Sebastopol, the Yassnaya Polyana). And the reader sees how, with grief and astonishment the young man began to realize that to decide "to be good" was much easier than "to be good." It was extremely difficult to change one's character even in little everyday practices and habits. No sooner did he make up his mind to be "simple, dignified, and reserved" than he "lost his temper and thrashed Alexay (the servant)."

Still stronger with Tolstoy was another "bad habit." He could not help courting every good-looking girl he laid his eyes on. "The sting of carnal desire tortures me again," "Again instead of working I was running after girls," "Yesterday I was tempted by a good-looking gypsy girl, but God saved me from sinning"—such notes are scattered all through the book. An attractive chambermaid in a Rumanian hotel or a kiss imparted to him "by a good-looking Ukrainian girl" whom he chanced to meet were sufficient reasons to retain him for several days in a city or village where he meant to spend a few hours. It was mostly "loves" for a week or two; but there were in the long list of his amourettes also serious, or more or less serious, romances. To enumerate the peasant beauties, wild Cossack women, young society girls and aristocratic ladies who won his attention and the honor of a mention in the diary would be quite a task. Suffice it to say that his heart seems never to have remained vacant. For this he also scolded and rebuked himself. Yet the fountain of his desires could be corked by no abstract moralizing.

What is really touching in the Diary is that, yielding every day in every way to this constant eruption of upsetting passions, the young Tolstoy continued to struggle against them with never-flinching resolution and obstinacy. Following the example of Benjamin Franklin he drew lists of virtues which he wanter to possess and of rules of behavior he should never transgress. And every night he noted: "Five (or seven, or ten) transgressions," adding sometimes with indignation: "Laziness, depravity, disorderliness—such are my chief vices," or "What I need above all is to cure myself of laziness, irascibility, and lack of character." So strong indeed in him was this thirst for "moral life" and improvement that he noted his "transgressions" and "vices" even in the Caucasian mountains when his life was constantly exposed to dangers, even in the trenches of Sebastopol where death was more than a frequent visitor. At first he wanted nothing less than to become "ideal." Later he understood that even slow and gradual approximation to the ideal was extremely difficult. At times he realized that all these "Franklin Tables" and catalogues of transgressions were very naive and comical things; and yet he continued to write and rewrite them still hoping to force his titanic self into the narrow frame of pedantic moralizations.

It will probably be a discovery to many that the main principles of Tolstoy's moral philosophy were definitely shaped when Tolstoy was twenty-six or twenty-seven. The old preacher and teacher added practically nothing to that which had been said by the young sinner.

Wading through the Diary one cannot help ask oneself: Where did Tolstoy find time to work? Dashing from a society-ball to the gambling table, from one love adventure to another, from the battlefields of Sebastopol to the cafés and follies of Paris, from the school he organized at Yassnaya Polyana to the gymnastic-halls or billiard tables, he was drinking with greed and thirst from the cup of life which held for him irresistible temptations and attractions, he was constantly moving, acting, living with all his strength and faculties. Yet he did work, and very much at that. It was in these years that he wrote "Childhood and Youth," "The Cossacks," "The Tales of Sebastopol," "Polikushka," etc., and began "War and Peace." The Diary is full of evidence proving that he was often dissatisfied with his style, that he constantly corrected and rewrote pages and chapters which were not perfect, that he took numberless notes and observations which were to serve him as material for his masterpieces, etc. Tolstoy the writer was just as exacting to himself as was Tolstoy the man. Like his moral philosopny, his literary genius was born in pains.

Perhaps the most interesting pages of the Diary are devoted by Tolstoy to his marriage. The birth of an irresistible passion for the sixteen-year-old Sophie Bers, the fear that she would turn him down should he propose to her, and the agonies through which he passed are reflected in pages which one cannot read without deep emotion. Every night he decided to bare to her his feelings the next day, and every day, paralyzed by uncertainty and fear of refusal, he postponed the decisive moment. To make it easier he drafted written proposals, but he had no courage to send them, either. "I did not know (he wrote) that one can love like that. I am a madman; if this torture continues I will kill myself . . . God alone can help and save me." And yet—how sincere was Tolstoy with himself!—he noted in the course of the very same days: "I went to Sasha (Miss Bers's brother) to the village where, alas! a coquettish peasant girl attracted my attention." Yet his passion for Sophie culminated and finally we read:

> The most powerful weapon for the conquest of happiness in life is to emit from one's self, like a spider, without any restraints, a whole net of love and to catch into it whomeevr one encounters,—a child, a woman, an octogenarian, a policeman.
>
> Have made the proposal. She: "Yes." She—like a wounded bird. Useless to write. Such things can be neither expressed in words nor forgotten.

Equally pathetic are the last chapters of the Diary which cover the first two years of Tolstoy's married life. They literally burst with complete, unspotted happiness, with a plenitude of love and life of which Tolstoy alone was capable. "Too good to be true," such is the *leit-motif* of this part of the book. It is with a strange feeling, indeed, that one reads these pages full of passion for a woman who made their author "the happiest of husbands," who, as Count Sollogub put it, "was the best nurse of his talent," who bore him nine children, whom he made in the decline of his and her days the unhappiest of wives, and who was not even admitted, after fifty years of married life, to the deathbed of her great husband. But during the years reflected in the Diary no tragedy was as yet in sight. Tolstoy was happy without philosophizing. And instead of preaching love he loved and spread happiness around him.

# Rainer Maria Rilke

(*Continued from page* 384)

ly poetical but fresh and magical. It is in narmony with this principle that Rilke has abandoned all licences and verse devices. His syntax is always the syntax of prose. (It is in this respect that the translator is forced to betray the poet most grossly.) Hence his verse has an initial naturalness and fluidity. On the other hand it will be observed that Rilke constantly uses alliteration and internal rhyme and is an incomparable master of the contrasts and harmonies of vowel music. But the use of these methods is never decorative. Language is to Rilke more than a means of expression; it is a material like marble or gold or alabaster which has its own laws and possibilities and methods of treatment. It must be wrought into a beauty proper to it as substance. But the poet never forgets the emotional and conceptual aspects of speech. Hence words must be significantly beautiful; alliteration becomes a symbol of meaning and the orchestration of thought. Thus when, in my last quotation, Rilke prays concerning the Messiah: "Gründe ihn in deine Gnade" (Ground him in thy Grace) the sensitive reader will hear at once but the difficulty of those hard initial guturals the striving ardor of that deep establishment in the divine. When Rilke writes: "Und allies ist wie ohne Alter," ("And all is ageless that he alters") there streams from that vowel-alliteration on *a* both strange wonder and a breath of eternity. Yet, as in that very line, a scrupulous simplicity and prosaic directness of speech is observed. I am aware of the vanity and incompleteness of all such observations. But they too may not be wholly useless in helping to make accessible one of the few living writers—how few they are!—in whose work the vigilant spirit can hear the pulse-beat of eternity.

The first part of a projected trilogy, Rene Schickelê's "Ein Erbe am Rhein" (Munich: Wolff), promises well for the series. The novel, which begins with a conclusion, retrogresses from the point of the death of the hero's wife to his early youth and his experiences in Italy with its idyll of young love. Brilliant descriptions of the life and landscape of the south follow one upon the other, but the triumph of the author is not so much in them as in making plausible despite the charms of Italy the hero's homesickness for his own land.

One of the most admirable biographies which this year of biographies of St. Francis has called forth is by an Italian, Luigi Salvatorelli. His "Vita de San Francisco d'Assisi" ( Bari: Laterza) is a book full of atmosphere yet one that so skilfully steers past the shoals of religious opinion and controversy that it can be read with delight by all. It projects St. Francis against the background of his age, shows his influence upon it and his effect upon the period which succeeded it, and at the same time paints a most appealing picture of the man and saint.

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# Books and More Books

By Amy Loveman

*Without their help, who can good Christmas keep?*
*Our teeth would chatter, and our eyes would weep;*
*Hunger and Dulness would invade our feasts . . .*

ALMOST unenviable fate, so guard against it so far as your friends' happiness is concerned by presenting them with books. Of course the lines we have placed above didn't in their original context apply to books. Quite to the contrary, they referred to the carving knives and other implements of a certain worthy Mr. Batt who lived at the end of the seventeenth century and who, as the old poem has it, was

*the cunning engineer, whose skill*
*Makes fools to carve the goose, and shape the quill*

and upon whom the sturdy trencherman, having proved on "pig, goose, and capon," the "goodness of his stomach and Batt's steel," cried "God-a-mercy Batt" when the feast was done. An amusing old poem, this of Batt upon Batt, and pertinent in its questioning. Thus it asks:

*What ought a wise man first to think upon?*
*Have I my Tools? If not, I am undone:*
*For 'tis a law concerns both saint and sinner,*
*He that hath no knife must have no dinner.*

So now, as Loreley would say, we have arrived at the reason of our quotations. We would act for the nonce as your knife, as a knife to cut the Gordian knot of your Christmas perplexities. For perplexities you must have if you own a friend or a relative or an acquaintance who loves books and to whom you would give one or more particularly fitted to his taste. Not that there are not plenty to be had for the looking, but looking takes time, and time is the most precious and least respected of our commodities in these days of teeming restlessness.

There's that elderly uncle, for instance, who has relaxed enough in his pursuit of the law to spend some of his evenings in his library instead of dictating briefs to a stenographer until midnight at the Bar Association, but who hasn't shaken off his profession sufficiently not to be interested in reading on subjects cognate to it. What are you going to give him for Christmas? Undoubtedly Roscoe Pound's "Law and Morals," which the University of North Carolina Press has just issued in a new edition, would interest him, and in quite edition, would interest him, and in quite study, "Murder for Profit" (Harpers). The career of a criminal and the mind of a reformed criminal as exemplified in Jack Black's "You Can't Win" (Macmillan), Edmund Lester Pearson's "The Murder at Smutty Nose," (Doubleday, Page), Joseph Gollomb's "Master Man Hunters," (Macaulay), and Melville Davisson Post's "The Man Hunters" (Sears), are all books that should prove of interest as supplementing his more theoretical reading. And lawyers, we have noticed, are as assiduous detective story addicts as those who have no actual contact with crime. So Agatha Christie's "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" (Dodd, Mead) or A. A. Milne's "The Red House Mystery," which Dutton recently reissued, should prove no less fascinating to your relative of the legal profession than to those without it.

If you have on your Christmas list a friend who is particularly interested in the church the fates, or more properly the publishers, are kind to you, for in Bishop Lawrence's "Memories of a Happy Life" (Houghton Mifflin) they have provided a biography that chronicles a career rich in achievement and touching upon the lives of many of the most prominent men of its day. Then you can find religion that escapes the bounds of orthodoxy presented in a fashion to challenge attention in Harry Emerson Fosdick's "Adventurous Religion" (Harpers), while Bishop Brown's "My Heresy" (Day) is a striking document. And you might add to these books for your religious friend, Gamaliel Bradford's "Darwin" (Houghton Mifflin), for no special reason except that along with the numerous works on evolution which have appeared during recent months, it was drawn forth by last year's flare-up in Tennessee. Lewis Browne's "This Believing World" (Macmillan) is proving widely popular; it affords a panoramic view that in a different way does for religion what Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy" (Simon & Schuster) does for its own field. This latter book, by the way, still continues its phenomenal career, having at last accounts sold over 70,000 copies. It can go to any of your friends of reflective minds, and if reports are to be credited many of them will be discovered to have enjoyed "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Boni & Liveright). We certainly in America are people of catholic tastes.

And now for that other elderly relative whose taste is for the seasoned in literature. If he has not as yet during the course of a busy career had time to read two or three books of great fame which he has undoubtedly many a time resolved to browse in, now is your chance to put opportunity in his way by sending him a copy of "Everybody's Pepys" (Harcourt, Brace) in which the ten volumes of Wheatley's edition of the Diary have been boiled down to the most interesting sections. Then there is the edition of Marco Polo's Voyages (Dutton) to which John Masefield has written an introduction, and a new edition of Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography (Dutton). Here is rich pasturage for the lover of the past. He might very well, too, enjoy a book which has just appeared from the pen of one of our younger writers, Lewis Mumford, whose "Sticks and Stones" some time ago drew appreciative attention to him, and whose present book "The Golden Day" (Boni & Liveright) is a most meaty "study in American experience and culture." And then by way of adding a little suavity to the mass send him "The Quest of the Perfect Book," by William Dana Orcutt (Little, Brown), a charming excursion by a booklover. He might also enjoy Henry Collins Brown's "New York of the Elegant Eighties" (Valentine's Manual, Inc.), a fascinating chronicle of Manhattan in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when it was surprisingly provincial in certain of its aspects and still wore high hats on a Sunday morning on Fifth Avenue, and trailed long skirts over the cobblestone crossings. If he likes reviving memories of the past you have another means of meeting his taste in "Read 'Em and Weep" (Doubleday, Page), by Sigmund Spaeth, in which many of the favorite songs of a bygone day come to harborage.

Surely you have a friend specially interested in advertising; even the layman counts the columns of advertising in the current magazines in these days, and everybody has some opinion or other on the copy that is nicely calculated to draw the dollars from his pocket. If you would furnish your friends with these propensities with a fascinating account of a career in which obstacles were only a spur to brilliant achievement send him Helen Woodward's "Through Many Windows," (Harpers), wherein is recorded the progress through business of a woman who was the peer if not the superior of her associates of the advertising fraternity in the mail order business. Quite aside from the interest that any woman of your acquaintance many have in advertising, Mrs. Woodward's book should appeal to one of her sex as a chronicle of a rich and varied life. If you want to add a novel with a background of the advertising world to "Through Many Windows" you have Ethel Mannin's "Sounding Brass" (Duffield), to send.

No doubt you know someone who as winter approaches resolves to do good, substantial reading during the long evenings that stretch before him. Of course you know such a person, for who is there who has not at some time made a like virtuous resolution, too often, alas to find spring calling him to the open with all the volumes he had determined to master untouched? Perhaps if he had had them near him he would at least have dipped into them. Here's your chance to turn his intention into actuality by putting in his way one or more of the sage volumes he would doubtless like to own. Harpers have reissued under the stimulating title of "The Human Adventure" two companion books, "The Conquest of Civilization," by James Henry Breasted, and "The Ordeal of Civilization," by James Harvey Robinson, either or both of which would make a most welcome gift. Then for anyone whose taste runs to classical

(*Continued on page* 390)


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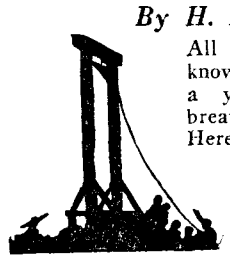
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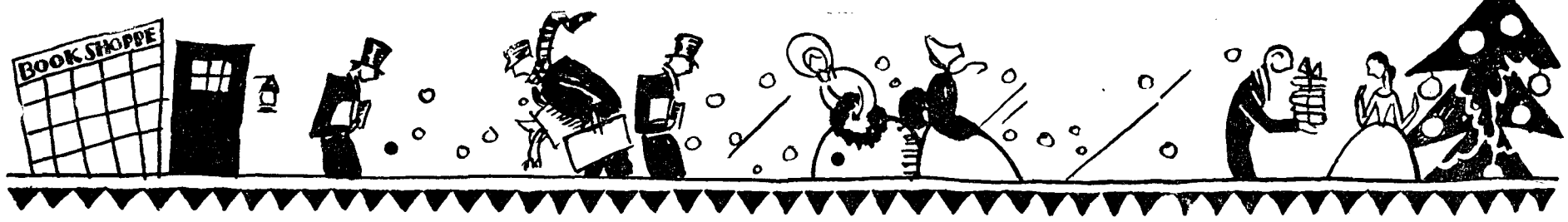


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# Books and More Books

(*Continued from page* 388)

annals, there's M. Rostovtzeff's "Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire" (Oxford University Press). And if you want to make a most sumptuous gift to some one whose interest is in history and geography send him the magnificent "Book of Old Maps," by Emerson D. Fite and Archibald Freeman, which the Harvard University Press has recently issued.

The Harvard University Press reminds us that there is a most appropriate gift for your Harvard friend in William Allan Neilson's biography of President Charles W. Eliot (Harpers). Perhaps the same man would be interested in "The Meaning of a Liberal Education" (Norton), by Everett Dean Martin, who always has something pregnant to say.

And for him and others of your acquaintance who find the world of the present a fascinating study you can choose between David F. Houston's "Eight Years With Wilson's Cabinet" (Doubleday, Page), the Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré (Doubleday, Page), Hamilton Armstrong's "The New Balkans" (Harpers), Lord Asquith's "Fifty Years of British Parliament" (Little, Brown), Dean Inge's "England" (Scribners), and Guglielmo Ferrero's "Words To the Deaf" (Putnam). A. G. Gardiner's "Portraits and Portents" (Harpers) makes an attractive gift for the person who likes his contemporary history presented through the personalities of its actors, while Clemenceau's "Demosthenes" (Houghton Mifflin), presents a study as fascinating in what it reveals of the doughty French statesman as in its portrayal of the Greek who so powerfully interests him. Of course you have noticed that the jury of young men who are sitting in the oil trial was asked whether it had read Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Revelry" (Boni & Liveright). That's because the book presents under a thin disguise President Harding, Vice-President Coolidge, Fall, Doheny, and others of the late President's administration. So if your friend is interested in public affairs he may be glad to get this novel which seems to be causing somewhat of a stir in Washington.

Now for your friend with the liking for American biography. Here's variety and interest for him, for William E. Woodward (the husband, by the way of the Helen Woodward whose "Through Many Windows" we were recommending a short time ago) has issued a volume entitled "George Washington: The Image and the Man" (Boni & Liveright) which reflects the personality of the first President without any of the vestments of fiction which time has hung about him, and Rupert Hughes, in "George Washington: The Human Being and the Hero" (Morrow) has treated him likewise with the gloves off. And then there's old Ben Franklin emerging from the figure of the sober ambassador into a gallant, in Phillips Russell's biography (Brentano's), which rescues the "first civilized American," as the publishers say, "from the mythmakers," and too there is "The Narrative of Samuel Hancock" (McBride), only now published for the first time and recording an overland journey to Oregon in 1845. And there's also a fascinating chronicle presented in Blaise Cendrar's "Sutter's Gold" (Harpers), and there's Olin D. Wheeler's two volumes entitled "On the Trail of Lewis and Clark" (Putnam). Surely a feast in these volumes to set before a lover of biography. Add by way of fillip to the weightier volumes "Mississippi Steamboatin,'" by Herbert and Edward Quick (Holt), and "Trail Makers of the Middle Border" (Macmillan), by Hamlin Garland, half fact and half fiction, and you ought to be able to meet your friend with the consciousness of having provided him with a delectable spread.

Next for the friend whom Christmas time unfortunately finds an invalid. What can you send to cheer the long days? Such a lively book of recollections as, for instance, Violet Hunt's "I Have This To Say" (Boni & Liveright), or Stephen Leacock's "Winnowed Wisdom" (Dodd, Mead), with its delightful fun at the expense of current social and political events and tendencies; or a volume of graceful essays like David McCord's "Oddly Enough" (Washburn & Thomas), which have enough of humor to make them pleasant and enough of sobriety to lend them pungence. Then, a novel, for good measure, one the sprightliness of which amuses, and the sentiment of which touches, and the conclusion of which satisfies artistically and disappoints not too much emotionally to make it painful, like William J. Locke's "Perella" (Dodd, Mead). And lest the friend should weary of reading a full-length novel tuck in "Twenty-Eight Humorous Stories" (Appleton), edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott, and by way of variety, send along Earl Derr Bigger's "The Chinese Parrot," (Bobbs-Merrill). And since everybody is going to be talking about it, and because it is exceedingly clever, add to your pile John Erskine's "Galahad" (Bobbs-Merrill). It must be a very ill person indeed who won't feel some violent reaction to his portrayal of Guinevere. Then, to tip the balance away from fiction again, pile on "American Soundings," by J. St. Loe Strachey (Appleton).

For the shut-in, or for the traveler who need not take his wanderings vicariously, is a list of interesting travel books from which you can make choice of a gift. There's Aldous Huxley's "Jesting Pilate," (Doran), written in Mr. Huxley's best manner, and John W. Vandercook's vivid "Tom-Tom" (Harpers), and Padraic Colum's charming "The Road Round Ireland" (Macmillan), and Mildred Stapley Byne's "Forgotten Shrines of Spain" (Lippincott), with its beautiful illustrations, and George Wharton Edward's "Spain" (Penn). For the more scientifically minded friend there's Roy Chapman Andrew's "On the Trail of Ancient Man" (Putnam), and for the more adventurous "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" (Scribners), by Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt, and "Whaling North and South" (Century), by Frank V. Morley and J. S. Hodgson. Or you might like J. A. Spender's "The Changing East" (Stokes), which is a discussion of conditions as well as a description of the Near East, or Harry A. Franck's "East of Siam" (Century).

Your friend whose principal interest is in literature ought to receive something that meets his inclinations from you, for there is a considerable field from which to make choice. First, there's Hervey Allen's "Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe" (Doran), which is a work of the first importance as biography and criticism, and then, if you wish another view of the same subject, there's Mary E. Phillips's "Edgar Allan Poe" (Winston). Longfellow has had no authoritative biography until now Herbert Gorman furnishes "A Victorian American" (Doran). Either your elderly friend, who lived in the heydey of the poet's reputation, or your youthful one who has known only its eclipse, ought to be interested in this study. Rider Haggard's "The Days of My Life" (Longmans, Green), ought to furnish many evenings of interesting reading to some friend, and Sándor Kémeri's "Rambles With Anatole France" (Lippincott), ought very pleasantly to fill out some hours for another. So should "The Letters of Maurice Hewlett" (Small, Maynard), or "Turgenev" (Century), by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. For those who like the authors they hold in reverence to be portrayed in fiction, as for all who admire fine craftsmanship and rich imagination, you should find Elinor Wylie's "The Orphan Angel" (Knopf), through the pages of which Shelley lives and speaks, an ideal gift. The same friend would doubtless welcome Ludwig Diehl's "The Sardonic Smile" (Houghton Mifflin), wherein Heine is depicted.

Your friend over whom the theatre has always extred a powerful fascination would doubtless be delighted to receive from you Charles Edward Russell's "Julia Marlowe" (Appleton), or Brander Matthew's delightful essays on the drama, "Rip Van Winkle Goes To the Play" (Scribners), or if it is off the press in time to be sent out as a Christmas gift, George C. D. Odell's "Annals of the New York Stage" (Columbia University Press). The relative who prefers the movies to the legitimate drama would rejoice in the extensive survey of motion picture history, incident, and personalities contained in Terry Ramsaye's "A Million and One Nights" (Simon & Schuster), and in Jim Tully's "Jarnegan" (A. & C. Boni), wherein is described in picturesque and forthright fashion the atmosphere and types of Hollywood.

Your bridge-playing friend can come in for a welcome gift from you in the form of Sidney S. Lenz's "Lenz on Bridge" (Simon & Schuster), or Wynne Ferguson's "Practical Auction Bridge" (Doran), while he or anyone else would be the richer for a present of the excellent compendium by sixteen members of the faculty of the University of Chicago entitled "The Nature of the World and of Man" (University of Chicago Press). So, too, should he rejoice in the new volume of "The New Natural

(*Continued on page* 406)


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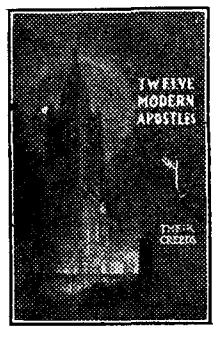


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# The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

## Art

TWENTY-SEVEN DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BLAKE. By CARL J. SMALLEY. Kansas: McPherson. $4.

This book, conceived in the Middle West, issues from the press simultaneously with the English collection of Blake designs introduced by the remarkable critical essay of the late Darrell Figgis. Not to be compared with the English edition in scope or form, it is, nevertheless, notable as the first attempt of a publisher to bring varied examples of Blake's art to the student of moderate means. The drawings, clearly printed on excellent paper from lithographic plates, are reproductions of paintings owned by the Art Museums of New York, Boston, and Harvard University. Nine illustrate "Paradise Lost," eight "Comus," ten the Bible. Though they afford us no examples of Blake's most powerful series, several of the designs may be accounted as of the first rank. The sculpture-like modeling of the human form,—inspiring new feeling for even sculpture itself; the architectural effects achieved by composition,—revealing new meanings in the symbols hidden in man's work with stone,—may be studied in such pictures as The Promise of the Redemption and Adam and Eve Sleeping. Blake's power to endow terror and evil with magnificence may be found in The King of Babylon in Hell. The radiance of his vision is nowhere better shown than in The Angel of the Revelation, subdued though it be by sorrowful experience from that early exultant vision which it suggests, called by Gilchrist "Jocund Day," but which might be pleasingly thought of by the friends of Los as Mercury. By some Pre-Raphælitism is derived from Blake, by others Impressionism. But we feel sure that Blake himself would have found in neither that dynamic quality of emancipation which he believed that his own art possessed.

For, close as he was to nature, his consciousness of the relation was neither primitive nor naïve; and though it was, in the main, through impressionistic processes that he acquired the materials for his art, both poetic and pictorial, in the handling of these materials Blake's method, aim, and result were supremely intellectual. That indeed is his secret—psychological, not magical or metaphysical:—the method of Intellect, conceived in the widest sense, for the mastery of the impulsive and the rational life, to the end that all forces and tendencies potential in the individual may spring from a common center and be directed in conscious creative activity toward a single end. The possibility of this particular kind of activity is the very sign of the human, the hall-mark of the type:

*Each man is in his Spectre's power,*
*Until the arrival of that hour*
*When his Humanity awake*
*And cast his Spectre into the lake,—*

the Spectre being that semblance of the man which Reason, basing judgment upon the ratio which it establishes among the findings of the senses, sets up as a substitute, a false, because partial, explication of the man. Jacob Boehme means the same thing as Blake when he talks of "the disappeared essence of the earth": that our world has become impoverished through man's denial of his typical power,—denial of a consciousness authentic beyond the limits of the five senses.

PRIMITIVE NEGRO SCULPTURE. By PAUL GUILLAUME and THOMAS MUNRO. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $6.

This handsomely elaborate volume is admittedly the first adequate and thoroughgoing discussion of the important subject of African Art we have had. But its passionately dogmatic insistence that our approach to this art be rigidly confined to an apprehension of its pure plastic qualities, however valid an æsthetic may or may not be, raises rather than settles a big question. Certainly it is a great tribute to the purely formal, intrinsic beauties of these primitive African sculptures that they stand up so well under such abstract treatment, and if the new æsthetic revolutionizes our general approach to art we shall undoubtedly have here a common denominator that will eliminate the lines of associated tradition which make art culturally native or foreign, classic or primitive, traditional or exotic. But so long as we still have the associated culture values as a basis for art interpretation and appreciation, the consideration of the cognate culture values and expressiveness of African or any other unfamiliar form of art cannot consistently or wisely be ignored. Indeed the authors themselves do not do so, for one of their first considerations is a chapter on "Its Relations to African Life." If it be merely a question of emphasis, then, we quite agree;—the best test of this art as *art* is to see if it satisfies and embodies the rigid abstract æsthetic qualities common to all that is æsthetically successful in plastic conception and execution. It is a great tribute to any art that it should stand up under such rigorous analysis. And certainly in this respect the book is a striking vindication of African Art.

This main objective, with a preliminary effort on the same basis to differentiate in pure plastic characteristics the main tribal traditions of African art, continues the radical and revolutionary platform of the Barnes Foundation, which has in its private collection some of the choicest examples of this art. The fine reproductions from this collection will convince more persons of the unsuspected fine values of this sculpture than the book's insistent dicta about pure design. This may well lead us to a "discovery" of African art such as the European modernists have already made; for our unfamiliarity with fine examples out of the musty and confusing atmosphere of the ethnographic museum must alone be responsible for our depreciation of what is now generally recognized as a significant field of human artistic expression. These are perhaps the most important primitives in their field, and yet in an age that has raved over "primitives," by a false association and unfamiliarity, America has ignored them. Fortunately this season in New York will see a gallery exhibit of Congo antiques, and surely this volume itself will provoke interest along with discussion. But the question of African art is vital in two important ways not yet generally recognized. It is neither as exotic nor as dead as is usually imagined. Having entered so largely both in general inspiration and specific idiom into contemporary European modernist art, an appreciation of African

(*Continued on next page*)


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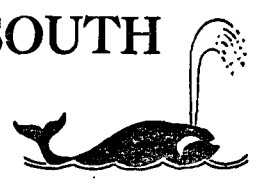

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# The New Books

## Art

(*Continued from preceding page*)

sculpture becomes critically and historically necessary to an appreciation of some of the most representative modern art,—Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani, Epstein, Lipchitz, Lembruch, Nolde, Pechstein, Roetger, to mention a few of the more outstanding. In the veins of contemporary art, as no matter how transfused an influence. Negro art cannot be set aside as exotic and alien. And then,—who can tell whether its most powerful influence is yet to be exerted,—and that in American art itself when this same ferment and inspiration strikes the dormant talents of the American Negro, related to it by a broken but not irretrievable lien. Indeed one of the most fascinating aspects of this eventual coming of African art to American interest and understanding seems to us to be its possible rôle in the artistic reawakening of the Negro and the placing behind him of his not insignificant cultural background.

THE SPIRIT AND SUBSTANCE OF ART. By *Louis W. Flaccus*. Crofts. $3.50.

## Belles Letters

ALFONSO THE SAGE AND OTHER SPANISH ESSAYS. By J. B. TREND. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $4.

It is a characteristic of Anglo-Saxon peoples to have fads of "discovery." Books, walks, tea houses, songs, notables, games, restaurants, religions, and even countries are subjected to intensive exploitation and soon thereafter to quite as intensive neglect. Now it is Spain that is being "discovered," as is witnessed by the sudden and overwhelming influx of Anglo-Saxon tourists into Spain and of Spanish guide books into England and America.

Our present surprise, however, is not that Spain is being discovered, but that it needs discovery. It is difficult to explain the fact that our knowledge of that country is confined almost entirely to the colorful but fallacious impression conveyed to us by the librettists of *Carmen*.

Ford's "Handbook," Street's "Gothic Architecture," Roger Fry's work on Spanish Art, and Havelock Ellis's penetrating volume, "The Soul of Spain" are almost the only satisfactory works in English upon that interesting country at present available. To these classics may now be added Mr. Trend's scholarly and enthusiastic interpretation of Spanish life and thought as they are reflected in literature both classic and modern.

From the twenty essays which are included in this volume the reader achieves a piquant, if hasty, acquaintance with a few of the less famous of Spain's classic authors, and quite a thorough knowledge of the tendencies and the talents of the more important contemporary novelists and poets. The three sections into which the book is divided (Kings, Queens, and Classics; Modern Prose Writers; and Modern Poets), are separated by colorful and amusing "Interludes" in which are described Spanish fairies, children at play, gardens, and the Dance of the Seises at Seville. Though it is a scholarly work, "Alfonso the sage" is more appreciative than critical.

As an example of Mr. Trend's method of revising our tradition—all conception of the Spanish temperament may be cited in his short essay, "Mystical Spanish," in which he points out that the Spanish Mystics were eminent, as the Victorian Agnostics were eminent, not because they were the rule, but because they were the exception. In a few concise paragraphs he succeeded in exploding our mistaken belief that Spain is a country of dreamers and of mystics and shows that such a conception dates back to the times of the "Black Legend," now so thoroughly discredited. Not only does his scholarly knowledge of Spanish history and literature enable Mr. Trent to break down our vague misconceptions of the Spanish genius but he replaces them with ideas more credible and more interesting. Under his pen Spain loses some of her circus-like glamour and becomes more human, more individual, and more interesting.

In his penetrating and well-balanced studies upon Unamuno, Baroja, Azorin, Perez de Ayala, Campanor, Jimenez, and other contemporary writers, the author not only analyzes their individual talents, but he also shows in what respects they explain and interpret the spirit of modern Spain.

SOUTH CAROLINA. New York: The Purdy Press. 1926. $2.

One of the Little Classics of the South series, this slim volume presents in charming format Archibald Rutledge's effective bit of nature portrayal entitled "A Monarch of the Sky," a poetic rendering of the day of an eagle brooding above the Carolina delta, and two brief but exquisite Gullah tales by the late Ambrose Gonzales. If it were merely to serve as an introduction to the work of the latter writer this little book would have ample justification. With its sketch by Mr. Rutledge and its typographical attractiveness it should prove a boon to those who wish a Christmas gift unpretentious in appearance but not in quality.

A DICTIONARY OR EUROPEAN LITERATURE. By LAURIE MAGNUS. Dutton. 1926. $10.

Mr. Magnus has attempted to provide, in a single volume, "the information which students require complementary to a history of English literature or to the special study of part of it." For once the word "monumental" may be fittingly applied. His dictionary covers the main movements and outstanding names of European literature during modern and mediæval times; also the most important phases of the classic epochs in Greece and Rome. On geographical grounds America is excluded. This is to be regretted. Until quite recently, at least, the relation between English and American literature was so intimate that the exclusion cannot be justified. Even today there exists such a relation as cannot be paralleled by any two other countries mentioned in the dictionary. The exclusion does not vitally affect the usefulness of the book, but it betrays an insularity in the author's outlook which, in view of his general cast of mind, is nothing short of amazing. Literature admits no geographical limits.

On the other hand, however, Mr. Magnus has wisely omitted to include living authors. Thomas Hardy and George Brandes are his only exceptions. His toll of the recent dead includes Joseph Conrad, Anatole France, and Austin Dobson, among others. But it is hard to understand his inclusion of the late Lord Curzon in a book which omits Rupert Brooke, James Elroy Flecker, Wilfrid Blunt, and Herbert Trench. In the most conservative estimate each of these poets deserves mention side by side with John Davidson; and each made more important contributions to literature than twenty Lord Curzons. Like most of the English academic critics Mr. Magnus has allowed himself to be bullied by a lot of inflated poetic reputations and inferior poetry into the attitude which ignores outstanding achievement by modern poets recently dead. This is a great pity. But it is not be exaggerated into a very serious flaw in a book which covers such vast ground.

The careful method of compilation appears in the countless cross references with which the dictionary is studded. Only one really serious omission has been noticed by the present reviewer. There is no mention of Charles da Costa, whose "Legend of Tyll Eulenspiegel" is one of the great books in modern European literature. Mr. Magnus, following the translator of "Tyll Owlglass" in the Broadway Series, gives an excellent brief account of da Costa's original without mentioning the great prose epic or the name of its author. The essays on "Death" and "Woman" are too sketchy to be of any real value. Each betrays the academic faults of the author's approach to imaginative literature. But, taking the book all in all, it would be ungrateful to stress such shortcomings. This dictionary ought to be an indispensable reference book to teachers and students of comparative literature and Mr. Magnus merits the highest praise for all the love, labor, and scholarship which have gone to its making.

EDITORIALS. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3.

This volume is further tribute to Lafcadio Hearn the journalist. It is arguable, perhaps, that there was little reason to print it; yet it is not without either value or interest. To Hearn's permanent place in literature it can add nothing, but for those who are interested in the man, in his versatile journalism and wide knowledge of human activities, it offers more than the title would seem to promise. The reading of old editorials, by and large, would be as exquisite a punishment for sinners in Hell as those devised for Sisyphus and Tantalus; no form of writing could in general be duller. Yet editorials of Hearn's are for the most part still significant, still fresh, still pointed, still informative.

It goes without saying that they are not the standard editorials of newspapers. There is nothing here about a new waterworks or courthouse, nothing about how to lead the life beautiful, nothing about the wickedness of the younger generation. The truth is that this volume of editorials is neither very different nor very inferior to the collections of short essays on miscellaneous subjects which a great many writers publish annually. Most of the inclusions in this volume actually resemble short essays, or short biographies, or reviews of art and literature. Hearn, as Mr. Hutson points out, was *literary* editor of the New Orleans *Item*, whose business was to write of the arts and sciences; and these papers are accordingly the work, not of a leader-writer, but of a literary man. Their scope is wonderfully large, commensurate with the magnitude of Hearn's inquiring and richly fortified mind. And they reveal not only knowledge, but acumen and color.

Hearn's scientific beliefs and artistic opinions stand up well after forty years. One meets but occasionally with a defective judgment, such as "The Two Arnolds," where Edwin Arnold is rated a finer poet than Matthew. But these occasions are surprisingly infrequent. In style, too, these editorials are worthy of praise; their style has, best of all, seemliness. The poet and visionary do not too often assert themselves: here is clear, straightforward prose. When a finer moment comes, as with the conclusion to "The Burning of the Dead," it offers the reader a finer sensation, and further justifies the disinterment of these papers from their yellowed files. Waifs and strays like these, for Hearn or any other writer, can never prove important; but it would help a great deal if they were always so acceptable.

NOTORIOUS LITERARY ATTACKS. Edited by ALBERT MORDELL. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Mordell has collected here some of the melodrama of criticism. He brings together fourteen literary attacks written by frequently well-known reviewers against the work of always well-known writers. Apart from their contents, most of these papers are decidedly interesting because they have long been known by name, but seldom possible to track down. Mr. Mordell has chosen on purpose only such articles as have not been accessible to the general reader before, and his principle of selection accounts for the absence of some particularly notorious and vitriolic attacks from his book: for example, no attack upon Keats or Wordsworth is included, and later in the century no attack upon Ruskin, Meredith, or Samuel Butler. From the standpoint of reviewers, on the same principle there is no attack by Jeffries, Poe, or Swinburne, and from the standpoint of time, there is nothing prior to the nineteenth century.

Mr. Mordell's introduction is clear and


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helpful concerning facts, but in form and critical judgment not entirely satisfactory. It reads too much like an informal transcription of notes; its style is often careless; and with a few of its critical judgments, as naïve in thought as they are sweeping in tone, one can only be impatient. "Swinburne survives even though his poems and ballads have gone down in public esteem because of the vogue of the free verse school"—surely it is obvious that Swinburne survives, questionable that his work has gone down in public esteem, and almost, if not quite, a *non sequitur* that the vogue of the free verse school, granting for the moment that they have gone down, is the reason.

The articles themselves are less vitriolic than one might suppose, just as often they are less absurd. For the most part they seem one-sided rather than wrong. They assuredly read better than would a corresponding set of panegyrics on the work of forgotten writers. A few seem hardly wrong at all, except that they overemphasize faults to the exclusion of virtues; one or two stand an even chance of convincing the modern reader. Where almost as a body they seem at fault, where they reveal a definite critical shortcoming, is in their passing judgment, not from a literary standpoint, but from a moral. Coleridge, Byron, Charlotte Bronte, Hawthorne, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Whitman—every one of these is lashed with the righteous moral indignation of the reviewer. It is interesting to note that Swinburne's reviewer was Lord Morley. But for his emphasis upon Swinburne's "immorality," his review is pretty just: it sees clearly both Swinburne's literary virtues and defects. W. E. Aytoun's review of "Maud" is equally good criticism. A. C. Coxe's review of "The Scarlet Letter," Buchanan's onslaught on Rossetti, and an unidentified attack upon Whitman are the least fair and the least perspicuous of Mr. Mordell's inclusions; the attack upon Whitman is outrageously personal and maligning.

The most interesting "attack" in the book, at a moment when Stevenson is being scrutinized because of the revelations of two recent biographies, is W. E. Henley's once notorious, now famous "R. L. S." Reading it in the light of the Steuart and the Hellman disclosures, one can see how nearly true and nearly just Henley was, and one can admire rather than condemn him for the restraint he showed. He never put forth his most damaging evidence.

Very possibly this could have been a better book. Certainly the introduction is not perfect. But with the choice of contents I have no quarrel; if neither so notorious nor so devastating as others one can think of, these articles are uniformly interesting, and compose for the present a unique and fairly important collection.

A CENTURY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT. Century. 1926.

Professor Weygandt reviews the English novel of the past century through five hundred vigorous and stimulating pages. Wise judgments are supported throughout by arguments based, obviously, on a mature observation of life no less than an exceptional knowledge of all branches of literature. Thus, although his critical attitude inclines to the conventional academic type, he is seldom enslaved by prevalent opinions or exaggerated reputations. His chapter on Thackeray is a masterly piece of critical appreciation only marred, like most of his books, by the vagaries of a careless and squandering prose style. He pleads for Thackeray as the greatest writer of prose in the ranks of the English novelists.

A few grumbles may be allowed. Professor Weygandt treats Peacock very cavalierly. This is surprising in view of his usual zest and gusto. He underestimates that remarkable novel, "The Woman in White" and, like most historians of the novel, does not remark the originality of narrative method employed by Wilkie Collins in the portrayal of Mr. Fairlie, one of the most ingenious inventions in fiction. A good deal of the lengthy chapter on George Gissing might have been devoted to the further consideration of George Meredith. "Ouida" is treated disproportionately by comparison with other minor novelists of less parts. There is no allusion to "The Massarenes." This is one of the few occasions where the author is open to a suspicion of writing from literary hearsay and not out of his own knowledge. "Ouida" deserved more than half a page out of his five hundred.

But there are more than enough compensations for such shortcomings. A full-hearted championing of Stevenson will vex the spirits of that fine author's detractors if ever they read it. As he approaches his contemporaries Professor Weygandt falls away from the true pitch of his foregoing criticism. There is no mention of E. M. Forster's "Passage to India" and only the briefest attention is paid to Mr. Walter de la Mare's remarkable contributions to modern imaginative fiction. Mr. H. G. Wells, too, is very cursorily treated. The author does not recognize in Mr. Polly the most notable modern addition to the great gallery of comic characters in English fiction. These, however, are small objections to suggest against a book containing so many just and delightful appreciations. Since Mr. George Saintsbury wrote his "History of the English Novel," not many of his successors among the critical historians have brought to their task such a large reading and temperamentally adequate equipment as Professor Weygandt, to whom all honor for a racy and entertaining book.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD. By *Hamilton Jewett Smith.* Yale University Press. $2.

COMRADESHIP. By *Judge Charles F. Moore.*

THE COLBY ESSAYS. By *Frank Moore Colby.* Harpers. 2 vols. $7.50.

THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION. By *Everett Dean Martin.* Norton.

THE UNIVERSITY—LIBRARY. 2 vols. XI and XXIV. Edited by John Finley. Doubleday, Page. 2 vols.

SEX EXPRESSION IN LITERATURE. By *U. F. Calverton.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE GOLDEN DAY. By *Lewis Mumford.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

## Biography

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY: A Memoir and Complete Text of His Poems and Literary Prose, Including Much Never Before Published. Prepared by THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT and FRANK LESTER PLEADWELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $2.

The reviving interest in America's past, particularly in our much neglected literary figures of the early nineteenth century, is ably served in this volume dealing with one of our finest earlier poets, Edward Coote Pinkney. Until the publication of this volume, he has remained one of the most shadowy literary personages, suffering, as so many of the early American poets do, from an enforced oblivion owing to the fact that his work lay scattered here and there in the pages of obscure and forgotten publications, or in unpublished manuscripts.

The work of collecting, editing, and commenting upon the quite considerable bulk of work that Pinkney left behind him at the time of his death in 1828, aged less than twenty-six, has been a very considerable one and exceptionally well done. The chief *desideratum* in a work of this kind, is that it shall be complete, exhaustive, and correct. All three of these factors have been accomplished in this book; the "works" are all present, well arranged, amply and ably commented upon; and the memoir which precedes them is adequate, interesting, and may well be definitive.

The collaboration of Dr. Mabbott and Captain Pleadwell of the Navy Medical Corps has been a peculiarly happy one. Edward Coote Pinkney spent some time in the navy and his literary and naval career are closely intertwined. Dr. Mabbott is one of the outstanding authorities on early nineteenth century American literature and his collaborator, a naval officer with a decided literary *flair*, proved an excellent team-mate. One of the interesting side results of this study of Pinkney was the discovery of some of the poetry and prose of William Henry Leonard Poe, the elder brother of Edgar Allan Poe.

While it is only natural that the biographies of a neglected literary figure should claim peculiar merits for the man whom they are avowedly setting out to resurrect, in the case of Pinkney a careful perusal of his collected works, thus assembled for the first time, sustains the contentions of his editors and biographies as to his importance, and more than justifies their considerable pains to make his niche in American letters secure.

With the possible exception of Bryant and Whittier, Edward Coote Pinkney may be accorded the place of the most important poet in America prior to Edgar Allan Poe. It is to be hoped that future commentators, anthologists, and critics of American letters will familiarize themselves with the volume here under review and from now on give Pinkney his place in the native literary pantheon that is undoubtedly his by force of merit.

Pinkney is essentially a lyric poet. His

(*Continued on next page*)

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# The New Books

## Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

utterance may in the main be said to belong to the romantic school, but it is varied by a distinct personal moulding, a depth of emotion, and a variant native note due to his awareness of the American scene, that lifts it immediately far above the purely imitative and secondary work of the host of minor contemporary "bards." Up until now he has been remembered almost entirely by his famous "Health" of which the first few lines

"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex, the seeming paragon;"

have remained as his chief assurance against total oblivion.

Among the poems assembled in Dr. Mabbott's and Captain Pleadwell's volume, however, there appears on page 100 and the two following, "The Voyager's Song." This is an ode dealing with the legend of Ponce de Leon's search for the fountain of youth and his expedition to the island of Bimini in the Bahamas. In Pinkney's poem one of the transcendent themes of American literature emerges majestically and triumphantly in a glorious poem, so splendid indeed, that in this age of lavish encomiums and careless superlatives, the reviewer hesitates to include the author of the "Voyager's Song" in an ignoble and enormous company, by too great praise. The nature of the poem forbids a short quotation. It is safe to say, however, that had Pinkney been an Englishman, his legend of Ponce de Leon would now be in the most golden of anthologies. Into the great shallow lake of early American crudity and the literary swamp of the time, "The Voyager's Song" fell and disappeared without a ripple. Brought up from the depths in 1926, it shines with all the brilliance of a beautifully cut and flawless, but long lost jewel.

The memoir which precedes the collected works permits a fascinating glimpse into an almost totally neglected literary background in early America. This was Baltimore and the environment of the Maryland shore. Pinkney's life was romantic, adventurous, notable, and brief. His protests against petty tyrants in the navy, his love affairs; the challenge to John Neal, "Jehu O'Cataract;" his life about Georgian Baltimore; and the intense yearnings of a spirit provided with the true lyric exaltation, make up the material of a memoir, the brevity of which one can only regret, for a tragic death cut the young poet off in the first bloom of youth.

The legend of Edward Coote Pinkney lingered long; both it and his work had an undoubted influence on Poe. That the two best lyrical poets in America had their roots deep in Maryland and Virginia soil is a significant fact that must be reckoned with. Had Pinkney been insured in the New England Mutual, it is little less than certain that his lyrics would now be a household word. Longfellow, though infinitely more profuse, never captured the genuine and restoration-like rapture of Edward Coote Pinkney at his best. Yet Pinkney has remained almost unknown. The editors and biographers of this young lyric Marylander have done a considerable service to American letters by their excellent book, and it is only right to hope that the only reward they seek may be theirs, i.e., a renewed and tolerant interest in the figure they have exhumed.

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN LOVE AND OTHERWISE. By EUGENE E. PRUSSING. Covici. 1926. $5.

Quantitatively considered, Washington in love is the smallest part of this book, unless, of course, the reader is of those who hold that love is everything and life but one long pain in its pursuit. The gist of the one-chapter story is that Washington really fell in love with Sally Cary Fairfax, the young and gracious wife of his brother's brother-in-law and the mistress of Belvoir, where Washington, at the age of seventeen, passed a winter as a guest. It was during that winter, Mr. Prussing thinks, that Sally taught him to read Shakespeare, Addison, Pope and the *Spectator*, and "to become an amateur in performing scenes from drama and comedy." A decade later, facing the situation in practical fashion, he wrote a letter which amounted to a confession of love, and in January, 1759, married Martha Custis. As late as 1798, however, when Sally Fairfax was living in retirement and straightened circumstances in England, Washington could write that not all of the events that had happened during his twenty-five years occupancy of Mount Vernon "have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company." It is a pretty story, with a touch of the pathos which so often goes with life's triangular experiences.

For the "otherwise" Mr. Prussing offers us two chapters on Washington's career as an engineer and two on his activities as a captain of industry, in which is assembled a good deal of information about Washington's connection with land surveying and development, transportation, and the business operations of a planter and trustee. At these points the book will prove a useful guide to the entries in the recently published Washington diary. Readers who are curious about such matters will also learn how the Custis estate was managed, how Washington came by the wealth which today would number him with the millionaires, and what became of the Bank of England stock which at one time was in his custody. A closing chapter brings forward all needful proofs of when and how the father of his country swore, so that that, at least, is that.

MODERN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by MARIETTA A. HYDE. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

One who wishes to be able to talk about modern biographies without the labor of reading them will find this volume exactly to his needs. Brief selections from no less than eighteen works enable the reader to become sufficiently familiar for conversational purposes with characters as diverse as Cornelia Stratton Porter, Barnum, Pasteur, Queen Victoria, and Marie Antoinette. Wherever the writers chance to indulge in recondite allusions to obscure characters such as Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Malaprop, Villon, or Cincinnatus—or strange places like the Arc de Triomphe or the Tarpean Rock, the editor has kindly affixed notes of explanation. Despite these merits, an anthology which claims to be representative of modern biography and autobiography and yet omits Henry Adams is rather unforgivable.

A DOCTOR'S MEMORIES. By VICTOR E. VAUGHAN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $5.

Perhaps every physician, at the age of seventy-five, should write an autobiography. Unfortunately most of them do not realize the vast human value of their lives but dispense in the ephemeral club-room or around the family fire scores of anecdotes and a wealth of character studies that would make the fortune of any novelist.

Occasionally, however, when a doctor has led a public life he is persuaded to set down his memories. He is under the impression that the interest in them lies in the great events in which he has participated and the personages he has known. This is a mistake. The interest is in the doctor himself, the full life he has led, his contacts with people, and his sympathetic, broad outlook on life. Of recent years we have seen several volumes of this sort. Allen McLane Hamilton's "Recollections of An Alienist" and A. D. Rockwell's "Rambling Recollections" are two that come to memory now. And now Doctor Vaughan comes to press with his autobiography.

His was a career that began in a little farmhouse in Missouri and progressed steadily to the highest place among the nation's physicians. Dr. Vaughan has had a long life, full of honor. He has been President of the Association of American Physicians and of the American Medical Association, and is now Chairman of the Division of Medical Sciences of the National Research Council. His greatest work, perhaps, has been in epidemiology where his name ranks with Gorgas and Walter Reed.

Doctor Vaughan has written an entertaining book. It is interesting, considered solely as a book; but between the lines one can read the great humanist, the man who loves his fellow-man, and who, long after he has passed away, will live in the minds and memories of hundreds of doctors who studied under him and who formed their ideals from his life.

LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN. By ARTHUR PATCH MCKINLAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1926.

To most of the reading public the name of Cicero is inevitably associated with that of Catiline and suggests an atmosphere of cituperation, bombast, and conceit. Cicero himself overrated the conspiracy affair almost as much as we do. Many an educated man believes today that Cicero wrote only the Catilinarian speeches. The enormous mass of private correspondence which the great orator left behind him and which shows him in a truer light as a gentleman and a scholar, is familiar only to the occasional student. This is due to a large extent to the fact that these letters are chiefly accessible in unattractive text books or in great scholarly collections.

Professor McKinlay has brought to the general reader a nice selection of the letters presented in curiously satisfactory English. The style of the translator retains much of the periodic dignity of Cicero and at the same time his occasional conscious lapses into the vernacular. The selection of letters is good too. They are chosen to illustrate the political progress of the statesman through the vicissitudes of a troubled age but they are full of interesting material for the student of social science and literature as well as for the historian. There is just enough introductory and explanatory matter to save the reader from surrounding himself with reference books and not enough to throw Cicero into the background. Furthermore the book itself is a delightful book to handle, a satisfactory piece of printing.

Not everyone will agree with Professor McKinlay in his unrestrained admiration for Cicero's character and statesmanship and many will prefer to let his glory rest on his domination of Latin style. But the book is by no means contentious. It is a real addition to that fine old institution, a gentleman's library. It will surely play its part in satisfying the insatiate craving of its hero for the praise of posterity.

A MUSICIAN AND HIS WIFE. By MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN. Harpers. 1926. $5.

JOSEPH CONRAD AS I KNEW HIM. By JESSIE CONRAD. Doubleday, Page. 1926.

Mrs. de Koven was, so to speak, born into one purple and married into another. Her father was a Senator from Illinois, 1881 to 1887, and a member of the mercantile firm which built the Texas state capital in 1889 and received in payment three million acres of Texas land. Her husband was a famous composer of light operas. She moved all her life among well known people. In Chicago, Washington, New York, Boston, London, Florence she knew everywhere the socially elect and the variously distinguished. Her pages swarm with familiar names especially (and naturally) of Americans in public life with their families, and foreign musicians. Is it because her life was so socially varied and distributed that the story of it seems to leave no distinct impression of anyone, not even of Senator Farwell, or of de Koven, or of Paderewski who was an intimate of the de Koven household; or of anything, except a sort of glittering miscellany.

Mrs. Conrad's book is all about one remarkable man. It begins when they met and ends where he died. It describes his amusing oddities and trying ways; a difficult man to live with and yet very lovable; a difficult book to write and yet successfully done. Mrs. Conrad does not seem to think herself remarkable but one sees that she is.

The two books are here grouped for the sake of contrast. Sir James Barrie is said to have remarked of Mr. Kipling's extensive knowledge of life, that he would have known more about life if he had stayed at home and talked to his mother. That would naturally be Sir James's opinion; and yet as a general proposition it may be substantially true. At any rate, whatever may be the merits of extensive or intensive living, intensive writing makes better literature. Mrs. Conrad's small book is of permanent value, and better worth reading now than Mrs. de Koven's, which is three or four times as long. After all there is more of life in a family than in "society" however fashionable or famous, and one man vividly shown is worth more than the flitting shadows of innumerable notables.

THE HISTORY OF THE MOST NOTED PIRATES. "A Faithful Reprint of an Old Time Book." Embellished with Engravings from Original Designs. Anonymous. New York: Empire State Book Company. 1926. $3.

The word "pirate" generally brings to mind a swashbuckling seventeenth or early eighteenth century gentleman attacking a galleon in the costume and manner so ably recalled if not invented by various artists. Many of us forget that the early nineteenth century also provided as hair-raising a list

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of pirates, especially about Cuban waters, as the mildest of bloodthirsty collectors of pirate lore can desire.

The present volume brings this to mind and also provides the rapidly growing pirate cult with a convenient reprint of nineteen items dealing for the most part with outstanding nautical cutthroats, such as Captains Mission, Tew, Halsey, Bellamy, Fly, Williams, Burgess, and about a dozen others. There is also an interesting account of the stock pirate figure, Captain Kidd, that is more complete but not so well told as Lord Macaulay's account of that gentleman in his "History of England."

The book purports to be a reprint of an early nineteenth century volume said to be rare. There are nine interesting illustrations, reproductions of old black and white cuts, and 295 pages of exciting, direct, and now somewhat quaint narrative. The invalid-passenger's story, reprinted from the *American Monthly Magazine* for February, 1824, was an old favorite. We have seen many a gap in old newspapers stopped with this narrative. It went the rounds till 1835 at least. The knell of piracy was sounded in 1823 when Commodore Stephen Porter first employed steam war vessels in the West Indies: Porter sailed from Baltimore on January 16, 1823. As a midshipman, between 1812 and 1815, he had seen hard fighting on the old "Essex" against both the South Sea Islanders and the British, and he had not forgotten his training. The pirates soon disappeared from the West Indies. Porter and his steam engines were the death of romance.

The present book recalls all this very pleasantly, nowadays, and may serve to remind us that items bearing the dates of the 1820's are now more than a century in the past. This reprint is decidedly worth while.

LORD MINTO. By JOHN BUCHAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $7.50.

Minto was the great grandson of the first earl, Sir Gilbert Elliot, friend of Burke and Nelson, first Governor-General of India. His grandfather was a famous ambassador and his father, choosing the *via media*, was a respected member of Parliament and an industrious Country Gentleman.

With such a legacy of distinction, this Elliot embarked upon his career, but neither at Eton nor at Cambridge did he achieve anything, except lasting popularity. A short spell in the Guards proved distasteful and for more than thirty years he jockeyed his horses on the racecourse, until a broken back put an end to it, travelled the world as a pseudo-journalist, a sportsman and disembodied soldier, sometimes active.

It is a curious fact that from the life of an idler, Minto was able to mold a career that astonished his friends and brought nothing but honor upon his family and credit upon the nation. A significant reminder of the utility of aristocracies. In 1898 he became Governor General of Canada at a time of great difficulty, not helped by the fact that the Liberal Sir Wilfred Laurier was in power in Canada and the Conservative Joseph Chamberlain was enthroned at the Colonial office in London. It was due to his tact, his even temper, his knowledge of men, which he later avowed was picked up on the racecourse, and his almost clairvoyant wisdom that he was able to keep on the best of terms with these two men, each of whom had not much love for the other. Canada under him became a Dominion in fact as well as name, and Minto emerged a convinced imperialist.

His next and last important post was the Viceroyalty of India, in which he succeeded Lord Curzon. By the production of hitherto unpublished letters the author sheds new light upon the character of that Liberal politician and Conservative statesman, Lord Morley, then Secretary of State for India, and provides new material for judgment on the responsibility for the Minto-Morley Reforms. Lord Morley's "Recollections" divides the honors as they ought to be shared, but Colonel Buchan gives us the concrete facts and they are that Minto took the first step toward the Reforms and in manifold ways made them possible. Moreover, we discover that the Minto-Morley correspondence was not so amiable and scintillating as Morley made out. Colonel Buchan shows that there were stiff passages of arms on both sides and that Morley was not always the victor.

The author brings out a very wonderful side of a very great character. In India, Minto the administrator, was at his best. He was tolerant to a high degree, more clear sighted than most of his advisors, as brave in the face of danger as a soldier ought to be and as firm as a wise man always is. That there were other sides to him goes without saying as does the fact that Colonel Buchan does not say them. But, when he left India, there was no doubt that he had been the most popular Viceroy that had ever reigned for the absent Emperor.

There is only one fault to find with the author. His style is as worthy as ever and his treatment sympathetic and penetrating, has made the book a biography that ranks high in his list of non-fiction works; but we detect too much the historian and too little the biographer, which is, after all, confusing two kinds of history. On the other hand, the information we get from the book is considerable, not least of which is a clear understanding of imperial administration.

PORTRAITS AND PORTENTS. By *A. G. Gardiner*. Harpers. $3.

MY OWN STORY. By *Fremont Older*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE LINLEYS OF BATH. By *Clementina Black*. Minton, Balch. $5.

WINE, WOMEN, AND WAR: A DIARY OF DISILLUSIONMENT. Sears.

HOMESPUN HEROINES AND OTHER WOMEN OF DISTINCTION. By *Hallie I. Brown*. Homewood Cottager. Wilberforce, Ohio.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE. By *Minnie Clarke Yarborough*. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

TAR: A MIDWEST CHILDHOOD. By *Sherwood Anderson*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

I HAVE THIS TO SAY. By *Violet Hunt*. Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

THE LAST LOVE OF AN EMPEROR. By *Comtesse Louise de Mercy-Argenteau*. Edited by the *Comtesse de Mortrigand*. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY. By an *Ex-Diplomat*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN. By *Sir James Mackenzie*. Macmillan. $4.

PIERRE LOTI. By *Edmund B. D'Auvergne*. Stokes. $5.

STATESMEN AND SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. By *Maj. Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

HORACE GREELEY. By *Don Seitz*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

EVERYBODY'S PEPYS. Abridged from the Complete Text and Edited by O. F. Morshead. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

JOSEPH CONRAD IN THE CONGO. By *G. Jean Aubry*. Little, Brown.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE LIVES AND ROBBERIES OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS HIGHWAYMEN. By *Captain Alexander Smith*. Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. Brentanos. $7.

## Drama

MAIN CURRENTS OF MODERN FRENCH DRAMA. By HUGH A. SMITH. Holt. 1925. $3.

Professor Smith's study of the French drama of the past century takes its subject seriously indeed. Two attitudes may be assumed toward the theatre: it is a place to which we flock to be diverted and amused, or it is the little brother of the church, reaching our soul by devious way of our senses. Brander Matthews has written of the nineteenth century French drama in the chatty, informal style of the after-dinner speaker; despite his introductory discussion of the early divergence of church and stage, Professor Smith's tone distinctly emerges *ex cathedra*. So true is this that the reproduced photographs of actors in costume seem artificially added to the book as a deliberate unbending, a concession to the visual elements of the art.

The formal approach to the drama has its advantages, however, in that the writer is likely to seek behind the changing phenomena of theatrical history for underlying principles and movements. The present volume travels simultaneously along three avenues of approach, all leading to a fair view of the French theatre, but all too straight and narrow to allow survey of the panorama—Professor Smith therefore tries to leap the hedges. He begins by making a commendable effort to deduce the nature of the French theatre from the character of the French people, a sociological method that might afford interesting parallels, if it were not drawn to extreme application. The personification of abstract qualities in the morality play and in Molière, for instance, is attributed to "the French interest in the universal and typical;" as though this characteristic were not equally strong in the English "Everyman" and in the Roman Plautus. A second approach proceeds from Corneille, finding in him the "major foundations of modern French drama: interior or motivated action, free-will or self-determination, and moral or mental drama rather than purely physical action on tragedy." This view again seeks to claim as purely French what is equally true of modern drama every-

(Continued on next page)


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# The New Books

## Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

where, while at the same time it bars from consideration all plays lacking in that serious approach to life which is the author's. The third initial avenue of the author determines the plan of his book: he views the progress of the theatre as a romantic revolt against the classical traditions, with—by way of the romantic urge to imitate nature—a later sweep into realism. This division, however, can be strictly maintained only by disregarding chronology, by linking Rostand and Musset, by explaining Mæterlinck, the Belgian, away from the current of the French spirit, and thus avoiding the problem of fitting symbolism into the schema.

Despite these roadside difficulties, and an unwillingness to scan the nearby ground of the past decade (Lenormand, Vildrac, etc.) the volume affords a fair prospect of its field. At times the high intent of the author yields an excess of indignation, as in his derogatory definition of melodrama, or in his insistence that a "rascal" portrayed with sympathetic insight is "dangerous." The lack of suavity, however, is counterbalanced by the fulness of zeal; Professor Smith presents a thorough, if not an irreproachable, analysis of the main currents of modern French drama.

TRANSLATIONS AND TOMFOOLERIES. By BERNARD SHAW. Brentano's 1926. $2.25.

In his brief prefaces and notes to the present volume Shaw admits—with, for once, just a touch of wryness in his smile—that he has turned out his scrap-basket. Certainly the scrap-basket of a man of genius is a source of book-making not wholly to be despised! The mere table-talk of some men is far better worth preserving than the life-works of others. But while it is true that a few amusing passages and cantankerous quips are here added to the stupendous record, it cannot honestly be said that Shaw's scrap-basket has yielded anything to surprise us, anything indeed which we could not very well have worried along without. Still . . is that quite fair, we wonder? Are we beginning to develop an Aristides Complex? Are we tiring a little of hearing Shaw call himself—although with meticulous accuracy—a brilliant man? And surely it *would* have been a pity to miss (in Shaw's topical sketch of 1909, called "Press Cuttings") the pungent remarks of the Irish charwoman, Mrs. Farrell, to the great General Mitchener.

MITCH.

When a man has risked his life on eight battlefields, Mrs. Farrell, he has given sufficient proof of his self-control to be excused a little strong language.

MRS. F.

Would you put up with bad language from me because I've risked me life eight times in childbed?

MITCH.

My dear Mrs. Farrell, you surely would not compare a risk of that harmless domestic kind . . . *etc., etc.*

It is characteristic Shaw, thoungh he has done this particular sort of pithy, impudent give-and-take far better elsewhere.

As for the inclusions, *seriatim*: There is a free—very free—translation of a Trebitsch play, the play itself being neither very bad nor very good. There is the not especially entertaining three-act skit in blank verse, drawn from his own novel "Cashel Byron's Profession." There is "Press Cuttings," the best of this random collection; and the four remaining pieces really do not matter at all.

Frankly, it s a rather melancholy occasion, and there is nothing more to be said.

THE SCENEWRIGHT. By ANDRÉ SMITH. Macmillan. 1926.

"Scenewright" at once raises the whole question of standards in the visual side of amateur dramatic productions. It scratches deep into the back-stages of a thousand and one border-footlight theatres that perennially spring up in Sunday schools, barns, and town halls. Mr. Smith in his ten short chapters gently endeavors to show the amateur designer, or "scenewright," "how stage settings are designed, built, and painted, and what a pleasant job it is." In so doing the book unconsciously cross-cuts and reflects the whole point of view on production of the very Little Theatre. All of the work is easy and not as difficult as it seems. So many things can be made of paper-flats, flowers, cycloramas, trees, etc. "A set can be made in an evening and cost only a few dollars." The author is opposed to "the rather common practice of complete overhead screening at the proscenium arch when this required an unnecessary expenditure in material and labor." The whole book seems to represent the author's own experience, not wholly amateurish, obviously not professional, and based on no real knowledge of the theatre. For whom then is this book intended? Not for the little theatre designer with a sense of craftsmanship in model making, with a workable approach in constructing his scenery and experimenting in various techniques of scene painting, nor is it for the very little theatre designer, for it only re-states and approves his own methods, of a child-can-do-it-paper-and-paste technique.

A hobby that tampers with one of the arts of the theatre is dangerous. As soon as the little theatre designer approaches his work with an understanding that whatever is done in the theatre of fine quality is the result of hours of willing experiment, with the knowledge that whatever goes on to the stage has a perfectly definite medium of the theatre in its handling and treatment, whether in designing, building, or painting, and that he base his amateur income on a professional technique as soon as he has attained this genuine approach of the theatre to his craft, he will not be embarrased by this present contribution. When the "scenewright" turns scenic designer, we shall see a healthy change affecting the whole tenor of amateur productions.

THE PROCESS OF PLAY PRODUCTION. By ALLEN CRAFTON and JESSICA ROYER. Crofts. 1926. $2.25.

This volume covers all that has been said previously on the general subject of play production in the Little Theatre and Amateur Theatricals. However, there is one chapter that justifies the book—a chapter in which the authors take up the study of the play as a foundation for production; so frequently, lack of interpretation of a play by amateurs is the beginning of the end of their performance at a time whenever the lines are not yet learned. Mr. Crafton, a thorough teacher of his subject, and Miss Royer present a book to guide the amateur and aid the student.

THE DYBBUK. A Play in Four Acts. By S. ANSKY. Translated from the Original Yiddish by HENRY G. ALSBERG and WINIFRED KATZIN. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

To those who witnessed the arrestingly beautiful production of "The Dybbuk" this past season, either as given by the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, or in Chicago by Lee Shubert, this translation of Ansky's play from the original offers an interesting challenge to comparison. For here is not the play as produced but rather the source book for that play. The reproduction was intensely dramatic, ecstatic in mood, symphonic in emotional effect. This original is loosely constructed, episodic, the scenes unmeasured, the dialogue diffuse, showing that Ansky was essentially a novelist, not a playwright, "The Dybbuk" being his first and only finished play. To lift an effective play from this material requires creative production. And this indeed is what had been given Ansky's play, by Vactangov and David Vardi for its now famous first production in 1917 in the Habima Theatre in Moscow, when not this text, but a translation into Hebrew by the Jewish poet C. N. Bialik was used, and again for the two American productions by Vardi.

And yet, even though not ready for the stage, Ansky's original has qualities that justify the prediction that it will, if not already it has done so, become a classic. As folk drama portraying the life of a community of eighteenth century Chasidic Jews in the Ukraine it opens a new and rich ethnological vein;—as pure story it tells a love tale which bids fair to rival that of Romeo and Juliet, or Tristan and Isolde, even transcending these in sheer mystic beauty;—as developing a spiritual theme of universal appeal it leaps, even as does Goethe's "Faust," from the bounds of folk-lore into drama of deep philosophic import, voicing an esotericism not merely Chasidic in origin, but akin to the teachings of the Bible, the Vedas, or the doctrines of Plato.

*Why, from highest height*
*To deepest depths below,*
*Has the soul fallen?*
*Within itself, the Fall*
*Contains the Resurrection.*

With this song the play opens and closes. All between in tinged with this same transcendentalism, the action taking place in the dim borderland of consciousness between the real and the unreal, over every scene, every character resting the shadow of the world beyond this.

Ansky conceives as a mystic. He works, however, as a realist. Indeed, were it not for his power of realism the story he tells in "The Dybbuk" would quickly have descended into the ridiculous. But never does Ansky so descend. On the contrary, with the humor of a Hogarth, or the color and tenderness of a Vermeer he draws his characters, and what a gallery! The three loquacious Batlanim, or professional prayermen, babbling of miracles over their wine in the old shadowy synagogue at night, Meyer, the tipsy sexton, the wordly merchant Sender, Menasche, the bashful bridegroom, and then with finer touches, the Holy Tsadik with his message of universal brotherhood,—all these, as Ansky draws them, are real people, and while under his spell, for spell he does cast, we believe their story.

As to the merits of this translation as such, one ignorant of Yiddish may not perhaps be competent to judge. The aim of the translators would seem to be, however, to preserve the racy flavor of Ansky's dialogue through direct literalness. The result is that it is in spite of the translation rather than because of it that one senses the wide scope of Ansky's play, or his imaginative use of language.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1925-1926. By *Burns Mantle*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

PLAYS FOR STROLLING MUMMERS. Edited by FRANK SHAY. Appleton. $2.

THE DRUMS OF OUDA. By *Austin Strong*. Appleton.

THE CAPTIVE. By *Edouard Bourdet*. Brentanos. $2.

## Economics

IF I WERE A LABOR LEADER. By ERNEST J. P. BENN. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1926.

Sir Ernest Benn, in spite of being what is usually called a "capitalist" and an employer of labor on a considerable scale, does not hesitate to offer advice to his own and others' employees. From the point of view of one who is invincibly persuaded that workers and employers are—or should be—engaged in a coöperative task of production, he has every right to express an opinion, even to speak as a labor leader. He has done it before; but the recent general strike offers too good a chance to pass up. Its outcome shows, he believes, the falsity of the theory that politics has any place in industry. And especially it shows that the socialists are a rule or ruin crowd whose program is the worst possible one for the British labor movement to adopt.

We could wish that Sir Ernest would not persist in using American experience as an illustration of his own industrial Utopia. Here, he points out to his British friends, every worker has a motor car, a home with a bath-tub in it, and all such appurtenances of life. How does this happen? Because, he explains, in America craft distinctions do not exist, there is no trace of the notion that withholding effort is desirable, or that to make work is beneficial. Any American knows that these are not facts, that, indeed, these notions are only just less prevalent in America than Britain. Only where some great entrepreneur like Henry Ford has succeeded in breaking men to the rhythm of his machines have craft distinctions and make-work theories had any notable jolts.

But aside from his erroneous impression of our attitudes and the causes for our prosperity, he still may be correct in believing that, for Britain, the important matter is to concentrate on production to the exclusion of interest in other social arrangements. He feels, of course, that the workers spend so much time worrying about who is to get the product and advancing the cause of their "class" in the struggle for it, that they have badly neglected the production itself without which there can be no product.

Personally I feel that Sir Ernest had not learned his lesson from the Ford experience well enough. The Fords do not worry about these things. They set a pace by machines to which workers must conform. Machines, not men, at least as workers, create the product. They are completely indifferent to the notions which dominate men. Getting work done is the responsibility of management. And in the Ford way of working it is difficult to see the pertinency of any of the matters discussed in this book. If they, for instance, depended upon exhortations to their own and the nations' workers to be productive, instead of arranging their affairs so that

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workers cannot avoid being productive, the results would be, I should think, exactly nothing.

It further seems to many Americans, who, strange as it must seem to Sir Ernest, look to the British labor movement as the most advanced in the world, that to ask labor to retreat from the political field is to ask them to give up the most precious gains they have won. If politics had nothing to do with conditioning the arrangements of industry this might be very well. But it is the politicians who do make the laws; and law has a very great deal to do with a worker's welfare. To ask him to give up politics is to ask him to retreat from his British position of importance in making law and assume his American position of helpless acceptance of whatever is thrown his way in a struggle between agricultural and manufacturing interests. Sir Ernest does not know it, but there are many Americans who do not think that this is good enough. The future belongs not to our way which is so admired by this British employer but to the British way which he so deeply deplores.

It is true, however, that neither workers nor managers either in America or Britain have latterly paid, on the whole, sufficient attention to production. The confusion in this matter did not arise because workers got to paying too much attention to the division of the product, but because we have among us devised a paradoxical sys-em which *pays* for withheld product or effort. So long as farmers get as high an aggregate price for half a billion bushels of wheat as for a billion; so long as workers get paid for a day's work instead of for a day's accomplishment, so long as scarcity of goods on the market brings profit to speculators, there will remain all the difficulties Sir Ernest deplores and many which he does not mention. What the economic world needs more than any other thing is a genuine incentive to produce rather than to withhold. But we shall not get it so long as the leaders of opinion tremble at the knees whenever socialism is advocated by socialists or capitalism by capitalists or so long as the defense of such an institution as private property occupies so commanding a position in men's minds as it does in Sir Ernest's.

So far as the general strike is concerned, which was the immediate occasion for this book, it seems to some of us not to prove much of anything except an admirable lack in Englishmen of what is sometimes called "the courage of conviction," and at others "pig-headedness." We should have had a first class civil war over here on less provocation probably. Does Sir Ernest admire this among our other qualities?

TAX-EXEMPT SECURITIES AND THE SURTAX. By CHARLES O. HARDY. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

The prospect of another sizeable surplus in the federal treasury at the end of the present fiscal year will, in all probability, revive again the bitter controversy over surtaxes and tax-exempt securities which has raged on every occasion of income tax revision since the war. In the previous controversies the arguments of neither side were particularly convincing, for no one had enough relevant facts to support his views. The consequence was that the revision of the income tax law was pretty much guess-work as far as effects of revision were concerned.

Happily Dr. Hardy's book will make such a recurrence unnecessary. The author has ingeniously and painstakingly gathered together the shreds of evidence in this matter and has made them reveal answers to the questions in dispute. The book represents a timely piece of research well done, and it will be welcomed by all who are weary of opinion and desire facts about the effects of surtax rates and tax-exempt bonds.

MONEY. By R. A. LEHFELDT. Oxford University Press. 1926. $1.

In these latter days there has been an insistent demand that scholars and students in the various specialized fields of knowledge present, for the benefit of the general reader, in brief compass and in straightforward and non-technical language, the results, to date, of their scientific research and reflection. A whole series of small volumes of this character is being published by the Oxford University Press, and one of the latest in this series is Dr. Lehfeldt's books on money. Dr. Lehfeldt is a professor of economics at Witwatersrand University in South Africa and his little book will serve pleasantly to introduce him to the American reading public. Not all students will necessarily agree with his monetary theory, but all will gladly concede that in a little book of scarcely over a hundred pages Dr. Lehfeldt has surprisingly succeeded in sketching in broad outline those parts of the subject of money with which modern students are chiefly concerned.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN CAPITALISM. By J. A. HOBSON. A new and revised edition. Scribner's. 1926. $2.50.

It was in 1894 that this book was first published. Not only has it remained in print ever since but it has had a continuously wide use. For such a record there must be a good reason. It is perhaps to be found in the superior penetration of Mr. Hobson to the heart of the developing technique of industrialism. This is most true of that part of the book which, beginning with the structure of the market passes on to the consideration of the rôle of financiers in our economy. Also, as we can see now Mr. Hobson was prophetic in two of his insistences, which, as good prophecies do, have become commonplace materials of study to us now: the relations between machines and men, and the study of consuming activities as of vital importance to civilization. Mr. Hobson is a convinced optimist, in a way. Though he can be acutely critical of imperfect arrangements, he does profess to see some progress toward what he calls "coherent industrial organization."

It is perhaps because we appreciate his contribution toward bringing an understandable organization into view to replace what to less experienced and penetrating intelligences seems to be little more than a welter of strange growths, that we value and preserve this old book. For though in other fields a work published some thirty-two years ago may not seem antiquated, one which deals with industrialism must necessarily be so because of our rapid passing from one economy to another. Indeed in the past thirty-two years the industrial world has been pretty much remade. Of course, Mr. Hobson has done some considerable revising from time to time, and in the present edition has added a long chapter on industrial evolution since the war. But revisions are never quite so salutary as an author believes: what is most important is that the categories remain fixed. They should, of course, change with the opening of new areas of data and new methods of securing knowledge. The structure of a book should be determined by its matter, for structure conditions not only emphasis but relevancy of discussion. In a sense this book is out of date. But we have no adequate substitute for it, and lacking one we must be grateful to Mr. Hobson for the changes he has now made.

LEFT WING UNIONISM. By DAVID J. SAPOSS. New York: International Publishers. 1926. $2.

The controversies within the camp of organized labor that dissipate its energies and complicate the struggle between capital and labor have often been puzzling to the uninitiated sympathizers of labor due to the lack of adequate literature on the subject. Mr. Saposs equipped with an encyclopedic and intimate knowledge of the trade union movement, derived through research and personal participation, has written a penetrating critical and historical analysis of the conflict between radicals and conservatives in the American labor movement. His book, indispensable for students of trade unionism and for leaders of the movement merits the attention of all interested in labor's activities.

"Left Wing Unionism" is primarily concerned with tracing and evaluating the tactics used by radicals in their struggle for power. "Boring from within" and dual unionism in their diverse forms as employed by Socialists, Communists, and I. W. W.s receive the greatest share of attention. The author depicts the dilemma of those who by "boring from within" would gain control of the machinery of the unions. The tactics of peaceful penetration which seek to avoid alienating the leaders in power are innocuous and ineffective; a militant attack, on the other hand, leads to absolute excommunication and isolation of the radicals. Mr. Saposs's treatment of this problem of displacing bureaucratic leadership is free from the polemical rancor that vitiates most discussions of the subject.

There exists a general misconception that dual unionism is a product of the machinations of radical immigrants. The fact is that "opportunistic" dual unions, the result of purely practical jurisdictional disputes, are far more numerous than are radical, "ideologic" dual unions against which the leaders of the American Federation of Labor center their attack in their struggle to retain monopolistic power. An analysis of the basic causes of dual unionism and of

(*Continued on next page*)


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There is added importance attached to this volume in that it is the author's last work—the final proofs were received but a few days before he passed away on October 4th, 1926.

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# The New Books

## Economics

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the reasons for the successes and failures of certain dual unions led the author to investigate the failure of the I.W.W. to hold its membership in industrial centres. The results of the inquiry constitute a significant contribution to the history of the I.W.W. and at the same time set up pilot signals to organizers in the labor movement.

Many perplexing contemporary issues in the trade union movement are clarified without the use of catch phrases and over-simplifications. The neglect of the American Federation of Labor to organize the foreign born and unskilled labor and its almost pathological fear of dual unionism explain the refusal to support the New Jersey textile strike in spite of the appalling exploitation of the workers in that industry. The "wage conscious" rather than "class conscious" philosophy of the American Federation of Labor and its insistent opposition to the formation of a labor party are correctly interpreted, not in terms of the rationalizations of the present leadership, but in the light of the history of trade unionism in America. The book, which has already provoked much discussion in the labor press, is above all valuable as an historical study which will give perspective and orientation to militant labor leaders.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY. By *Henry George*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

## Education

WHICH WAY PARNASSUS?. By PERCY MARKS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.

Something over 1,800 years ago a Roman by the name of Tacitus undertook to write the history of his century. He announced at the outset that he was writing without fear or favor and that he planned to depict things as they were without eulogy or villification. A fair sample of his objectivity is the opening of his account of Nero's reign, "The *first* murder of the new administration was —."

Mr. Marks has not the power of Tacitus but follows his method. In the introduction to "Which Way Parnassus?" he deplores the tendency among writers on colleges either to eulogize or to muck-rake. He announces that he is taking the middle course but if he were entered in a hundred-yard dash he would be disqualified for not running in his designated lane. On page 153 he sets out "to try to strike a balance in the cause of fairness." The attempt has little interest for him and a brief page largely devoted to the thesis that the college is not to blame for *all* of its faults is left to balance many and many a page of unrestrained abuse.

The large group of readers who enjoy hearing the difficulties and shortcomings of colleges elaborated will delight in "Which Way Parnassus?" but they will find little that is new. Even the order of events is familiar; the moneyed trustees, the narrow, bigoted, uninspired faculties (with the inevitable attack on the Ph.D. degree), the ignorant undergraduate, and the even less intelligent alumnus, fraternities, athletics, extra curriculum activities.

The writer has had ten years of exhaustive and evidently exhausting experience as a teacher. The impression that he gives is that they were not happy years. In such fields as athletics his experience must have been either very bitter or very slight, for his eyes are absolutely shut to the actual situation during the last ten years. He should talk with Dean Briggs or read the articles of Professor Kennedy and then visit the playing fields of what he likes to call "the better colleges."

It is difficult to find out the purpose of Mr. Marks's book in spite of his first chapter entitled "Purpose." If it is, as we gather, "to influence our colleges" and to eliminate the bad, it would seem to me at least that a more effective method would be one more appealing to those who are in a position to effect changes. To these, the trustees, the faculty, the alumni, even the undergraduates Mr. Marks makes little or no reasoned appeal. He belittles them all. One who is trying honestly to present good and bad fairly for a constructive purpose would hardly conclude his preface with "*Fiat justitia ruat coelum*," which has to say the least a minatory ring. Nor would he, we suspect, wind up his book with an address to the Freshmen unless it be for the ironic implication that they are the body least incapable of [illegible]

One point in the book, a point that has been over-labored for years is perhaps worth a word of protest. "Most Doctors of Philosophy have spent so much time investigating the eye of a needle that they are not only unaware of humanity but even of the needle." But even a faculty member may be allowed to suggest that if the eye of the needle be close enough to the eye of the observer his range of vision is astonishingly wide. It seems time to give up the silly contention that for the lawyer or doctor or engineer a fundamental training is essential but that for a teacher nothing is needed save a genial love for the undergraduate and a vague desire to teach something still unlearned. "Nothing," says Mr. Marks, "is more painful than the sight of graduate students sweating over Grimms Law." We would suggest as one sight more painful that of an Instructor of English who has never sweated over Grimms Law until he grasped its significance.

THE NEW SOCIAL CIRCUS. By *D. E. Phillips* and *Jessie H. Newton*. Rand McNally.

GUIDANCE FOR COLLEGE WOMEN. By *Mabelle Babcock Blake*. Appleton. $2.50.

BRITISH HISTORY FOR AMERICAN STUDENTS. By *William Thomas Laprade*. Macmillan.

GUIDE TO GOOD READING. By *Sarah E. Griswold*. Scribners. 48 cents.

GOOD READING PRIMER. By *John M. Manly* and *Sarah E. Griswold*. Scribners. 68 cents.

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GOOD READING. By *John M. Manly, Edith Rickert,* and *Nina Leubrie*. Scribners. 80 cents.

## Fiction

THE QUIET LADY. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

The author speaks of her romantic little tale as a trifling water-color. We should rather have called it a pastel. Two Scotch ladies of the early nineteenth century, one rather paler than the other, contend for the love of a still paler Scotch gentleman. A fire, a lunatic at large, the ingratiating speech of Highlanders and Lowlanders, the pleasant manners and mannerisms of the period, the faint, smooth colors of delightful landscapes, seascapes, and furnishings, all combine to make this wee grey book an ideal gift for the kind of dear, old ladies who sit in Wallace Nutting's Windsor chairs.

THE TESTAMENT OF DOMINIC BURLEIGH. By GODFREY ELTON. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Mr. Elton has chosen a strange and elaborate form for his study of an intellectual's behavior when confronted by the realities of war. He states in a foreword that he received the manuscript some years ago with a note requesting him to keep it to himself for the present. Some years later came a letter from the widow of "Dominic Burleigh" which said that on his death-bed the author had asked that this "Testament" be published as it was his whole estate.

The "Testament" is supposed to be the "whole truth about himself" by a sheltered Oxford Don of considerable literary reputation who went to the war somewhat unwillingly and found himself rewarded with a D. S. O. for an act which he performed wholly in a spirit of self-preservation. He was wounded in this affair, and while on leave was hailed as a hero. When he returned to the front it was to take a position on the staff where there was ordinarily little danger. But the Germans broke through, and he was thrown into the gap to rally groups of fugitives. While doing this he was captured by a somewhat weird and improbable band of deserters who lived in the abandoned trenches of the Somme battlefield. They kept him a prisoner on the theory that a British officer might be an asset when the final day of reckoning came. To make sure that he wouldn't try to escape to his own forces, they branded a "D" for "deserter" on his arm. This is about the only mechanically weak point in the book, and it rather spoils the otherwise perfect construction. If anything, a brand of this sort would strengthen his position with the authorities.

Eventually he escaped froom the deserters and returned to England by underground channels. There he resolved to begin a new life free of the rather hazy disgrace attached to the brand. He went to his home and found that his father was dead. Then he called for the "girl he left behind him," and together they disappeared [illegible]

Except for the too great importance given to the brand and the subsequent disgrace, the plan of the book is carried out admirably. If the reader is even ordinarily well disposed he will allow himself to take it as real and get a temporary thrill out of the enhanced interest. But the most gullible won't be taken in completely, for the story is an exceedingly improbable one.

It is doubtful whether this form adds enough to the reality to make up for the antagonism which the reader who begins in good faith is apt to feel when he comes to realize he's being fooled. And even to gain reality such a device as this is apt to prove a dangerous tool. It's apt to have exactly the opposite effect, and leave the reader with a bad taste in his mouth and a feeling that Mr. Elton hasn't played fair with his public and the memory of his fictitious Don.

BROKEN TIES AND OTHER STORIES. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Macmillan. 1926. $2.75.

Rabindranath Tagore in this book, his twenty-ninth in English, appears with a very slight offering, indeed. His bibliography has been added to by one more title. The title includes in one binding a slight novelette called "Broken Ties" and six negligible short stories, which, if they were not about India and by a familiar name would, it is safe to say, never have seen print.

"Broken Ties," which is in reality merely an overgrown short story, deals with certain incidents of life in modern India in which one Jagamohan outrages all the traditions of his environment and the conventions of caste so meaningless to Europeans, by sheltering little Nonibala who has been seduced by his nephew, Purindar. Satish, a nice younger nephew, brings the girl home and assumes the responsibility.

The author assures us, however, that it is really all right. Satish is a very spiritual young student that any decent girl might be proud to be supposed to have a child by. Besides, Noni is after all a nice girl. "The girl's face was fresh and young, and there was no line of hardness or vice in it. The inner purity of her heart had not been stained, just as a speck of dust does not soil a flower." Personally we feel that the commas help this explanation along considerably.

The father of the young Purandar, who objected to flowers with even one speck of dust growing in the family garden, now takes a bamboo ladder and climbs into the apartments of the bass-voiced and liberal Jogamohan. The trouble and dialogue which ensues is in the fine style and subtle plot-unraveling manner of Rabindranath Tagore at his "best" in English prose.

The convenient suicide of little Noni, who leaves a reassuring note to "Baba Satish" about it all, releases that young gentleman and the author to work out the fate of the surviving characters amidst considerable local color. The scene where Satish massages the Swami is a very feeling one. Satish had won the "Premchand-Roychand," which is explained by a footnote on page forty.

A little bit later the six short stories begin.

THE YOUNGER MARRIED SET. By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75.

Since Suburbia has so increased and so many men who work in New York, for instance, are really inhabitants of Lakedale or Humphasset—denizens of Westchester, Long Island, or Jersey—Mr. Chappell's account of his own particular commuting set (no living person being intended), will soothe many a savage breast. Here are types of thousands of fairly well-to-do commuters and their wives, here are discussed their varied activities, here are mirth-provoking (to coin a term) descriptions of the local dramatic entertainment, of tennis week, of the Ladies' League Fair, the Men's Gymkhana, the local pageant, the movie party, the radio night, the golf tournament. Mr. Chappell does not write of suburban life with quite the hilarity of a Robert Benchley, but he accurately conveys the atmosphere and the talk, and creates convincing characters. And in "the Farwell-Onderdonck Affair" and "The Night in Town" he paints with the brush-sweep of a master those sinister shadows that lurk around the edges of even the safest and sanest community. Helots of the 7:36, 8:15. 8:28 and so on, here you are specially commemorated—and Gluyas Wil-

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ROSES OF THE WINDS. By SONIA LUSTIG. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

This story of the adventures of a Russian family of high birth is a fascinating and authentic glimpse into another land, but one which we cannot help feeling will appeal a little more strongly to adult readers than the children for whom it is primarily intended. There is plenty of vivid atmosphere and the children and grown up members of the Russian family are well drawn, especially the youngest child, Tamara, round whom so many of the adventures of the life in a small village in Finland centre. But whether it was the foreign background or not, we could not get much excited over these doings and we hardly feel as if the thread of narrative were quite strong enough to please the average story-devouring child. It gives, however, an admirable picture of peasant life in that out of the way part of the world and a number of quaint and striking characters, old peasants, gipsies, soldiers, and others wander pleasantly through the pages. Boris Artsybashoff has decorated the book with many unusual and decorative designs, the chapter headings in particular giving the keynote of the adventure which is about to follow, but here again his beautiful work seems better suited to the imaginative folk-tale than to such a realistic story. It seems, to our way of thinking, as if some producer were costuming "The Cherry Orchard" in a Chauve Souris manner. Children are as conventional as other people about such things.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Translated from the German by Richard L. Simon. Simon & Schuster. 1926. $1.25.

An Austrian lieutenant sits in a crowded concert hall in Vienna. He is bored with the music, far above his taste, and relieves the tedium by pleasant meditation on duels and *liaisons*. When the concert is over, while getting his hat from the cloak-room, he fancies he is jostled by someone. Turning on the intruder, with an angry remark, he recognizes the baker of his favorite café. The latter, taking advantage of the crowd, seizes the lieutenant's sword and threatens to break it if he stirs. The officer, too stunned to think, remains quiet under the insult until the baker moves away. Then, after a night of agonized reflection upon his disgrace, he decides upon suicide, only to learn in the morning that through a trick of fate—the accidental death of the baker—he has been saved from the necessity. And so the reader is left disappointed.

This is the substance of Arthur Schnitzler's slender little volume, "None But The Brave." It is written with the author's usual devilish cleverness. From the first page to the last, every thought in the hero's continuous soliloquy serves to reveal his conceit, vapidity, and fatuousness. He is made to stiletto his own vitals. And behind him Schnitzler does not let us forget the emptiness of the whole military class of which this one individual is supposed to be representative. The book is a masterpiece of venomed hatred. Mr. Simon's English version is deft and sure, preserving admirably the edge, sharpness, incisive quality of the original.

SWEET AND LOW. By LIGGETT REYNOLDS. Simon & Schuster. 1926. $1.25.

Here is another example of the contemporarily popular "cuckoo" form of humor. But 118 pages of a "novel" that is nothing but the sheerest nonsense, the broadest burlesque, the most self-conscious "wisecracking," is a bit tedious. There is more subtlety to Donald Ogden Stewart at his best. Whoever wrote this book has gifts as a literary vaudevillian (note the crooks in XI), but after the author has snickered along for a number of pages the reader begins to think of mayhem. Such work is to be tossed off in a "spot" not to be quaffed throughout an evening. But the burlesque of much tosh in modern fiction-writing and publishing is welcome.

HILDEGARDE. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Mrs. Norris's new novel pretends to no subtleties and effects none. It is a plain, straightforward tale of the rise in not unusual circumstances of a very poor but very beautiful girl, hampered among other things by the problem involved in the question, "Should the woman tell?" It is the kind of story that will be read with delight by thousands upon thousands of those average men and women who are responsible for our laws, our motion pictures and our Sunday Supplements. And it will provide them with exactly the proper admixture of realism and romance calculated to make their commonplace lives seem less commonplace.

On the whole realism predominates, and the author is at her best in describing Hildegarde's early life in the dirty, cluttered, reeking shanty on the dump where she cooks, cleans, runs errands, minds the younger babies, and lives in perpetual fear of her father's whippings and of an even greater poverty than she had already known. Here and again in the story of Hildegarde's young yielding to the kisses of a handsome vaudeville performer, her desertion by him, and her subsequent agonized uncertainties, the tale strikes roots and grows of itself. It also grows naturally and with a vigor born of congenial soil in the scenes in the newspaper office where Hildegarde eventually finds work to her liking. Certain obvious aspects of ordinary human behavior, moreover, are an open book to the author. She knows the normal young girl's yearning for luxury and envy of those who possess it, she knows how easily such a girl is won by courteous manners and good clothes, violets, and tea-parties in the best hotels.

It is the element of would-be romance, the banalities of style, and the pedestrian sentimentality of parts of the book that are chiefly responsible for its blemishes. If there is no truckling to the Victorian attitude toward the girl who falls, there is a more than easy surrender to the glamour of up-curling eyelashes, satin-blue seas, socially registered patricians, and to such carry-all words as "filthy" and "exquisite." One also wearies of the heroine's tawny hair, Sidney's family, and the redundant absorption of "orange pekoe." Overemphasis and repetition mar more than one excellently conceived episode, and the scenes toward the end of the story—between Mabel and her sister at the hospital, between Sidney and Hildegarde after the renewal of their relations, especially the incredible final scene precipitated by Lars Carlsen and Sidney's Aunt Alice—are altogether unworthy of Mrs. Norris at her best.

The novel nevertheless contains so many accurately observed details and its plot on the whole is so entertainingly contrived that, however much the critics may wish it had been more carefully pruned and staked, it will give legitimate pleasure to vast numbers of not too exigent readers.

THE GOLDEN KEY. By HENRY VAN DYKE. Scribners. 1926. $2.

Dr. Van Dyke's book contains twelve didactic short tales which he describes as "all stories of deliverance from some kind of peril or perplexity or bondage," an estimate which seems reasonably applicable to every one of them. But in several instances the "golden key" of deliverance is obtained only by the protagonists' permanent occupancy of the grave, whose rewards seem somewhat doubtful, though the author thereby escapes the accusation of "happy ending" seeker. Except for two stories of scriptural subjects, the rest are concerned with modern people and their problems in various quarters of the civilized world. All of them are gracefully written, naïvely sentimental at times, at others skilfully constructed and well balanced, but never startling in either originality, characterization, or thoughtfulness. The first story in the book is frankly maudlin, should have been omitted as unworthy of its fellows' company, and sets the reader off to an unfavorable beginning. Better reading soon follows it, however, and the wide public to whom the author's works appeal should find little in the book which is disappointing.

THE PROPER PLACE. By O. DOUGLAS. Doran. 1926. $2.

Perhaps its atmosphere of unobtrusiveness and natural friendliness is the most distinctive quality of this placid story of post-war Scotch gentry, their social life, climbing inferiors, problems attendant upon love, financial adversity, and adjustment to an altered domestic environment. The noble Rutherfurds, of whom Lady Jane, her daughter Nicole, and her niece Barbara, alone survive, are compelled to part with their ancestral estates near Glasgow, removing to a less pretentious home in the village of Kirkmeikle to the north. They accomplish this hard change resolutely, without undue travail, and soon adapt themselves comfortably to their altered circumstances. Barbara, though the less lovable of the two girls, marries advantageously, while the deserving Nicole wins only the bereaved memory of a dead *fiancé*. The story

(*Continued on next page*)


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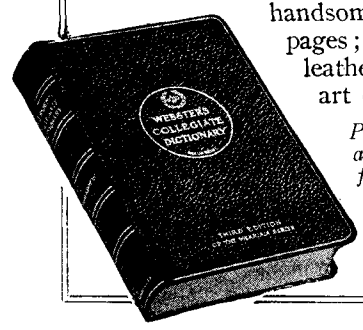


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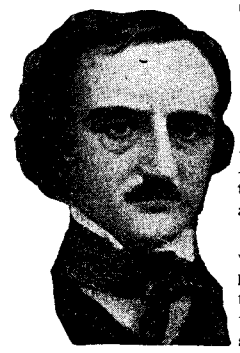

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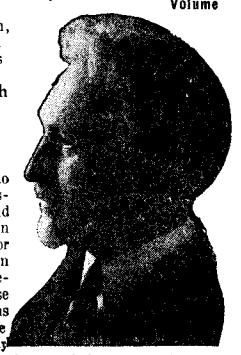

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# The New Books

## Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

throughout is agreeably restrained, slightly too uneventful, markedly successful in character drawing and, but for the rare instances when the peasant retainers are allowed to burst into speech, is devoid of dialect.

IN DIXIE LAND. By SOUTHERN WRITERS. New York: Purdy Press. $2.50.

This collection of tales and excerpts from tales of the reconstruction era has a particular interest at this moment when the New South is emerging in literature as well as in actuality. Reflecting the post-war atmosphere of the various Confederate States in the period following upon the Civil War, they convey a mood as authentic then as it is definitely of the past now. Slight in themselves, the stories suggest the immensity of the change that had wiped out a civilization along with an institution, and present the dignity as well as the pathos and the humor of the Southern people under new conditions. Not of any high literary value they are interesting as social history, and have moreover sufficient charm to make them pleasant reading.

A WILD GOOSE OF LIMERICK. By ACHMED ABDULLAH. Brentano's. 1926. $2.

Those who like intrigue, adventure, and romance expertly prepared and dished up with rare condiments in exotic vessels will welcome "A Wild Goose of Limerick." Constantinople in the old days, just before the Young Turk Revolution, supplies the *décor* and persons of every race, religion, and mixture of nationalities plot in front of it. The heroine is an American girl of Scotch and French parentage, the hero is an Irishman possessed of French and Turkish titles, the villain is a Circassian who claims to be a Moslem, loyal to the Sultan, but who has secret dealings with the Young Turks and the Russia of the Czars. About them circle spies, agents of the police, newspaper reporters, Western European diplomats, Albanians, Armenians, Sudanese, gipsies—in fact a crew as gorgeous, varied, and picturesque as could be mustered before the war in the Para Palace, the *suks*, and on the Galata Bridge combined.

Nor is this the fancy dress that comes ready-made from a professional costumer. Achmed Abdullah knows how to heighten his effects without sacrificing essentials. Moreover, his dialogue is crisp—sometimes too smartly so—and usually in character. Unfortunately the persons in the story live only for the intricacies of its plot and the elaborate pageantry that surrounds them. However, they acceptably embody the primal emotions necessary to this sort of tale—love, hate, revenge, etc.—and they lend themselves not too incredibly to its schemes and counter-schemes. After all, the chief interest of the reader will be in the crowded, riotously colorful panorama of corrupt, tawdry old Constantinople and in the strategems that it so prolifically fostered.

HIGH SILVER. By ANTHONY RICHARDSON. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

A malevolent, cynical old man, bedridden for two-thirds of the course of this story, dominates and poisons the lives of the several weaker principals who come beneath the spell of his blighting intelligence. His orphaned grandson, Tristram, an impotent, trustful idealist, is the heaviest sufferer from this aged rogue's pessimistic wisdom. "Eat or be eaten," is the alternate rule for conduct of one's life which the grandsire dins constantly into the sensitive ears of the dreaming child, but Tristram is the predestined doormat of an unscrupulous and sordid world. Throughout all his youth's disillusionment and frustration, in school, in war, in love, marriage, and commerce, Tristram realizes that the satanic old man's advice pointed the only safe path, yet he is helpless to follow it. In our opinion, one may scarcely over-estimate the beauty, truth, and poignancy of this story, a story which it seems to us belongs among the best by English novelists we have read this year.

NO UGLY DUCKLINGS. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLIN. Putnams. 1926. $2.

If you were an exceedingly wealthy clubman, married, separated, and still in the thirties; if you ran a correct office of the spick-and-span category in the most luxurious of the skyscrapers of lower Broadway for the sole purpose of keeping your money moving by decapitating every two-point profit the minute it poked its head into sight; if you were sitting in the security of such an office in full possession of your senses, and suddenly——

For it is always thus suddenly that Tromper Bromleigh falls under the spell of the creative impulse. The flash of a dark, appealing eye, a quick and graceful movement, and Tromper is off on his artistic mission of developing the individual keynote of feminine charm. Where no one else sees, Tromper sees, and subsidizing Binotinelli, maker of matchless gowns, not only sees, but acts. Loretta, Betty, Trebizond, and so on, launched into stardom, or married to millions, testify to his genius. Broadcaster of joy is he, this serious Sir Galahad of "ugly ducklings," but alas! sadly misjudged. However, all ends well, as with Janet, his wife, won back as his masterpiece of transformation, with expressions of universal good will, he sails off to taste the melons of Ispahan.

At times, due to slightness of story, and sameness of episode, this latest bit of fiction by Mr. Chamberlain flags in interest, but on the whole it is very good entertainment, smartly written, and highly amusing.

THESE OLD SHADES. By GEORGETTE HEYER. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2.

Miss Heyer's costume romance of mid-eighteenth century France and England is handicapped by redundancies due to its length of four hundred and thirty pages. Elimination of at least one-quarter of its contents would have improved the attractions of the tale immeasurably. Its plot, involving the exchange of new-born infants, one of French noble parentage, the other of peasant blood, the latter to be reared in opulence, the former in poverty, smacks of the antique. The potent secret of these mixed identities is given away too early in the story, which thereafter lacks all grip upon the reader's interest, a shortcoming to be regretted, for the author writes with a genuine abiilty to invest her background, incidents, and characters with the likeness of vital and glamourous reality.

TOBEY'S FIRST CASE. By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

This novel might be laid aside as negligible if common sense did not suggest that there is always a reading public waiting for a new murder mystery story, provided there be any mystery at all. There is in this case just enough to hold interest, though not to be impossible of detection soon after the middle of the book is past. False leads too easily recognized in the plot, platitudes and occasional sentimentality in the style, and a thoroughly novelized conduct of a murder investigation all prevent serious consideration of the book, in spite of the charms of the young reporter who, on her first case, runs off with all the clever ideas and all the glory. But it is nevertheless a romance, and it is also a mystery tale. So it will certainly find many readers of the less exacting type.

TIN WEDDING. By MARGARET LEECH. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

THE HORTON TWINS. By FANNIE KILBOURNE. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

"Tin Wedding" is a study of the intensive style. Its nearly three hundred pages tell the story of a single day in the married life of two persons. Roughly speaking, it belongs with Swinnerton's "Nocturne" and Clemence Dane's "Legend"—a fascinating but subtle and difficult order of fiction. As the title hints, this day whose course we are to follow so minutely is a tenth wedding anniversary. Our married pair are supposed to be rather exceptionally well-mated and happy. Otherwise, they are a typical modern couple of the successful class, you would say: the man a prosperous broker, handsome, well-mannered, attractive to women; the wife intense and emotional, avid of happiness—neurasthenic, if that is still the word.

Jay Fanning is unfailingly courteous and attentive to his wife Lucia. He good-humoredly assents to her plan of passing the night of their tenth anniversary in the quiet farm-house where they had spent their honeymoon. It really means nothing to him. He happens to be preoccupied with another woman at the moment. He is no longer in love with his wife Lucia, but she is still in love with him, or still identifies the idea of romantic love with him, which is probably the same thing. She wakes in a quiver of anticipation, looking vaguely to the ritual of this anniversary to restore something of the magic and ecstasy of her first married days. She has one child, a little boy whom she adores and spoils: even he is to be left out of the picture on this day of memory.

What follows is a comedy of frustration. All things, large and small, conspire to delay the celebrants. When they finally set out for their place of tryst, the world intervenes through a noisy country-house party which includes the third person in the triangle. The farmhouse, when they reach it at last, is without glamour or even comfort. They return to the noisy world, and the day ends in a muddle of intrigue, drink, and affectation. All of this country-house business is artificial and long drawn out. The action should be much more compact, tense, and salient. In the end, all this elaboration seems doubtfully lavished on the portrait of a merely silly and hysterical female who happens to be in the field of vision. The man is plainly invented to set her off.

"The Horton Twins" belongs to another order of domestic comedy. A book about young couples for young couples, reducing the humor and humours of being married and having children to a common denominator of obligatory experience. People who are not too near, or too far from, the teething-and-diaper phase of human existence will recognize themselves and their minor troubles in these pages with joy—much as in the cartoons of Gluyas Williams, which make delight of those domestic human follies and predicaments which all men have experience of, sooner or later,—and mostly miss the humor of, while they are going on.

The difficulty with this kind of book, as a rule, is that it is too exuberant, too determinedly "bright," and therefore tiresome before we are done with it. "The Horton Twins" should not be taken at a gulp. Its dozen chapters are separate sketches of life on one plane in one little community, and ought not to be read all at once. But they stand even that test remarkably well, because they are unfailingly jolly and often witty, and the story-teller is evidently getting as much fun (or kick) out of them as we are.

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE. By *Arthur Weigall*. Frank-Maurice. $2.

BOUNTY OF EARTH. By *Donald Culross Peattie* and *Louise Redfield Peattie*. Appleton. $2.

THE EMERALD. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Harpers. $2.50.

GOLDEN TALES OF ANATOLE FRANCE. Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE JUNGLE. By *Upton Sinclair*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

LOOKING BACKWARD. By *Edward Bellamy*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

THE CROCK OF GOLD. By *James Stephens*. Macmillan. $2.50.

## Government

THE USAGES OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION. By HERBERT W. HORWILL. Oxford University Press. 1925. $3.50.

Mr. Horwill has here brought together for the first time in a single connected account the most important, at least, of our constitutional customs—as imporant surely in their practical significance as any part of the living constitution. Perhaps his view is unduly centered upon Washington—no doubt because Washington has been his vantage point of observation. But it is a view surprisingly free from the distortion one would have thought probable in an English lawyer.

His comments will hardly be startling to students of government in their bearing upon the electoral college, upon the function of political parties, the power of appointment and removal, and the like. Nor is his condemnation of the "unwritten law" requiring local residence for candidates for Congress a novel note. Less usual and more controversial are his interpretations of the constitutional "usurpation" implied by the Vice-President actually becoming President, dating from Tyler's time, and his recommendation of an "Acting President" as the solution of all disabilities of the President himself. Mr. Wilson's illness did show a real need for replacing the executive head of the government in some instances did his absence abroad create a similar condition, as Mr. Horwill appears to think that it did?

Any discussion of the rôles respectively played by the cabinet and by congress will bring out the lurking predilection for parliamentary responsibility that is in your Englishmen, unless he be more than humanly canny about betraying himself. Mr. Horwill is human, all too human, in this respect. The essential difference between a unitary and a federal government may not of necessity imply a rigid separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches. English parliamentarism has been at least partially grafted upon the federal Dominions, Canada, and Australia. Mr. Horwill might with profit have turned to an examination of the contemporary instability

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of the executive who depends upon a parliamentary majority in Canada, and upon the usages which have grown up about votes of no confidence there and in Australia for an illuminating commentary upon the difficulties of parliamentary government in a federal country. It may be true that, without the unification of responsibility implied by the parliamentary form, representatives tend to become mere scrambling and log-rolling delegates for local interests. At the same time it is true that the presidency and the executive branch are vastly more stable and independent under a fixed tenure of office. Any efforts to strengthen the control of the legislature over the policy of the executive through reducing the President's cabinet to ministerial functions must be based upon the assumption that party leadership can best be built up in that way, and that the United States is no longer a stubbornly federal nation. One must count the loss against the gain, in any case, before taking the first step implied by the interpellation of cabinet officers, and by bringing them under the continuous criticism of both houses to the extent rendered probable by having them sit and speak, even though they should not vote.

The general burden of Mr. Horwill's critique of our constitutional usages is directed against features that are survivals of an intense localism. In the place of that localism, however, we must recognize to an extent that hardly appears in his very interesting treatise the real differences in section interests that only show their deepest significance to one who knows, as Bryce did, the various aspects of American life. Many of these are hardly apparent to an observer steeped in the atmosphere of Washington, D. C.

## History

THE SPIRIT OF THE REVOLUTION. New Light from Some of the Original Sources of American History. By JOHN C. FITZPATRICK. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $4.

The reader who opens Mr. Fitzpatrick's book with the expectation of finding another history of the American Revolution, political, constitutional, or social, or another discussion of the character and motives of the revolutionary founding fathers, will be disappointed. That is not what Mr. Fitzpatrick means by "spirit." What he gives us, on the contrary, is a succession of pictures, admirable alike in form and in scholarly content, of such subjects as the authorship of the Declaration of Independence and the extraordinary travels of that document, headquarters life with Washington and his aides, the bakers, bands, and uniforms of the Continental army, and the beginnings of the federal postoffice. For material he has drawn upon the vast manuscript resources of the Library of Congress, and since comparatively little of what he offers had been published when he began his researches, at least in systematic form, his book is a welcome contribution to historical knowledge as well as a fund of human and patriotic interest.

Every book of this kind corrects some of the errors which ignorance, tradition, or neglect have occasioned in narrative historical writing, and which seem to enjoy an indefinite expectation of life when one writer is content to copy from another. Mr. Fitzpatrick contributes a number of such corrections. The famous list of charges against the King, for example, which forms one of the middle sections of the Declaration, has its origin in a proposed preamble to the first Virginia Constitution, written by Jefferson sometime between May 27 and June 10, 1776, and embodying a "series of reasons why Virginia repudiates her allegiance to George III and establishes for herself a constitution of her own making." The papers of Jefferson have been in the Library of Congress or in other repositories for many years, but the discovery among them of this particular document is comparatively recent.

A critical examination of the manuscript draft of the committee report which Congress adopted as the Declaration shows that Franklin's share in the final phraseology was greater than has commonly been supposed, eleven changes, instead of the five which Jefferson indicated many years later, being due to him. Age and failing memory are likely to go together, and what Jefferson forgot has been set down as history. Apparently, too, we must give up the notion that the Declaration of Independence inspired reverence and enthusiasm from the day of its birth. According to Mr. Fitzpatrick it was not until after the War of 1812 that the publication of rival facsimiles of the document, together with delivery of an address by Timothy Pickering to which Jefferson, then an old man, took exception, caused public interest in the Declaration to become keen. Meantime, and thereafter until 1921, the original document itself had no permanent home, but "moved through ten different cities and towns, scattered hither and yon through five different States," until it reached its present abode in the Library of Congress.

Any community that dates from the Revolutionary era is poor indeed if it cannot boast of a house in which Washington passed a night, but Mr. Fitzpatrick appears to have been the first to search the records for the less extensive, but more important, list of Washington's headquarters. Equally informing are the accounts of Washington's aides-de-camp and his Valley Forge expenses. Someone has remarked that the worst part of the suffering for food at Valley Forge is that it was unnecessary, for there was always food enough in the country and British and loyalists were well fed. The pitiful record of headquarters' supplies for the three days before Christmas, 1777, tells its own story even without Mr. Fizpatrick's illuminating comments.

These are examples of the things that the book has to offer. There are more of the same kind in the accounts of the evolution of the Continental army uniform, of which the blue is vouched for but the buff is not, of the work of Christopher Ludwick, "Superintendent of Bakers and Directors of Baking in the Grand Army, of the United States;" of Colonel Nicola's unique regiment of invalids; of the Purple Heart Badge of Military merit, established by Washington in 1782 and worn, as far as surviving records show, by only three men, all of them non-commissioned officers from Connecticut; of a "Liberty Loan" of 1781 with a total subscription of £1,550; of the thrilling adventures of Captain Andrew Paton, of the ship *Lady Margareta*, in the hands of the British; and of the post masters and post-riders of the Revolution. The book is heartily to be commended, but Mr. Fitzpatrick would probably be the first to insist that commendation should be shared with the Daughters of the American Revolution, in whose magazine the chapters of the book originally appeared.

MACEDONIA, THRACE, AND ILLYRIA. Their relations to Greece from the Earliest Times Down to the Time of Philip, Son of Amyntas. By STANLEY CASSON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $7.

The archæologist is a searcher for buried treasure. The uncertainty gives zest to his labors with the spade. As he unearths his finds he has to scan not only writings and museums for clews as to their provenience but also maps and the horizon. And so he becomes an explorer. The joys of the eye and the imagination as he follows ancient trails, queries stones, sherds, and mounds, speculates on the use and yield of valleys and mines, and dwells on the beauties and services of harbors and rivers are wont to grip him firmly. The hardships of primitive or degenerate life, of long tramps or rides over mountains, plains, and coasts are an added charm at least in recollection, and thus he is led on from enterprise to enterprise. Then we have the book.

Its author in this case became first known to his fellow archæologists for the excavations he conducted in 1921-22 at Chauchitsa —a site near the Macedonian end of the Morava-Vardar trough that connects the Ægean with the Danube and inspired the ill-omened Austrian *Drang nach Salonika*. The finds he made there were not in themselves sufficiently notable perhaps to arrest attention; but they raised questions that could only be answered (if then) by assembling the badly dispersed archæological data covering the entire area (Macedonia, Thrace, Illyria) that lay as a sort of *terra incognita* between the confines of two charted prehistoric civilizations—that of the Ægean and that of the Danubian valley. To this task Mr. Casson addressed himself and the results lie before us in a stately volume.

At Chauchitsa the Bronze Age came late (towards the close of the like period in the Ægean Archipelago) with features common to it and Macedonia generally. The important contacts of Macedonia at this time (the last centuries of the second millenium B.C.) were neither with Thessaly nor with Thrace, where there was no Bronze Age at all, but with the Mycenæan world on

(*Continued on next page*)


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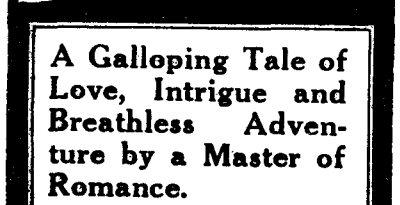

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# The New Books

## International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the one hand, with Troy on the other, and, much more significantly, with the *terremare* culture of the Danube and its Illyrian tributaries, the Save and the Drave. With this Bronze Age civilization Mr. Casson connects the Phrygians.

The Bronze Age settlement at Chauchitsa was destroyed by fire somewhere about the eleventh century B.C. and the site reoccupied by Iron Age men—its conquerors seemingly, who, however, soon abandoned it; and it was not again settled till the fourth century B.C. Who were these Iron Age men and whence did they come? Is it significant of great racial displacements that the first wielders of iron were the bearers of destruction wherever they appeared in the littoral of the eastern Mediterranean? Mr. Casson is a trained scientist; hence a searcher after hypotheses rather than a definite formulator of them.

The implications of his evidence are that the so-called Dorian Migration, to which we owe an unified iron culture in the Peloponnese, Central Greece, Thessaly, and Macedonia, had its origin much deeper in the Balkans than we are apt to think. We can trace step by step the growth of iron metallurgy at Hallstadt, which had river connections with the Danubian end of the Vardar-Morava trough. Thence (prior to its entrance at about 900 B.C. into Bosnia and Dalmatia) the culture of the iron sword spread southeastward in this natural thoroughfare, reaching at some point along the way the barbarous "Dorian" Greeks and arming them for the overthrow of the Bronze Age civilization of the Ægean. But does this point really lie north of Chauchitsa? To a backwash from Thessaly at a later date we owe the origin of the Macedonian kingdom.

This résumé will give some idea of the complications of Mr. Casson's theme. It cannot do justice to the wealth of archæological material he has collected and analyzed; nor does it touch upon the scientific fruits of his many travels. The book stands alone in its field. If it has a weakness it is the utilization of the literary materials for the historic period. There are 106 illustrations and thirteen maps. The photographs of sites and landscapes are remarkably good.

PAN-EUROPE. By RICHARD N. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

"Qui parle d'Europe a tort," noted Bismarck on the margin of a report from one of his ministers. It was a firm conviction of the Iron Chancellor that Europe was not a political entity and could not be made such. Metternich, it will be remembered, was equally convinced that "Italy" was a geographical expression.

If Metternich's ghost hovers over the scenes of his embodied activity, it must, as it looks upon an Austrian Empire shattered to bits and an Italy firmly united, muse on the fallibility of human judgments. And if Count Coudenhove-Kalergi is right, Bismarck's spirit may yet have an opportunity for meditation along similar lines.

The Count's contention is that the world outside of Europe is rapidly crystallizing into four great economic and political units—the British Empire, the Russian Soviet League, the East-Asia group, and Pan-America. If the peoples of Europe continue to indulge in the luxury of disunion and warfare in such a world, they are fated to lose not only their world hegemony, but even their independence. For the Count looks upon Russian, whether the future decrees it shall be Red or White, as a constant menace to the peace and independence of Europe. He sees Russia as the only possible winner in another European War no matter how it starts nor who are the participants.

Russia is thus eliminated from Pan-Europe. The Urals are for the Count but "a line of hills athwart Asia," and the real boundary is along the eastern lines of those states which border Russia on the West. That line is now guarded by Poland and the Little Entente. For the author of this volume that is as absurd as for the United States to leave the defense of its southern border to Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, or the guarding of its western coast to California, Oregon, and Washington. All of the other states of Western Europe, he considers as vitally concerned in the holding of the Russian line as are the rest of the United States in the preservation of the Mexican and Pacific borders.

There is no particular anti-Bolshevik factor in Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's contentions. He thinks the danger quite as real from a White as from a Red Russia. It is simply that the economic and political organization of the world is so shaping itself that two dozen independent and more or less antagonistic states in the crowded European peninsula must unite or succumb.

His plea is powerfully made. He marshals economic, political, social, racial, religious, and even nationalistic arguments until the force of it all seems irresistible. To cap this, a supplement covering progress since the book was first published in German in 1923, transfers the discussion from the realm of theory to the world of fact. The London Conference, the Dawes Plan, Locarno are cited, and since the book went to press, Thoiry, the international steel trust, the bankers manifesto against trade barriers, all have reinforced the Count's contention.

Yet the almost startling progress which has been made does not obscure the powerful forces arrayed against the ideal of Pan-Europe. The author is quite aware of these and deals with them most ably. They are amply strong to check the whole scheme for many years to come—many more years than those during which the Count thinks the opportunity for its realization will be open. In urging the necessity of immediate action, however, he has somewhat exaggerated the capacity for united action in the other world groups. The race is indeed on, but the course is much longer than the Count would have us believe.

DEPENDENT AMERICA. By WILLIAM C. REDFIELD. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Redfield knew, but he judged from what he heard that not many other people knew, that America's isolation is only relative and not at all so complete as many journalists and statesmen seem to think. He therefore set himself to detail the facts in various fields of industrial activity. The results are impressive. Whether we think of shellac or steel, of tannin or sugar, if the main raw material resources does not lie outside our boundaries, sufficient of the other materials which blend with it into finished goods, do so that we are inescapably dependent upon foreign supplies. Mr. Redfield's really sound little book ought to deflate a good deal of the self-sufficiency American-go-it-alone economic doctrine we hear so often since the War.

SATURATED CIVILIZATION. By SIGMUND MENDELSOHN. New York: Macmillan. 1926.

This is a book which may easily be misunderstood. Mr. Mendelsohn is likely to be considered as another prophet of evil, a lesser Oswald Spengler, who means that we are now saturated with civilization and ready to go to the dogs. He writes in a kind of ominous style, as if terrible things are always just about to be revealed, which gives countenance to such misinterpretation. In reality his argument is simply that our peculiar industrial civilization has reached the saturation point of industrial development—which to many of us will seem the most optimistic of possible conclusions, as indicating that with a halt in industry we may at last turn our attention to becoming really civilized.

Mr. Mendelsohn at the outset contrasts the modern world with mediævalism as having exactly reversed the mediæval situation of high spiritual attainment and low material prosperity. He considers the modern world not to have begun until the end of the eighteenth century as it was not until that period that industry began to replace religion and culture as an ideal. The rapid industrial development during the nineteenth century was made possible by the abundance of cheap labor and the invention of machinery; the most significant feature of the century was the gradual rise of the laboring class from a condition inferior to that of the slaves of antiquity to its present position of influence and power.

Labor, accustomed to its new perquisites and powers, well organized to protect them, is no longer cheap. Legal limitations of the working day, the virtual abolition of child labor, and the noted exemplification in the modern laborers of the human tendency to loaf on the job, have resulted in an increased cost of production and concomitant high prices. Contrary to the popular supposition, Mr. Mendelsohn brings abundant evidence to show that the invention of labor-saving devices cannot be counted upon to offset appreciably these difficulties. Improvements in machinery are always much tardier than the initial application of new principles. A gradual slowing-down of industry is already evidenced by statistics. Our basic industries such as iron, steel, lumber, and cotton during the past twenty years show either a declining per cent of increase or an actual decrease. Railroad construction has been at a stand-still for sixteen years. The production of luxuries still goes sweeping on, but our luxurious days are numbered.

Abundance of labor and low cost of production were the chief causes of the wide diffusion of comforts and conveniences, and have raised the standard of living in every part of the world. But with the impairment of labor and inflation of prices, contraction in wants is imposed upon the greater part of the human family, and readjustment to a lower level of the standard of living is the inevitable consequence.

Retrenchment, simplicity, then, are to be forced upon us by the kind gods. Necessity will compel us to live the kind of life long ago prescribed by wisdom. We shall become virtuous in spite of ourselves. Truly, no *mantis kakaios* this Mr. Mendelsohn.

AMERICA IN CIVILIZATION. By RALPH E. TURNER. Knopf. 1926. $5 net.

One of the most hopeful phases of recent educational development in American universities is the so-called "orienting course" offered to Freshmen at the outset of their academic careers. The sum of human knowledge has grown vastly in amount and complexity. It has become bewildering. Inevitably the task of adding to knowledge has been the work of the specialist. Inevitably also the same specialist has for some time controlled, to a large extent, the undergraduate teaching of the larger universities. The result has been that American institutions of higher learning have come to offer their undergraduate students a large number of unrelated and frankly specialized courses in the sciences and the humanities. There is no quarrel with such courses. But, unfortunately, the student is left more or less to his own devices in his attempt to thread this labyrinth of learning.

If he is a bright and earnest student, he will discover toward the end of his four years that there is some relation between his courses in anthropology, economics, history, literature, and the rest. Having made such a discovery, he will be in a position, as he is about to graduate, to select with some judgment the combination and sequence of subjects which he should have taken to gain a balanced picture of human knowledge and have acquired a sufficient background to select that one of the larger fields of knowledge which attracts him most. But by that time his attention is engrossed with the problem of what law school he shall attend or what bond house he can make a connection with. The "orienting course" seeks to give the Freshman a little knowledge of what the possibilities of a university curriculum are and to start him upon his intellectual adventures with the idea that human knowledge, like human life, forms a whole and that any fences separating scholastic bailiwicks, however convenient they may be for scholar and teacher, are quite arbitrary.

Mr. Turner's book is avowedly a textbook for such an "orienting course." It is not, as its title seems to imply, an attempt to analyze American civilization. His chapters include such subjects as the evolutionary theory, the physical environment, the evolution of the family, of economic organization, of education, of religion, of the state. Each of these chapters is practically a separate essay epitomizing the special field of knowledge. On the whole, the material is well selected and is clearly expressed. It is a good book if not, indeed, the best single book available as a text for the "orienting course." Its chief defect is that of the curriculum which it attempts to foreshadow, a failure to make clear either the fact of or the basis of the fundamental unity of human life and knowledge. But Mr. Turner's is a bold, pioneering work in a time when university instructions are still new at the task of synthesizing knowledge for Freshman consumption. One might quarrel with many details; such a book challenges the specialist. But, with the exception of the science of society, Mr. Turner has been successful in presenting the best thought (so far as it is known to the reviewer) of the various fields with which he deals.

THE PHILIPPINES. By *Nicholas Roosevelt*. Sears. $3.50

NEW TACTICS IN SOCIAL CONFLICT. Edited by *Harry W. Laidlaw* and *Norman Thomas*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

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# Juvenile

BECKY LANDERS. By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

Becky Landers is a spirited young heroine of historical romance, one who deserves to go side by side with "Merrylips" and other youthful figures out of the past. This girl is American through and through and her adventures in the days of frontier warfare and Indian attacks in the wilderness of Kentucky make fascinating reading. We cannot think of a better book to put into the hands of girls just entering, or already in their teens. Surely just such simple, unsentimental, and vigorous stories as this are the right ones to help bridge the gap between the juvenile and more adult fiction. Even the most sophisticated sub-flapper of to-day will kindle to the story of this other girl's struggle to play the man of the family to her delicate mother and younger brother and sister. Such fascinating historical figures as Daniel Boone and his daughter Jemmy, and George Rogers Clark come to life in these pages, and this pioneer girl's resourcefulness at hunting, fighting, as well as sewing and cooking, are amazing. Furthermore they have the ring of reality to them, without which such a book defeats its own purpose. It is history, but best of all it is delightful reading,—swift narrative, plenty of action, and vivid, sincere character drawing.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA. By AILEEN NUSBAUM. Putnams. 1926.

SKUNNY WUNDY AND OTHER INDIAN TALES. By ARTHUR C. PARKER. Doran. 1926. $3.

CHI-WEÉ AND LOKI. By GRACE MOON. Doubleday, Page. 1926.

"The Seven Cities of Cibola" is a collection of myths which Mrs. Nusbaum has gathered from the Zuni Indians of southern Colorado. These Indians have no written language. Their myths are told by the old men to the young as a religious rite. Mrs. Nusbaum has had the advantage of hearing many of them at first hand as they were told to her young son by some of the old Indians employed in the excavations at Cibola. In retelling the stories here she has most skilfully preserved the atmosphere and the charm of the beliefs and customs of these people. A few of the stories have a delicate beauty suggestive of the Japanese. There is quiet humor in the animal tales, and a moral implied deftly here and there. The Indian names are musical, and the stories are delightful for reading aloud. We are grateful to Mrs. Nusbaum for giving us a most valuable addition to the literature for children. The colored illustrations by Margaret Finnan are remarkable both for their beauty of design and for their faithful observation of Indian life.

In "Skunny Wundy" we find again stories retold that the author has heard from the lips of the Indians themselves. Mr. Parker has preserved the form of the oral tale with its effective repetitions so loved by children. They are all nature myths, and at times their humor and shrewd wisdom—neither unduly sweetened or softened—remind one both of "Uncle Remus," and of the "Just So Stories." The book is copiously illustrated with admirable drawings and pictures in color by Will Crawford.

"Chi-Weé and Loki" is an exciting narrative of the adventures of the little Pueblo Indian maiden, Chi-Weé, who has appeared before in a book by that name. Though the story is a little too sprightly and sweetly sentimental for the taste of this reviewer, it will be enjoyed by many young readers who either like a dash of Pollyanna or are impervious to it.

A CHILD'S MAP OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By ALICE YORK. Designed by ILONKA KARASZ. Day. 1926. $1.50.

It is curious how the map has suddenly come into its own, and become again, as it was once, a means of stirring the imagination as well as informing the mind. We have had maps of fairyland and maps of childhood but this substantial sheet in six colors is more ambitious, for it combines history, legend, and literature. On a chart of the Mediterranean lands is laid down by caption and by image the outstanding events and the characteristic movements of the ancient world. Attila gallops across blank spaces with his Huns, Roman ships bring Greek treasures to Italy. Without, in an elaborate border, are figures of the chief gods, heroes, philosophers, poets, symbols of events, animals—in fact a pictorial condensation of ancient culture. A surprising amount of knowledge has been packed upon a small space. For the schoolroom, nursery, and children's room in the library, this map can be recommended.

TAXIS AND TOADSTOOLS. By RACHEL FIELD. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Certainly Rachel Field should write for children because of her ability to project herself into a child's world with joyous wholeheartedness. It is the world of the morning of which she writes,—the exuberant, highly colored world of an early autumn morning. The sun is up, the dew's on the grass, the apples are ripe, and life's a grand adventure fit for a king! The shadows and mystery of an elfin fairyland do not fall around us. Rachel Field's elves are happy, tangible companions to sit with us at table or accompany us to school during our first half dozen years. "Taxis and Toadstools" is a series of concrete pictures (in verse) of the people and things that form the vivid, glowing world of everyday to the child, be he from city or country. A number are, like "The Flower Cart Man" typical of New York. But although the author has her feet on the good green earth she is possessed of a bubbling fancy which runs like a fresh spring through such pieces as "If Once You Have Slept On an Island," and "The Green Fiddler," bless its heart:

*His cap rose tall as an Elfin steeple,*
*His eyes shone water clear,*
*He bowed him low to see me go*
*And he said to me, "My dear*

*It's not for silver I'm asking you,*
*For shelter or meat or bread,*
*But pluck me four of your golden hairs,*
*Four bright gold hairs," he said.*

THE EPIC OF KINGS, HERO TALES OF ANCIENT PERSIA. Retold from Firdusi's "Shah Nameh." Edited and translated by HELEN ZIMMERN. Macmillan. 1926. $2.50.

This is an excellent new illustrated edition of a fascinating book first published in 1883, and we owe its republication to its illustrator, Wilfred Jones, who, because of his interest in Persian art, had preserved a copy of the original edition. It is, as its sub-title states, a collection of stories about more or less mythical heroes and kings of ancient Iran, and these stories are all retold from the famous Shah Nameh of Firdusi. The editor and translator, Helen Zimmern, made her abridgment of the Shah Nameh from a French translation of the Persian poet's immensely long masterpiece. Her English text is dignified, Biblical in tone, and altogether suited to stories of a primitive and heroic type—such as are found imbedded in our own Old Testament from the Book of the Wars of Yahveh and other lost earlier sources. And here you will find the long celebrated story of Rustem and Sohrab, which so powerfully moved the imagination of Matthew Arnold.

The colored plates and black and white decorations by Wilfred Jones are strong, simple, effective, and should greatly enhance the reader's response to these archaic legends. "I have," he writes, "tried to follow the costumes shown in the sculptures of Persepolis. . . . rather than those of the Mohammedan period in which the poet (Firdusi) lived."

LARRY OF THE NORTH. By EDWARD H. WILLIAMS. Harpers. 1926. $1.75.

BOY EXPLORERS IN THE PIRATE ARCHIPELAGO. The same.

CAMPFIRE COURAGE. By EDISON MARSHALL. The same.

THE FIGHTING CAPTAIN. By WILLIAM HEYLIGER. Appleton. 1926. $1.75

JIM SPURLING, LEADER. By ALBERT W. TOLMAN. Harpers. 1926. $1.75.

Of many of those who write juvenile books it seems almost axiomatic that their work shall be wanting in polish, craftsmanship, construction. Primarily, no doubt, the authors, consciously or unconsciously, write down to their audiences. Or it may be that careless production is swifter and more profitable, since a well-written juvenile yields no more money than one slovenly done and entails more thought and labor in the preparation. It is regrettable in any event; for given matter in a book that grips the mind of the young reader he will all unconsciously absorb the style and thus receive benefit.

In these books there is nothing that has not been done before and better done with the possible exception of "Jim Spurling." The other four fall into distinct and much-worked categories.

Mr. Heyliger has a certain deftness which he employs characteristically in "The Fighting Captain." In short story form he covers the three sports holding the greatest interest for boys; football, baseball and basketball. In each he provides a wholesome moral and the football and baseball stories are well contrived from the standpoint of action and interest.

Of the three adventure books, "Larry of the North" stands out. Here is Robinson Crusoe in a new environment and although carelessly written the flaw may be condoned by virtue of its swing and sustained interest. "Campfire Courage" is the story of the breaking of an inferiority complex and the development of a character amid an abundance of startling events. No boy who thrills to adventurous sequences—and what boy does not?—would be likely to lay this tale aside unfinished and if this be all of art here it is.

"The Boy Explorers in the Pirate Archipelago" consists in a succession of incidents which seem to lack preparation and logical order. The reader meets countless "jurmuddis, or native steersmen," and "jurugans, or captains," and other strange folk and things. There is an absence of plot but some of the individual scenes are not badly accomplished. On the whole, though, the youthful reader is likely to experience a pervading flatness.

"Jim Spurling, Leader" has to do with a boys' camp. Lives are often in mortal peril and the call for heroic measures is always met. Fundamentally the tale has to do with the inception and development of a camp and should appeal to youngsters with constructive minds who like to start things and carry them through to success.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD. By E. FRANCES BOULTING. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.50.

Do not lay this book aside as "one more" child's story of Christ. It is distinctly different and does something which we have not elsewhere seen attempted. The author herself says that her plan included "bringing imagination to vivify and information to illuminate the bare narrative of the early years." She tells a simple, running story, not changing or guessing at any real events but adding, for a background to the accepted facts, "what very likely may have happened" in the way of daily living, and describing in narrative form what she has verified as an authentic setting. The effect should be vivid and interesting to a child and should build up a real conception of the Holy Land and Egypt and of the dress, customs, and religious life of all the actors in these early pages of the Gospels. Passages concerning the journeys of the Holy Family and others describing Jewish ceremonies and the pageantry of the Temple are especially interesting. The book does not go beyond the years of boyhood, so it does both more and less than most others on this subject. But it is successful in its own type of achievement. It is beautifully illustrated and many notes either give sources or add information or explanation to the text. Two clear maps of Palestine and of the Egyptian journeys will be appreciated by readers.

EVELI, the Little Singer. By JOHANNA SPYRI. Lippincott. 1926. $1.50.

These three longish short stories by the author of "Heidi" all have child heroes and heroines and in spite of their quaintness and old fashioned atmosphere, they should still appeal strongly to boys and girls of about seven to ten. The wild mountain scenery of Johanna Spyri's beloved Switzerland serves as background for two of the stories and, as always in her work, the trees and mountains, wild brooks, and green pastures are beautifully part of the simple narrative. The tale of Jorli, the boy who came to work at The Stauffer Mill is not familiar and very appealing. It seemed to us to be next best to "Heidi" in its charming simplicity and character drawing of a little Swiss boy. Even the rather stiff and conventional plot of the lost boy finding his parents is attractive here. The author was evidently so pleased with it herself that no reader could fail to fall in with her humor. The translator of these stories, Elizabeth P. Stork, deserves much credit for keeping them simple and uninvolved as to sentences. Heretofore the Spyri tales have suffered from too literal handling. Some of the colored illustrations of this book are very pleasant in a simple, realistic way; the sort young children like.

MISTRESS MADCAP SURRENDERS. By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $1.75.

This season is fortunate in having several excellent historical stories for girls in their teens. Even rather poorly written tales of this type are popular for their romance and glamour, but in this case and that of Miss Skinner's "Becky Landers" the authors have made genuine contributions to this particular field of juvenile literature. Here the heroine is a gay and reckless young participant in the stirring Revolutionary times

(Continued on next page)


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# The New Books

## Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of New Jersey. There is plenty of adventure and plot:—threatened attacks on a powder mill, a lonely night road with enemies close in pursuit, the discovery of a plot to start a Hessian attack, and a ride to reach Washington's headquarters in time to warn the countryside. Through all these the young heroine goes gaily and courageously, in a way to appeal to girls of to-day as well as to those of yesterday and the day before that.

IN ENGLAND, ONCE. By HUGH CHESTERMAN. Appleton. 1926. $1.25.

PROUD SIR PIM. The same.

ROUNDABOUT RHYMES FOR CHILDREN. The same.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. The same.

Four children's books printed in England with the slim, attractive form of the Christmas "picture book" have just come from the press. In content they grade from a Five-and-Ten-Store standard to something quite worth while. We shall review them down hill.

"In England, Once," by Hugh Chesterman, is a long-short story of adventure in the struggle between Roundheads and Cavaliers in which the history is kept distinctly subservient to a good plot convincingly told in a style well calculated to hold the interest of youngsters from eight to fourteen or fifteen years. This, the best, is the only one of the books in prose.

For the second, which is a series of verses by the same author about Knights, Seven Gentlemen and Seven Simpletons it is hard to place the age of the intended readers. We rather suspect that it is aimed at the parents and uncles and aunts who like to real aloud to children. The children who will form the by-product audience will, however, probably manage to swallow the big words and ignore the satire for the sake of the quaint stories and illustrations. "Sometime Tim" and several of the other rhymes and illustrations are clever enough to carry the book and to make us hope that Mr. Chesterman will go on with this sort of thing, next time giving his critical faculty freer use of his scrap basket.

"Roundabout Rhymes" is a miscellaneous collection of poems for children by different authors with the percentage of worth while verse much smaller than in Mr. Chesterman's book. Only one stands out in our memory in fact, and here it is:

CHOOSING SHOES

By FFRIDA WOLFE (EFRIDA?)

*New shoes, new shoes,*
*Red and pink and blue shoes,*
*Tell me, what would you choose*
*If they'd let us buy?*

*Buckle shoes, bow shoes,*
*Pretty pointy-toe shoes,*
*Strappy, cappy low shoes;*
*Let's have some to try.*

*Bright shoes, white shoes,*
*Dandy dance-by-night shoes,*
*Perhaps-a-little-tight shoes;*
*Like some? So would I.*

*BUT*

*Flat shoes, fat shoes*
*Stump-along-like-that shoes,*
*Wipe-them-on-the-mat shoes,*
*O that's the sort they'll buy.*

As for the last, "Puss-in-Boots," by Laurence Housman, it is the old classic done in forced rhyme with running commentary of illustrations down the sides. We do not say the children would not like it (our own did, in fact), but that is always a poor excuse for bad art when good art if offered with equal imagination, would make a stronger, more lasting appeal.

PAUL BUNYAN AND HIS GREAT BLUE OX. Retold for Children. By WALLACE WADSWORTH. Doran. 1926. $2.

It would be hard to find anything more fascinating for both boys and girls than these retold legends of the lumbermen's great myth—the gigantic hunter of the Western mountains, Paul Bunyan, and his Great Blue Ox. The legendary, the adventurous, and the fantastic are blended in pages which will fly through eager fingers. Not every kind of humor appeals to children, but that which springs from perceptions of disproportionate size is always a favorite, and there may be an endless play upon the contrast between the trappings of a giant and the materials and movements of the child's familiar world. These stories take full advantage of this opportunity, from Paul's babyhood when the rocking of his huge anchored cradle during an attack of colic produces a destroying tidal wave, to the marvelous arrangements of his logging camp, where his flapjacks are done on a griddle so enormous that to grease it the cook-boys skate about on whole sides of bacon. Irresistible idea! His sausages are mistaken for logs, and the logs themselves are trademarked by a mere pinch of Paul's finger and thumb. So it runs on, from marvel to marvel, with Will Crawford's delightful illustrations to add to the enchantment. The print is large and the language simple, and the interest is continuous from beginning to end.

WILLIAM JACKSON: INDIAN SCOUT. By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75.

After the recent Custer commemoration services in the Black Hills, it is good to welcome the true story of one who served with Custer, as set down by James Willard Schultz in the book "William Jackson: Indian Scout."

When Schultz, "Ap-i-kum" to the Indians, went west and lived with the Blackfeet tribe, he met the half-breed William Jackson, a famous Indian Scout who served under Generals Custer, Miles, and Reno, and heard from his lips the story he now puts into print.

Jackson's boyhood at Fort Benton and among trappers of the American Fur Company is described; there is a vivid account of a raid by the Assiniboins upon his people; of a journey by bateau to a trading post on the Yellowstone; of his enrolment into the United States Army Scouts; of the coming of the Seventh Cavalry led by Custer, "Chief Yellow Hair," and of the fateful expedition that resulted in the battle of the Little Big Horn and the death of Custer. Here are Indian life and frontier army history told by one who understands the hearts of both Indians and white men—a book that did not need the element of fiction to make it absorbing.

TREASURE HUNTERS OF BOB'S HILL. By CHARLES P. BURTON. Holt. 1926. $1.75.

Here is a series story in which the story element suffers somewhat from the author's earnest effort to improve the minds of his readers. Yet no boy can read this book without becoming well-informed upon the subject of mining engineering, into which industry the plot leads.

The book introduces eight boys developing from a mere gang with a cave rendezvous and secret grip into the healthful class of Boy Scouts. A journey for treasure to the Iron Range of Minnesota acquaints them with mining and metals. The author, to supplement their own experiences, brings in George, an engineer, who by the method by which Rollo found knowledge, conveys to the treasure hunters much valuable information about mines and ores. An exciting forest fire winds up the adventure.

Mr. Burton's tale is a manufactured story rather than an inspired one. Yet, since it has had eight predecessors in the series, we are disposed to take that fact as proof that the author has found a way into the hearts of young people.

MASON AND HIS RANGERS. By ELMER RUSSELL GREGOR. Appleton. 1926. $1.75.

We go quite far back into American history with Elmer Russell Gregor in his book "Mason and His Rangers." Here is a stirring story of a period that offers abundant material for romance—that of the French and Indian War, when stern men in buckskin were the only defenders the border settlements had from the attacks of French war parties and their Shawnee allies. Mr. Gregor has qualities that commend his books to boys and girls: a simplicity of narrative, a directness of plot, a sense of the dramatic, and a painstaking accuracy in conveying to them the spirit and customs of backwoodsmen and Indians.

In this book Jim Mason is assigned to a duty that, if accomplished, will save the fort at Oswego from falling into the hands of the French. His adventure takes him among the Mohawks, and the author's account of the stay in the Mohawk camp shows a fine spirit of research and a talent for extracting the colorful. There is interest and benefit in store for the boy who meets Jim Mason.

HANSEL AND GRETEL. By the brothers GRIMM. Illustrations by KAY NEILSON. Doran. 1926. $6.

Kay Neilson's death eighteen months ago is an irreparable loss. Of all the modern illustrators his imagination was the most brilliant and transcending, and it is still a question in the minds of many whether his work would not evoke greater appreciation from adults than from children unless the younger folk were in themselves, sensitive and creative artists. For the treasures of generations,—the priceless, vigorous old fairy tales like "Catskin" and "The Six Swans," "Hansel and Gretel," "Rapunzel" and "Rumpelstiltskin,"—in which the interest of children is ever renewed, there had to be a worthy dress out of magic materials, and Kay Neilson has fashioned it. In truth his pictures are of so fine and intricate a workmanship and so ethereal in essence, that one feels they might, like Queen Titania's porcelain plates, shatter at a breath. Their most outstanding quality is an Oriental decorativeness and grace, especially apparent in "The Six Swans," "The Fisherman's Wife," "The Goose Girl," "The Frog Bride," and "The Juniper Tree," which might have been panels stolen from the walls of a Persian palace. They do not in the slightest degree resemble the concrete grotesqueness of the old German pictures used in another generation to make these tales vivid. Their world is one of faery—subdued light and color with flashes of a sudden glorified magic like the brushing of a peacock's feather across the scene.

Kay Neilson is like the modern impressionists in his effects of light, shadow, and color, but his execution is finer and more studied, having a meticulous quality more akin to the Japanese. The black and white drawings are as fascinating as the colored ones, especially the nymph of a girl—a Russian nymph truly,—who looks as if it were as natural for her to hunt strawberries in the snow as to pick daisies in a meadow.

STORIES OLDER AND NEWER. By *Abigail O. Sheriff*. Dorrance. $1.50.

A MOUNTAIN BOYHOOD. By *Joe Mills*. Sears. $2.

SUNSET HILL. By *Kathleen Mary Abbott*. Dorrance. $2.

THE SONS OF KAI. By *Henry Beston*. Macmillan.

GEWALLOPUS. By *Elsie Borg*. A. & C. Boni. $1.50.

## Miscellaneous

POPULATION PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. Publication of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, No. 5. Edited by Louis I. Dublin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1926.

To those interested in the agricultural, economic, sociological, governmental, and medical problems made chronic or acute by the generative activities of the human race, this book will be a welcome compendium of information. It touches all these matters and more. Twenty-five scholars, distinguished in their various spheres, discuss actual and potential population growth and its effect upon social organization, the food supply, migration, labor, and the numerous minor questions to be found within this grouping. Unfortunately, all too meagre a proportion of our citizenry is attracted to such subject matter. The individual is so concerned with his own pursuit of happiness that he usually fails to realize that he is merely a single knot in a social web where each personal success or failure mutually impinges upon every other.

From a technical standpoint one must congratulate Dr. Dublin heartily upon his labors. As editor he withstood the temptation to over-exploit his own views, having written only thirteen pages in addition to the preface. But he deserves much more credit for the final result than this contribution would seem to imply, for the idea of having a symposium on Population at the eighty-sixth annual meeting of the American Statistical Association was his, and to him fell the duty of selecting the speakers. "The editor," he says, "has brought together those scientific men whom he considers qualified to make authentic statements." And the list of authors speaks well for his judgment, even though it may be remarked that Dr. Holmes must feel a little lonely as the sole representative of biology in a matter primarily biological. Many viewpoints are presented, which is naturally very desirable. Different conclusions from the same set of facts show how easy it is to make cause and effect out of mere association. The reader is thus forced to do a little thinking himself. Occasionally subjective judgments surge to the front, but this is rare.

The three essays on population growth which follow the editor's introduction present no particularly new ideas; but they are well done, and will long serve as abridged sources of statistics. It is perhaps to be regretted that in Hart's paper on the Urbanization of Population he did not emphasize the economic necessity of the trend toward the city, and the belief of agriculturists that ultimately twenty per cent of the population can readily grow the food needed by the entire country. But this is a small matter.

Part three on Population and Natural Resources is in many ways the best of the lot. Wolfe's paper on Optimum Size of the Population shows originality and high literary merit. The paper on mineral resources is also to be recommended, for most people think of the mineral resources of the United States as inexhaustible. Tryon and Mann show that this is decidedly not the case. The essays on agricultural resources, on the other hand, leave something to be desired because of the simple fact that they are both written by economists. It would have been worth while to have had the reaction of one of the Federal Department scientists upon this phase of the matter.

THE BOWL OF HEAVEN. By EVANGELINE ADAMS. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $3.

When we read a book on Astrology, we can usually visualize the author before us in long, flowing robes emblazoned with the signs of the Zodiac. He sits on an ebony throne, and the stars in their courses are not a bit more impressive than he. But not so in this case. The picture of the Astrologer is on the jacket—a middle aged New England lady with the irreproachable name of Adams, the descendent of at least one President. It's a strange profession to find a New Englander in, but these Adamses have a way of straying from the fold. A relative of hers named Henry strayed also, but in a somewhat different direction. Miss Adams begins the first chapter by saying that the book is not to be a treatise on Astrology, but the story of her own life. She fails so consistently to stick to this purpose that the whole book is a brief for the infallibility of her predictions. And the proofs she gives are so impressive that it takes a very steadfast scientific mind to doubt them.

The most amazing thing about Miss Adams is the class of people she deals with. The greatest names in the country for the last thirty years appear in her files, and range from actors and gamblers to bankers and national politicians. J. P. Morgan came for advice on the market. Secretary Weeks was told while still a Boston lawyer that he would hold important political offices. These are only samples. Miss Adams seems to have dealt with the private affairs of a generous cross-section of society, foretelling marital difficulties to a certain "well-known New York banker," advising theatrical managers as to the best time to produce a new play, and warning various illegal ladies when to take special precautions against the police. It must be a fascinating business. A good many people had better thank their planets that Miss Adams was a true Adams and played fair.

The author is quite right in calling Astrology the oldest of the sciences and probably the longest-lived. It seems to thrive on opposition. The most sophisticated periods in history have shown it the most deference. Orthodox science after all can tell us only general truths. Astrology can tell us things about our own future which may or may not be true. At least it usually has a fifty-fifty chance, and so is far ahead of science. When the orthodox scientist makes a mistake he's raked over the coals by every cheap periodical, and his successes are silently incorporated into the general fund of material information. But the failures of Astrology are forgotten at once, and its successes, however rare, are hailed with joy by those minds which welcome a chance to escape from the unattractive exactness of science.

It's no use mourning that Miss Adams's very considerable abilities weren't turned to something less dubious. At least she's provided an Astrologist who isn't a scheming blackmailer, and perhaps she's given more solace to thousands of unstable minds than any minister alive. Anyone who reads her well-written and interesting book will admit that producing this work alone has gone a long way toward justifying her choice of profession.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING. Pictured by Dean Cornwall. Described by William Lyon Phelps. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1926. $2.50.

Dean Cornwell, a Kentuckian who studied under Frank Brangwyn and is well-known as a magazine illustrator of unusual distinction, voyaged to the Holy Land last year especially to paint the canvases from which the twelve large full-color plates in this book are reproduced. Mr. Cornwell has executed some of the mural designs of Brangwyn abroad, was recently selected by that painter to assist him with the new murals for the English House of Lords, and has given the quality of gorgeous murals to his work in this book. Here under the Syrian sun glow and coruscate the actual Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Galilee, Jordan and the Dead Sea. To these scenes Professor Phelps contributes an accompanying and adequate text.

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# The Reader's Guide

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE DOG. By *Florence Ayscough.* (Houghton Mifflin.)

ODDLY ENOUGH. By *David McCord.* (Washburn & Thomas.)

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD AND MAN. By Sixteen Members of the University of Chicago Faculty. (University of Chicago.)

*G. P. W., Erie, Pa., would secure anything that may have been written about Goliath; treating his life as legend, history or fiction, but excluding the various versions of the Bible story.*

ALL I know about Goliath of Gath besides the Bible narrative is that he appears also in Josephus, that his name means Splendor, and that he was one of five brothers, all with affections of the pituitary and all meeting violent ends. Tales of giants are so popular with children that two accomplished story-tellers, Kathleen Adams and Frances Atchinson, have compiled "A Book of Giant Stories" (Dodd, Mead), growing out of a cycle actually told to groups of children along the outline made by Miss Scott of the Indianapolis Public Library, enlarged to meet the demand. Before that there was, and there still is, the noble collection of large men in Henry Lanier's "The Book of Giants" (Dutton). But when Goliath figures in such a book, it is just as he appears in the Old Testament. I recall an effort by one of "Helen's Babies"—who will remember this faraway funmaker?—to make "Bliff" even more "bluggy" than the Authorized Version, and many variations of the combat appear in negro spirituals, but the only time I have met him in strictly literary circles was when he was introduced by St. John Ervine, in "Some Impressions of My Elders" (Macmillan), to point a moral concerning John Galsworthy. Commenting upon that author's disposition to side always with the little man as against the big one in any fight, Mr. Ervine muses that this may let one in for a serious error of judgment. Goliath stood six cubits and a span and the weight of his coat was five thousand shekels of brass, but the poor dub hadn't a chance from the first against a little man with God's pebble in his pocket.

*J. K., New York, greatly interested in stories, poems, novels, concerning cats, asks a list on "this fascinating subject."*

THERE was a column of cats in this department on the fifth of last June, and readers have been leaving them on its doorstep now and again ever since. Thus I have been reminded that I somehow managed to forget Ellen Olney Kirk's "Brothers in Fur" (Houghton), a satisfactory story of a family of real cats, one of my personal favorites. The book most often recommended and most highly praised by cat-loving readers is "Kittens," by Svend Fleuron (Knopf), which is a literary treasure as well. "The Fireside Sphinx," by Agnes Repplier (Houghton), and Colette Willy's "Cats, Dogs and I" (Holt), are standard works, but the cat-classic is Carl Van Vechten's "The Tiger in the House" (Knopf), of which a new and less expensive edition has appeared; he has another one, "Lords of the Housetops" (Knopf). Mark my words, that book for little children, "The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie," by Neely McCoy (Macmillan), for which I lately sounded a trumpet, will make a sensation in its way: I am already getting reports on it. The best piece of nonsense since the Nonsense Books is the tale, "The Three Cats," assembled from Lewis Carroll's letters to a little girl and included in his "Further Nonsense Verse and Prose," a delicious volume edited by Langford Reed, illustrated by Bateman, and published by Appleton. As inspired and inspiring nonsense, this story "The Three Cats" is pure perfection. There is also a new volume from W. E. Hill, "Among Us Cats" (Harper), in which the animals appear in human situations, to point his pictorial satires of contemporary society. If your interest in cats is more than literary, get "Diseases of the Cat and Its General Management," by Hamilton Kirk (Eger: Chicago). Though sometimes I wonder if anything could stop a cat who had decided to die. Vet or no vet, one day they droop their pretty heads and silently, with an incomparable dignity, withdraw out of life. I wish someone would breed an indestructible cat, or at least one guaranteed to outlive me.

*T. P. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for books of interest and value to a traveler in Spain.*

"ROYAL Seville," by E. Allison Peers (Harpers), is a beautifully illustrated record of personal impressions intended as a companion to guide-book and histories. There is a gorgeous volume, "Spain," by George Wharton Edwards (Penn), with any number of plates in color, on the model of "London" and his other books in this series. "Virgin Spain," by Waldo Frank (Boni), and Eleanor Elsner's "Spanish Sunshine" (Century), are personal records of experience. J. B. Trend, author of the admirable "Picture of Modern Spain" (Houghton), which comprises many aspects of contemporary life, has just published "Alfonso the Sage and other Spanish Essays" (Houghton), which should be read by English-speaking students of Spanish literature. The "Essays and Soliliquies" of Miguel de Unamuno (Knopf) have just been given to us in English: hitherto all we have had of this deeply significant writer has been his "Tragic Sense of Life" (Macmillan); this is a work of major importance to an understanding of Unamuno—or of Spain. Speaking of Unamuno, his admirers here may be interested to know that in the *Mercure de France*, May 15, he has an enthralling study "Comment on fait un roman," full of his fiery personality.

*W. M. H., Philadelphia, Pa., asks for several books dealing with furniture; not only the works of the great craftsmen, but their influence on furniture of later construction.*

COLONIAL Furniture in America," by Luke Lockwood (Scribner), is a standard work announced as imminent in a new and amplified edition in two volumes with a thousand illustrations; the work is enlarged by many new pieces found by collectors since the last edition appeared. "Early American Furniture," by Charles O. Cornelius, associate curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Century), is less expensive than most of these books; it is the first of a series of high importance to the general reader in which experts will deal with American antiques. "English Furniture at a Glance," by C. H. Hayward (Putnam), costs even less, but is as its title implies, a brief survey of the subject; it would be really helpful to a beginner, though. The collector of American antiques will be interested in F. C. Morse's "Furniture of the Olden Time" (Macmillan), M. H. Northend's "Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings" (Little, Brown), the Shackletons' "Charm of the Antique" (Penn), and Esther Singleton's "Furniture of our Forefathers" (Doubleday), and "The Collecting of Antiques" (Macmillan), the latter just published. If the student is going in for this thoroughly, or if he intends to be a dealer or a decorator and has from fifteen to thirty-five dollars to spend upon a magnificent and comprehensive volume, there is a range of choice sufficiently wide. "The Encyclopedia of Furniture," published by McBride, goes from ancient Egypt to the present day and has 320 plates illustrating over 650 pieces. "The Dictionary of English Furniture," by Macquoid and Edwards (Scribner), is arranged in alphabetic order; the second of the three volumes goes to "mirrors" and the third has not yet appeared; this is a sumptuous production. "Old French Furniture and Its Surroundings," by Elsie Maillard (Scribner), is another lovely book; it goes from 1610 to 1815. For a reference library there is nothing better on its branch of this subject than Francis Lenygon's "Furniture in England from 1660 to 1760," a Batsford publication imported by Scribner. This is the time of year when advice on the selection of books like this is being continually asked.

*T. J. G., Monticello, Iowa, asks for a text-book from which to teach German to a six-year old girl.*

The Horace Mann School, to which I applied for advice, suggests "Für Kleine Leute," by Anna Gronow (Ginn), and "Ein Anfangsbuch," by Laura Crandon (World Book Co.), and in the name of the latter author I recognize that of a remarkably gifted teacher of German to children.

*H. G., Jersey City, asks what additions have been lately made to fairytale literature; she plans a present to a little girl who has apparently read everything of this sort in sight, with thirst as yet unslaked.*

THIS is a characteristic of the fairy-tale age, it causes the purchase, every year, by parents and otherwise, of works of the imagination, some of which are accepted by young readers, handed about among their friends and in time reprinted, some of which please and pass. I cannot tell if children who like, or would have liked, the Oz books, will accept in like manner the happy incidents in Edith Keeley Stokely's "Bubbleoon" (Doran), which has ingratiating colored pictures, but it would be safe to try; it is a story of that general type. The Oz books, by the way, are still in circulation. If the family copy of "The Blue Fairy Book" is falling to pieces, the new edition (Macrae) with unusually good pictures in colors and in pen drawings, by Manning Lee, will be welcomed. If the outfit does not yet include "The Japanese Fairy Book," by Yei Theodora Osaki (Dutton), this gap should at once be filled with the new edition that a continuous demand for this extraordinary collection has made necessary. The pictures in this are by native artists; there is a peculiar intensity about Japanese animals that appeals to any child's imagination. The "Fillmore Folk Tales" published this year by Harcourt, Brace is a selection made by Wilhelmina Harper, a children's librarian of California, from Parker Fillmore's Finnish and Jugoslavic stories, "Mighty Mikko" and "The Laughing Prince": the pictures are the same as in these deservedly popular volumes, and the price is smaller. A republication that comes with the force of a first appearance is the demure, delightful "Once Upon a Time," of A. A. Milne (Putnam), a work that will be enjoyed by one who likes "The Rose and the Ring." If I bring in old favorites like this, it is not to infer that the new books are imitations, but because I have learned to meet children's tastes by asking what they have already read and how they liked it. "Once Upon a Time" came out when the war was young, and in an amusing preface Mr. Milne explains how people insisted on finding timely allegories in it. "The Little Library," a collection for young children (Macmillan) in tidy small volumes, has just included George Macdonald's "The Light Princess," which always seemed to me a convincing sort of fairytale. The lover of Indian folklore stories will find plenty of good ones in Arthur Parker's "Skunny Wundy" (Doran); not the least interesting chapter is "A Story About My Stories," telling how they were taken in by a little boy listening to real Indians.

I wonder if childen are now tolerant of what Charles Dickens called "frauds on the fairies"? I recall that I took a deep dislike to a generally popular work by Arabella Buckley for no better reason than that it was given to me at this time of life and was called "The Fairyland of Science." Indeed I might have been sidetracked from science for good, had not a course of elementary but undiluted lectures on geology some months later sent me into my teens tapping everything rocky with a little hammer. Yet I am told that many children really enjoy "The Health Guard Brownies," by Nathalie F. Moulton (Little, Brown), which instils elementary lessons in hygiene, and I am bound to admit that they have an amusing and convincing turn. Another recent effort to get children to brush their teeth, go to bed without dialectics, and the like, is "Little Mary Mixup in Fairyland," by R. M. Brinkerhoff (Duffield), based on undeniably popular comics in evening newspapers. So if you must hace a moral with your meat, here you are, and if your family takes natural history best when fairyized there is "Honey Bees and Fairy Dust," by Mary Geisler Phillips (MacRae). Speaking of natural history, Kenneth Walker and Geoffrey Boumphrey have slipped "What Happened in the Ark" (Dutton), an admirable piece of fooling, into a gap in Genesis.

For the young just emerging from the fairytale obsession there are this year several excellent books: "The Flying King of Curio," for example, by William Rose Benét (Doran). If I am to continue this classifying by classics, this is a book for the kind of child who loves "Alice;" a series of adventures in which the impossible becomes entirely reasonable, told in language that has savor and with pictures required by the text; this is a good book for reading aloud.

Columbia University Press
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2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

A SELECT LIST

INVENTION OF PRINTING IN CHINA
By Thomas F. Carter $7.50
"One of the very finest contributions to modern scholarship."—*New York Times Book Review.*

LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT
By Julius A. Bewer $3.00
"This book must be regarded as an important companion to the study of the Old Testament."—*The London Times.*

COLUMBIA VERSE
Edited by Cargill Sprietsma $1.90
In vellum binding $3.50
"A complete review exemplifying the work in poetry of Columbia students."—*Boston Transcript.*

CARLYLE AND MILL
By Emery Neff $3.50
". . . . a full, exact and luminous statement. . . . ."—*The New Republic.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STUART MILL
The text is taken from the original manuscript in the possession of Columbia University.
$2.50

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN
By S. A. Mitchell $5.00
"It is the only modern work on the subject for the layman."—*The New Republic.*

FOUNDATIONS OF TRADE-MARK LAW
By Frank I. Schechter $6.00
"A valuable contribution to legal science."—*American Law Review.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND ITS PRINTING
By H. C. Hutchins $10.00
". . . . must remain the authority on the subject. . . . ."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

ELEMENTS OF A CONTRACT
By Victor Morawetz $2.00
The meaning of a contract defined.

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
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2nd Large Edition
RENEGADE
*by Arthur O. Friel*
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CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND CARDS
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Cortlandt 1779-6498
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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS
The fun of giving with none of the drudgery. Book gifts in gay handblocked wrappings sent direct to your friends post free anywhere. Send for our Christmas catalog.
THE POST-BOX BOOK SERVICE, Inc.
17c West 44th Street, New York

Why Not Give
The BOOK of NEW YORK
by Robert Shackleton
*At all bookstores $3.50*
The Penn Publishing Company, Phila.

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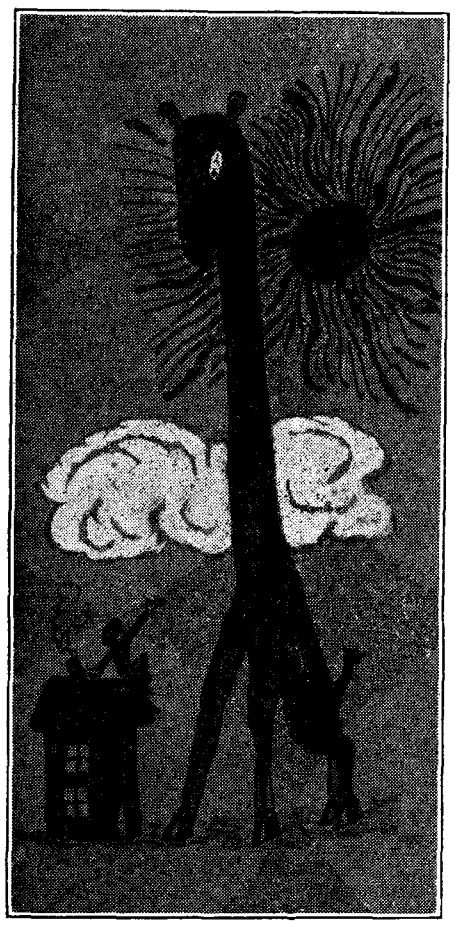
# Unappreciated Fauna

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT



## GEORGE THE GENTLE GIRAFFE

GEORGE'S expression is so winning!
He is so easily rebuffed!
How I admire his underpinning!
But do you think his legs are stuffed?

He came at noonday to my mansion.
(He often makes these little tours.)
And, in a moment of expansion,
I carolled, "George, the house is yours!"

I offered it at moderate rent if
He'd take it for the summer months.
Somehow, he seemed to lack incentive
And answered me with dubious grunths.

Carefully I explained what use meant.
(Homes get so musty, closed and sealed!)
But no,—he found that no inducement.
His mood was proud. He would not yield.

And so I stayed there all the summer,
Quite obdurate, in close retreat.
George, by the way, is getting glummer.
You know, I think he feels the heat.

## ARTHUR THE ASPIRING PIG

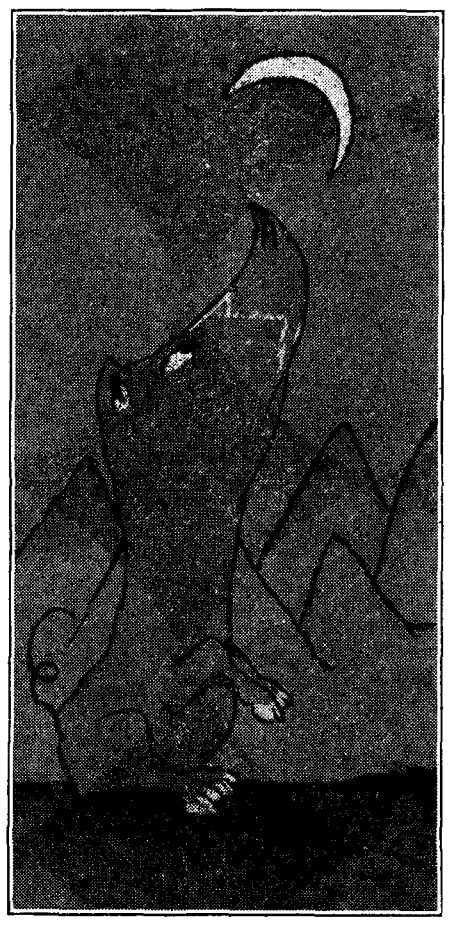
ABOVE the mountains blue and conical
Where pigs from Patagonia frisk,
The moon emerged—a flower japonical
Brightly increasing to a disk. *

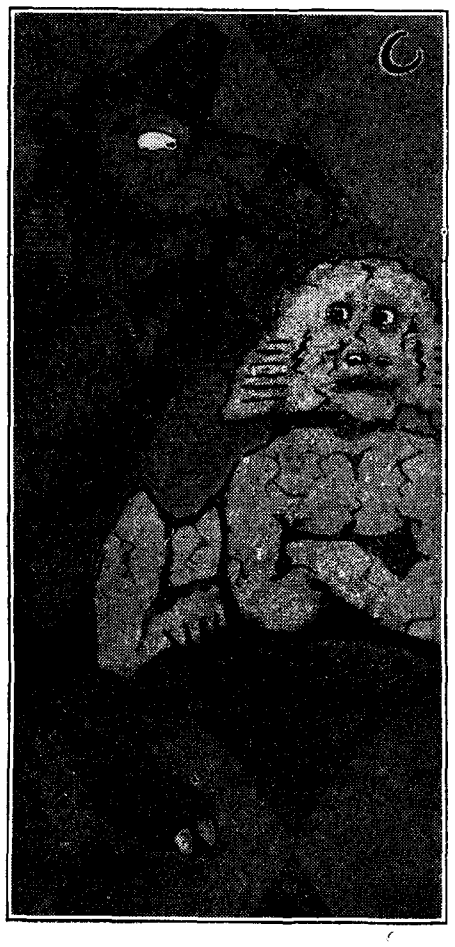
More meditative than the others,
Arthur in secret left the sty,
Abandoning his sterterous brothers
To contemplate the evening sky.

Soon to the moon that lit the mire
He raised a pensive silvered snout
As *conscience counselled, "Pig, aspire!*
Be sure you know what you're about!"

All night he sat—a deaf and dumb thing—
Yearning for life less raw and crude.
Perhaps—I do not know—there's something
Accomplished by this attitude.

* I've since discovered (Most unpleasant!)
The moon I painted—is a crescent!





## PERCY THE SUPERCILIOUS DROMEDARY

FAIRY, fairy dromedary,
Fleeter than the cassowary,
Rambling, scrambling, desert-ambling
Creature of disdain!
One of nature's missing links
More mysterious than the Sphinx,
How I wonders what you thinks
As you foots the plain!

*Merry mammal, merry mammal,*
*Cousin to the Bactrian camel;*
*Single-humped and solitary*
*Silly desert dromedary!*

Little children, oh be very
Courteous to the dromedary,
Supercilious, often bilious
Though the beast may be!
You will find it fond of dates
Chopped and served on china plates.
Apple-pie is what it hates—
Opposite from me!

*Merry mammal, merry mammal,*
*Cousin to the Bactrian camel;*
*Single-humped and solitary*
*Silly desert dromedary!*

# Christmas Book Lists

The following lists represent the selections of Saturday Reviewers and of the editors. They are not presented as necessarily the best of the recent books, but as those which make special appeal to those who have chosen them.

THE PANCHATANTRA. Translated by A. W. Ryder. (University of Chicago Press).
THE MATRIARCH. By G. B. Stern. (Knopf).
A DEPUTY WAS KING. By G. B. Stern. (Knopf).
THE BIRTH OF THE GODS. By Dmitri Merejkowsky. (Dutton).
LOLLY WILLOWES. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. (Viking).
DEBITS AND CREDITS. By Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page).
COLLECTED POEMS. By Arthur Davison Ficke. (Doran).
THE ANATOMY OF SCIENCE. By G. N. Lewis. (Yale University Press).
THE MONGOL IN OUR MIDST. By F. G. Crookshank. (Dutton).
THE CONQUEST OF CIVILIZATION. By James Henry Breasted. (Harpers).

LEONARD BACON.

WORDSWORTH'S "PRELUDE." Edited by E. de Selincourt. (Oxford University Press).
EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE. By Bertrand Russell. (Boni & Liveright).
WINDS OF DOCTRINE. By George Santayana. (Scribners).
WORSHIP OF NATURE. By James G. Frazer. (Macmillan).
LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS. By Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace).
HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry. (Houghton Mifflin).
SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By M. Rostovtzeff. (Oxford University Press).
SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTEBOOK. (Boni & Liveright).
GALAHAD. By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill).
JESTING PILATE. By Aldous Huxley. (Doran).

ARTHUR COLTON.

NEW POEMS. By Robert Bridges. (Oxford University Press).
ANIMULA VAGULA. By Leonard Bacon. (Harpers).
COLLECTED POEMS OF THOMAS HARDY. (Macmillan).
POEMS. By A. Y. Campbell. (Longmans, Green).
ISRAFEL: LIFE AND TIMES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. By Hervey Allen. (Doran).
KEATS. By W. H. Garrod. (Oxford University Press).
A VICTORIAN AMERICAN: HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. By Herbert Gorman. (Doran).
THE HUMAN ADVENTURE. By J. H. Breasted and J. H. Robinson. (Harpers).

EDWARD DAVISON.

THOBBING. By Henshaw Ward. (Bobbs-Merrill).
THIS BELIEVING WORLD. By Lewis Browne. (Macmillan).
THE MAKING OF THE MODERN MIND. By John H. Randall, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin)
ANIMULA VAGULA. By Leonard Bacon. (Harpers).
THE TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (Viking).
THE ORPHAN ANGEL. By Elinor Wylie. (Knopf).
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page).
MY MORTAL ENEMY. By Willa Cather. (Knopf).
CORDELIA CHANTRELL. By Meade Minnigerode. (Putnams).
DESERT, A LEGEND. By Marton Armstrong. (Harpers).

LEE WILSON DODD.

THE TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (Viking).
GALAHAD. By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill).
MY MORTAL ENEMY. By Willa Cather. (Knopf).
THE HUMAN ADVENTURE. By J. H. Breasted and J. H. Robinson. (Harpers).
THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Will Durant. (Simon & Schuster).
THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE. Translated by Scott-Moncrieff (Knopf)
A VICTORIAN AMERICAN: HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. By Herbert Gorman. (Doran).

LLOYD MORRIS.

THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE. Edited by Count Hermann Keyserling. (Harcourt, Brace).
GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE IMAGE AND THE MAN. By W. E. Woodward. (Boni & Liveright).
THE ORPHAN ANGEL. By Elinor Wylie. (Knopf).
MURDER FOR PROFIT. By William Bolitho. (Harper).
SUTTER'S GOLD. By Blaise Cendrars. (Harpers).
CHEVRONS. By L. H. Nason. (Doran).
THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry. (Houghton Mifflin)
THE GOLDEN DAY. By Lewis Mumford. (Boni & Liveright).
THE TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (Viking).
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page).

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

THE TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (Viking).
THE ORPHAN ANGEL. By Elinor Wylie. (Knopf).
THE SUN ALSO RISES. By Ernest Hemingway. (Scribners).
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page).
A VICTORIAN AMERICAN. Herbert S. Gorman. (Doran).
ISRAFEL: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. By Hervey Allen. (Doran).
THE FIDDLER IN BARLY. By Robert Nathan. (McBride).
THE CASUARINA TREE. By Somerset Maugham. (Doran).
NIGGER HEAVEN. By Carl Van Vichten. (Knopf).
WINNIE-THE-POOH. By A. A. Milne. (Dutton).

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

HORACE GREELEY. By Don C. Seitz. (Bobbs-Merrill).
THIS BELIEVING WORLD. By Lewis Browne. (Macmillan).
THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Will Durant. (Simon & Schuster).
MURDER FOR PROFIT. By William Bolitho. (Harpers).
GEORGE WASHINGTON. By William E. Woodward. (Boni & Liveright).
DEBITS AND CREDITS. By Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page).
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page).
THE TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (Viking).
THE ORPHAN ANGEL. By Elinor Wylie. (Knopf).
GALAHAD. By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill).

AMY LOVEMAN.

COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. (Little, Brown).
COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan).
DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE. By H. W. Fowler. (Oxford University Press).
MURDER FOR PROFIT. By *William Bolitho.* (Harpers).
THE ORPHAN ANGEL. By Elinor Wylie. Knopf).
PLATO'S AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By J. D. Woodruff. (Dutton).
THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry. (Houghton Mifflin).
SELECTED POEMS OF CARL SANDBURG. (Harcourt, Brace).
SONGS OF INNOCENCE. By William Blake. Facsimile of original edition: (Minton, Balch).
GUY DE MAUPASSANT. By Ernest Boyd. (Knopf).

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

## Books and More Books

(*Continued from page* 390)

History" (Putnam), by J. Arthur Thomson. The scientific minded, too, would undoubtedly feel that in receiving a set of Bölsche's "Love Life in Nature" (A. & C. Boni), now first translated into English despite the popularity it long since attained in Germany, that you had made possible many evenings of profitable and stimulating reading. The same type of person, as well as the one whose interests ran more specifically

(*Continued on page* 408)

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# Points of View

## Bryant and Illinois

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Few persons among those fairly conversant with literary matters associate the poet, William Cullen Bryant, with the early history of Illinois. Yet the Bryant family, with the exception only of the poet, migrated from Massachusetts to the Illinois frontier in the thirties of the last century. On the two or three occasions when he paid them a visit his mind was impressed by their natural surroundings and these impressions were subsequently transmuted into the best verse we have on Illinois landscape. Thus, "The Prairies" had its inception on the occasion of a memorable horseback-ride over the Illinois country from Jacksonville northward when he first visited his brothers in 1832. Of his impressions on that occasion he has left a vivid account which anyone may see in its diary form in the second volume of his prose works. I may now add, on the authority of a member of the Bryant family, that on a later visit, when the brothers had taken up their permanent abode near Princeton, Illinois, he came back from a ramble through the neighboring woods one November afternoon and wrote the well-known lines beginning,

*The melancholy days are come, the saddest*
*of the year,*
*Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and*
*meadows brown and sere.*

All of the Bryant brothers had versifying propensities. A volume of John Bryant's poems was published by Appleton's in 1855, and has since been reprinted privately. Most of the poems relate to Nature; some are overshadowed only by the fact of his brother's greater renown. As a poet of occasions he was superior to his brother, and was always called upon at the family reunions held until a few years ago. Much family history is lost to scholars since the diary which the mother kept to the day of her death was carried off a score of years ago by an unscrupulous "investigator."

Recently I enjoyed a morning's conversation with a nephew of the poet, a man well in the seventies. Naturally the talk drifted to the best known member of the family. "Uncle William was not the large man that his pictures suggest," said my host, "but his brothers were all tall men. They were great walkers, and very fond of the out of doors. I can still see Uncle William coming out of the orchard on one of his visits, tapping the trees with his cane. He did not visit us often, for he was a busy man of affairs. His work on the *Post* during the stormy period when Greeley edited the *Tribune* frequently drew him into political discussion. Like his brothers, who maintained a station on the Underground Railroad, he was strongly opposed to slavery. Abraham Lincoln, whom he had met at the head of some raw recruits on his first visit to Illinois, consulted him often, and regarded his advice very highly."

ERNEST E. LEISY.

Bloomington, Ill.

## Simple Aesthetics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Some time ago there appeared in your stimulating journal an annunciation of the forgotten truth that fiction is great by virtue of its character creation. However something should be added to this just utterance. Great authors create notable characters, but these characters need have no great character: their living quality is in their talk; and in talk which has nothing to do with the author's story—the plot, and its development—but is simply interesting in detachment. The prince, master, and model of story-tellers is Homer—both for plot and character-making. But all of the action of the plot in Homer's forty-eight books could be put into two books. It happens that Achilles, Ulysses, and Ajax are great, and that in "Twelfth Night" nobody is—but they are delightful both because what each character says is picturesque, of general interest as a speech, as an exhibition of an individual's posture, and a representative utterance of some recognizable sort of man—eccentric or usual.

Now the notable characteristic of our clever moderns is, that with the exception of W. D. Howells, Clemens, and Harte, not one has added a character to the literary list since Mrs. Poyser. Silas Lapham and Bartly Hubbard have become known; Jack Oakhurst and Huckleberry Finn are known. Has any character outside of those forenamed authors' books taken on an objective life anywhere, since Mrs. Poyser? The Egoist is no household word: in fact, it is not a character, but a name, and says nothing that delights with its absurdity or sense, apart from the author's self-expression. In Henry James, for one example of many, not a single character utters a speech which is delightfully apart from its context. He speaks solely for the purpose of telling the author's story for him, to carry on the author's plot, or to *exhibit himself as a character*, not as an entertainer. "Maisie" is a touching and beautiful creation—but "I do! I do!" is the summit of her beautiful utterances (and in its situation it *is* beautiful) all that she says is simply to show Maisie to the reader, without any picturesqueness in itself. Quite different are Nestor, Phoenix—who makes only one speech, but lives—Agamemnon, Ajax, and the rest, all of whose speeches carry the reader with them through simple interest in what is said, and the character's looks, which the words visualize, entirely irrespective of Homer's story. Mrs. Poyser furthers the narrative of "Adam Bede" not at all; Mrs. Gamp assists the plot of "Chuzzlewit" a little, but any nurse of few words could have done as much. Mrs. Gamp, Captain Costigan, Fred Bayham, old Osborn, Dick Swiveller, Micawber, and the host of other Dickens's vitalities live by what they say, and how they *look*. So does Theodore Colville, in "Indian Summer"—so do the Langbriths and other Howells people. These personages walk and talk of themselves, walking off on their own legs, independently, and of course to mention what Dicken's folk are, or what Juliet, Iago, and the rest, are, is superfluous enough.

All this projectivity, objectivity, has completely disapepared from the novel; with the—doubtful—exception of Anna Karenina, no one cares a button about—or knows the name of—a Tolstoy character; nobody wants to—each has an itch and a scratch, all are skin-sore—or ought to be. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has written one charming book, "Joanna Godden," and Joanna is a live person, but nothing she or any other character in the book says, will ever become a household word; it has no interest but to tell the story and the book describes her actions. The same with the genuinely beautiful character of Clara Middleton ("Egoist"). She says nothing universally amusing, and as for the other people in the "Egoist," they are things of naught. Adrian, in "Feverel," writes most entertaining aphorisms, yet Adrian will never live as a type character, and modern novelists not only do not create notable characters that become household inmates of the reader's home grounds, but they do not try to. Their novels are not on that plane; their characters must tell the author's story, or else analyse *themselves*—they have no generalizations—all is microscopic and laboratory study. It is striking—and it is Art, but at present, if for always or not, the art of Tom Jones, Shandy, and the Vicar, is *passée*—"as the French say" (as Mr. James says). The sole exception to the now universal rule is an author who would be ruled out by the serious modern critic, as merely a joker. He is never seriously reviewed, though often reviewed with a tribute to his harmless gaiety. But—in his humble way—this man has created characters of a rich individuality, and in one little masterpiece of his, the characters simply walk the streets, sit at tables, do, live, breathe, and talk and are life at our elbow, as we see it every day in delightful or exasperating persons, and every word they utter is juicy, in itself. "The Little Warrior," by one P. G. Wodehouse, is (God forgive me!) the most delightful book (*me judice*) since Howells's "Indian Summer."

FRANCIS DANE BAILEY.

New York.

## Letters from Egypt

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Permit me to add my cordial agreement to the eulogy of "Letters from Egypt," by Miss Bard. As she does not mention it, I may note that there is a second volume, "More Letters from Egypt," of equal interest, by the same writer.

WM. H. DALL.

Washington, D. C.

## An Answer

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Mr. Stephen D. B. Hyllebourne (Points of View, November 20th) will find relief from the responsibilities of authorship in Browning's Asolando. The line runs—

"Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!"

PHILIP M. HICKS.

Swarthmore College.


Look through the pages of this excellent number of *The Saturday Review,* oh Gentle Reader; read the many criticisms; scan the advertising columns; make up a list of friends and relatives; mother, father, Aunt Belle, Uncle Ed, little Jimmie, Tom, Ruth, Mr. Robins, all of those to whom you wish to show affection and appreciation at this the time of year which custom has established as a period for the making of gifts; take a street car, subway or elevated railroad train—your Ford or Rolls Royce—and, carrying both this periodical and the list, hasten to the nearest bookstore or book department member of the *American Booksellers Association.*

The haste is not necessary because of the possibility of certain books not being in stock at the last moment, for while this condition is possible it is more than likely that your bookseller has carefully acquired a sufficient number of copies of every title to supply all demands. But doing one's bookshopping early gives one the oppportunity to more carefully examine the very large supply of books and to choose more wisely those that will best please each person on the list. Should you be doubtful of the fitness of any book ask the bookmen and women to tell you something more about it.

* * * * *

What? You did not intend giving books? May I ask if there is a better sort of present than the one that gives pleasure, imparts knowledge and grows more pleasing with age and continued use? *Of course* everyone wants books. If you are not certain just which ones are wanted ask your bookseller to find out for you. Or give book bonds, or orders on your bookseller, so that the recipient may make his or her own selection.

* * * * *

Nowadays the passion for the giving of gilded unnecessaries and handsome unusables has given way to a sane effort to make presents useful. Let us therefore follow this sensible tendency and give BOOKS.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
*Executive Secretary,*
*American Booksellers Association*

P.S.—A subscription to *The Saturday Review of Literature* is also rated as a worth-while gift.


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# QWERTYUIOP

## A SHIRTSLEEVES HISTORY

UNDER the above enigimatical title, an extraordinarily humorous, candid, anonymous, documented, Inside History of American Literature and Publishing from the Dawn of a New Sentiment about the time the furnace was lit in 1912, down to the publication of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," starts on page 359 of this issue. The anonymity of the compiler will be scrupulously observed; the inside story of a contemporary era told with as much frankness, humor, fairness and intimacy as possible.

Another feature, to start in an early issue, will be a series of essays by Henry Seidel Canby upon the great figures of American literature, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Mark Twain, Whitman and others, against the social background of their times — what they were as men and writers, but also what they drew from the unique American experience and what they meant in the development of an American type of mind and a distinctly American literature.

*The Saturday Review* in 1926-27 offers its most ambitious editorial program. It will publish, as hitherto, essays by the best pens here and abroad, which interpret and illumine the life that lies behind literature as well as literature itself.

All subscribers to *The Saturday Review* have received the announcement of special rates for Christmas Gift subscriptions and those who are planning to adopt this suggestion for the remembrance of "kinsprits" should not delay too long in forwarding their instructions to

*The Saturday Review*

of LITERATURE

25 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY


# The Nonesuch Press

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

LESS than five years ago three young writers, then unknown, decided to become publishers of books which would delight the scholar as well as the mere collector. The three were David Garnett, later well-known as the author of "Lady Into Fox" and "A Man in the Zoo," Vera Mendel, translator of two of Ernst Toller's most difficult plays, and Francis Meynell who, besides being Alice Meynell's son, was one of the most sensitive typographical experts in the country. Since 1922 thirty-four works have been produced, each of which is now a collector's "item." The subscription list is so large that all the limited editions (and the Nonesuch Press brings out little else) are exhausted on the day of publication and bibliophiles who have neglected to put their orders in in advance have paid premiums which might well be considered fantastic. But the Nonesuch are not merely exquisite examples of the printer's art. Although a Chinese craftsman, ignorant of a single sentence, would admire the dignity of spacing, the restraint of decoration, the pure design of a page, these are eminently for those who use books for reading. Exceptional discrimination is evident not only in the physical properties of the volumes but in the very choice of titles. The list of limited editions published before 1926 includes the Poems of Andrew Marvell, reprinted from the unique copy of the 1681 edition in the British Museum; The Love Poems of John Donne, in which readers will find that superb piece "The Ecstasy" so inexcusably maimed by "Q." in his Oxford Book of English Verse; the Writings of William Blake, in three (imperial 8vo.) volumes; "The Anatomy of Melancholy" in two large volumes illustrated boldly by E. McKnight Kauffer; and The Bible in five volumes of which the Apocrypha and three volumes of the Old Testament have been printed.

During the summer of 1926 two volumes appeared which caused something of a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. One was the English Poems of John Milton in two volumes with 53 illustrations by William Blake; the other was The Works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, which included certain poems so racy that the officials in charge of preserving the nation's virtue refused it admission into the United States. Undaunted by this public rebuff (or advertisement) the Nonesuch trio went ahead with their illicit plans which include (for 1927) The Divine Comedy (to be printed in Italian and English) with forty double-page collotype reproductions of illustrations by Botticelli; The Pencil Drawings (about seventy-five in all) of William Blake; Cobbett's rare "Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine in England and America;" and the inauguration of a new policy: the determination to publish two "new and original" books by contemporary authors each year, the first of which will be Romer Wilson's tragi-comedy "Latterday Symphony."

So far the Nonesuch Press has issued only five "unlimited" books. One of those is the delightful "Tale of Mr. Tootleoo," a children's book of the first rank; the other is that "sociable anthology "The Week End Book," now in its third edition and seventeenth impression. The first (and far away the best) of its kind, sincerely flattered by hasty though inept imitators, it is (as the prospectus describes it) "for people who work in towns and week end in the country. . . . who know the Oxford Book well enough and other anthologies too well; who sing on the road or over the fire what songs they can remember; who often wish they could think of a new game to while away the evening; who experiment frequently in cooking and occasionally in physic . . . and who have been known to trespass in their walks." The collection, which already has earned the grudging admiration and unlimited fury of every other anthologist contains five excellent sections of poems to read aloud (Great Poems, Hate Poems, State Poems, The Zoo, Epigrams); Seventy-One Tunes (Chanties, Folksongs, Negro Spirituals, Ballads) with music; Games, with and without paper, indoor and outdoor; Food and Drink and How to Get It; First Aid to the Injured (and there have been people who took it seriously); and the helpful finale on The Law and How to Break It. The end-papers are Game-boards (checkers and draughts), blank pages for supplementing each section—there are even forms for "Qualities," a variation of the old Confessions game.

But the volume which most readers will hail with the loudest (or lewdest) shouts is Mrs. Amanda M'Kittrick Ros's novel "Irene Iddesleigh." Not since the works of Julia Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, or James Byron Elmore, the Bard of Alamo, has there been such a treat for the *cognoscenti*. "Irene Iddesleigh" has been out of print for years (it was published in 1897) and the members of the Nonesuch Press, who had been passionate celebrants of Mrs. Ros's alliteration (she being also the author of "Dora Delaney" and "Poems of Puncture") have been lucky enough to republish this rare classic, in a limited edition of twelve hundred copies, in a format which "in all its details (except the too white paper) has been carefully adapted to the character of the book." The story beggars retelling, the style is beyond description.

Every chapter begins sententiously with an utterance as oracular as: "When on the eve of glory, whilst brooding o'er the prospects of a bright and happy future, whilst meditating upon the risky right of justice, there we remain, wanderers on the cloudy surface of mental woe, disappointment and danger, inhabitants of the soiled sphere of anticipated imagery, partakers of the poisonous dregs of concoted injustice. Yet such is life."

All of which proves that the Nonesuch Press has, and in an entirely new way, done it again!

# Books and More Books

(*Continued from page* 406)

along sociological lines, would probably be much gratified to get Keyserling's "The Book of Marriage" (Harcourt, Brace).

And now, at long last, we come to those friends, always most numerous in the acquaintance of all of us, whose preferred reading is fiction and who are eager to keep up with the best of the new novels that are published. Since Mr. William Lyon Phelps has in another place in this issue taken up certain of them at some length, and since many of the others have already had extended consideration in our columns, we shall now merely list them by title, with only an occasional word of characterization. All of the following are novels of more than average interest: "The Preface to a Life," by Zona Gale (Appleton), a book (and here we begin immediately to do what we had determined not to) which for part of its length is admirable in its realism and then slides off into what is either pathology or mysticism, but which is nevertheless exceedingly interesting; Ford Madox Ford's "A Man Could Stand Up" (Boni); Lester Cohen's "Sweepings" (Boni & Liveright); "The Romantic Comedians" (Doubleday, Page), by Ellen Glasgow; "The World of Wililam Clissold" (Doran), by H. G. Wells; "Debts and Credits" (Doubleday, Page), by Rudyard Kipling, a collection of short stories which represents that author in all his versatility; "Her Son's Wife," (Harcourt, Brace), by Dorothy Canfield; "A Deputy Was King" (Knopf), by G. B. Stern; "Good-Bye, Stranger" (Macmillan), by Stella Benson; "Introduction to Sally" (Doubleday, Page), by "Elizabeth;" "My Mortal Enemy" (Knopf), by Willa Cather; "The Silver Spoon" (Scribners), by John Galsworthy; "Iowa Interiors" (Knopf), by Ruth Suckow; "Early Autumn" (Stokes), by Louis Bromfield; "Power" (Viking), by Lion Feuchtwanger; "The Sun Also Rises" (Scribners), by Ernest Hemingway; "Beau Sabreur" (Stokes), by Percival Christopher Wrenn; "The Time of Man" (Viking), by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; "A Fiddler in Barly" (McBride), by Robert Nathan; "Mrs. Socrates" (International); "Candaules' Wife and Other Stories" (Putnam), by Emily James Putnam; "The Black Angels" (Day), by Maud Hart Lovelace; "The Dark Dawn" (Dodd, Mead), by Martha Ostenso; "The Elder Brother" (Dial), by Anthony Gibbs; and "Show Boat" (Doubleday, Page), by Edna Ferber; "Almost Pagan" (Bobbs-Merrill), by J. D. Beresford; "A Manifest Destiny" (Brentanos), by S. D. Howden Smith; "Five Hundred Dollars" (Little, Brown), by Herman White Chapin; "The Unearthly" (Cosmopolitan), by Robert Hichens; "Mitya's Love" (Holt), by Ivan Bunin; "The Ninth Wave" (Harcourt, Brace), by Carl Van Doren; "Janet Thurso" (Harcourt, Brace), by Alexander Moray; "Hilda Ware" (Holt), by L. Allen Harker; "The Grey Coast" (Little, Brown), by Neil M. Gunn; and "My Son John" (Minton, Balch), by E. B. Dewing.

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# The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

## THE GLEMBY SALE

THE most important sale of this season before the holidays was probably held at the Anderson Galleries November 15 and 16, when early English literature, modern first editions, and association copies together with important original manuscripts of Robert Louis Stevenson and other modern authors, collected by Harry Glemby of this city were dispersed. In the three sessions 607 lots were sold bringing $98,612. The highest price, $6,350, was paid for the earliest original manuscript of Stevenson's "Cartriona," written in ink on 150 ruled folio pages, on one side of the leaf only, regarded as one of the most important ever offered for sale.

Other representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

Boswell (James). "Life of Samuel Johnson," 2 vols., 4to, extended to 4 by numerous extra-illustrations, three-quarters antique calf, London, 1791. First edition with A. Edward Newton bookplate. $300.

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). Manuscript of "Julia; or Virtue," a novel, 15 pp. 4to, written when the author was ten years of age. $300.

Burton (Robert). "The Anatomy of Melancholy," square 8vo, morocco by Reviere, Oxford, 1621. First edition with the leaf of errata. $475.

Butler (Samuel). "Erewhon," 12mo, cloth, London, 1872. First edition of the author's first book, with presentation inscription. $400.

Clemens (S. L.). Manuscript of "The $30,000 Bequest," 80 numbered pages, bound by Macdonald in levant morocco. $2,200.

Conrad (Joseph). "The Nigger of the Narcissus," 12mo, cloth, uncut, London, 1898. First edition with author's presentation inscription. $510.

Dickens (Charles). A collection of 37 autograph letters of Charles Dickens, his father, and his daughter Mamie, in which he mentions some of his writings, inlaid and bound in a folio volume. $550.

France (Anatole). Manuscript of his speech at the unveiling of the statue of Madame Desbordes-Valmore, the poetess, 28 pp. 4to, morocco by Meunier. $510.

Gissing (George). Manuscript of "Demos," 362 pp. 4to, complete from the title page to the end. $1,700.

Goldsmith (Oliver). "The Vicar of Wakefield," 2 pp., 12mo, contemporary calf, in case, Salisbury, 1766. First issue of the first edition. $1,250.

Keats (John). "Endymion," 8vo, calf, London, 1818. First edition. $270.

Kipling (Rudyard). Galley proofs of "The Ship That Found Herself," 10 long columns. $450.

Scott (Sir Walter). "Waverley Novels," 74 vols., 12mo, half red morocco, Edinburgh, 1814-32. First edition. $600.

Shakespeare. "Merchant of Venice." small 4to, morocco, London, 1600. Second edition. $2,300.

Shakespeare. "Sir John Falstaff, and the Merry Wives of Windsor," small 4to, morocco, London, 1619. Second edition. $3,200.

Shakespeare. "Poems," small 8vo, morocco by Bedford, London, 1640. First collected edition. $3,700.

Stevenson (Robert Louis). Manuscript of the long poem,, "Ticonderoga," 9 pp. folio, signed in full, enclosed in morocco case. $3,000.

Swift (Jonathan). "Gulliver's Travels," 2 vols., 8vo, original calf, in cloth case, London, 1826. First issue of the first edition. $4,200.

Washington (George). A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to, New Windsor, December 10, 1780, to Brig. Gen. Clinton at Albany. Fine war letter. $510.

Wilde (Oscar). "The Happy Prince and Other Tales," imperial 8vo, original boards, uncut, in morocco case, London, 1888. First edition, large paper copy, with author's presentation inscription. $600.

## ROSENBACH CATALOGUE

THE Rosenbach Company, of Philadelphia and New York, has just issued a catalogue that collectors, especially of the Revolutionary War period, should not miss. It bears the title "1776 Americana" and is a catalogue of autograph letters and documents relating to the Declaration of Independence and the Revolutionary War and is issued in honor of the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration. It is a royal octavo of 95 pages, containing 231 items, of an approximate value of three-quarters of a million dollars. Liberal extracts from the letters gives the catalogue permanent historical value. The most important single item is the original Declaration of Independence and Articles of Confederation sent by the United States to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, in order that the Independence of the American Colonies should be recognized, signed by Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane, commissioners plenipotentiary, with their original letter relating thereto. These great documents and letters are priced at $260,000. Following this star piece is a nearly complete set of Signers letters and documents signed by them, Button Gwinnett's autograph being the only one lacking. Especially noteworthy is a monumental collection of Revolutionary War letters and documents, including 90 letters of Washington, together with his original survey-book from the year 1770 to 1793, and the original colored survey of his own homestead, Mount Vernon, made by him. Dr. Rosenbach says that "it has been a great and exciting adventure to collect these noble relics of our country's past; the chase has been more fascinating than the wildest exploits of the most experienced huntsman; the 'bag' has proved remarkable, far beyond our hopes and expectations." If Dr. Rosenbach had not been a great collector, with a passion for these "noble relics" he would never have been able to bring this wonderful collection together.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

In his book, "Some Great English Novels," just published by the Macmillan Company, Orlo Williams names as the greatest novels in his estimation, Fielding's "Tom Jones," Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit," Thackeray's "Pendennis," Meredith's "Egoist," Defoe's "Roxana," Jane Austen's "Emma," George Eliot's "Adam Bede," and Butler's "Way of All Flesh."

* *

*The Publishers' Weekly* in discussing "The Rising Tide of Collecting," in its Rare Book Number just issued, says:

"The price levels being reached today on rare books are a realization of the prophecies of a decade ago, and it is quite confidently expected that optimistic prophecies of today may find complete fulfilment but a few years hence. At one time, some years ago, after the Kelmscott books had reached what seemed to be peak prices, it was confidently prophesied by some that these books would soon be sliding back to publication figures, but the demand for the Kelmscotts has steadily increased and, as more and more of the copies have gone into public collections, the quoted prices have steadily increased. This has happened similarly to the publications of the Doves Press, Essex House Press, Riverside Press, and many other productions in this country and England. If one is naturally an optimist, there is no better field for successful prophecy than in the field of old and rare books as it is now developing."


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# The Phoenix Nest

IN "Some Great English Novels," a new Macmillan book, the author, *Orlo Williams,* chooses as the greatest eight English novels,—guess which? "Tom Jones," "Pendennis," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Egoist," "Roxana," "Emma," "Adam Bede" and "The Way of All Flesh." . . .

*Arthur Guiterman's* new volume of ballads, "I Sing the Pioneer," to our mind has some fine versifying in it. In fact, we remember his poem on Dan'l Boone, when it appeared in a magazine, and that we liked it a lot. We wish Arthur had chosen a better title for his book, which is published by Dutton, because in his own province he is a competent artist. . . .

The beauty of wild nature is celebrated by *Vachel Lindsay* in his latest production, "The Candle in the Cabin" (Appleton). Here again are the Indian hero and the American pioneer. But in our opinion Vachel has grown of late years extremely careless in his craftsmanship. He has trusted too entirely to the divine afflatus. Often, in the beginning, he forked a fiery mustang; but he is too impatient; and, though recklessness is part of his charm, he has lately written reams of just plain bad verse. . . . Meanwhile Guiterman, who is simply not in the running when Vachel is at his best, has maintained a standard in his writing that makes the latter-day Lindsay look decidedly amateurish. . . .

Yes, we shall go on talking of poetry. In "The Arrow of Lightning," by *Beatrice Ravenel* (Harold Vinal), we recently picked up a book of poems that, in a day of so much dreary and piffling pretention in verse, seemed to us simply to blaze and coruscate. This is fine work and we heartily give it a hand. In our old age we are hard to please, and strangely enough we prefer such poetry as we can understand. And we prefer verse that has light, heat, and energy. This has. . . .

*Austin Strong's* famous "The Drums of Oude" has just been published by Appleton in a book containing two other short plays, one of French court life under Louis XV, and the other a pantomime. "The Drums of Oude" first ran for two years in London and has since been continuously revived under all sorts of conditions. It has been acted in forts, on battleships, in a Grand Duke's palace, in tents, in dugouts, and on ammunition boxes in the rain and mud of the Great War. . . .

Boni and Liveright have been holding an exhibition of the work of a grotesquely macabre artist, *Alexander King.* Mr. King won the contest held to secure a proper portrait of *Heywood Broun's* Bunny Gandle. He had been doing hack work in what is known as "commercial art" for some years. But at a first meeting with *Donald S. Friede* of Boni and Liveright he blurted out that he had about twenty drawings not done with remuneration in mind. He produced them, some in vivid color. And a week ago last Wednesday evening we went to a Liveright party and cast our eye over the exhibition. The work is strikingly savage. King remarks of his drawings, "They are at times gruesome and indecent as life. I leave the charming arrangements of line and color to the effete manœuvering of artistic anchorites that are unaffected by Mr. Coolidge, the subway, and the radio." Which dictum does not deeply impress us. But Mr. King's right to choose his material goes without saying. . . .

*Ford Madox Ford,* now in America, has been the guest of *Herbert S. Gorman,* author of the biography of *Longfellow* entitled "A Victorian American." Mr. Ford has announced that he is to crusade on behalf of American authors for three months. He named the three greatest Americans in their respective fields of literature as *Henry James, Stephen Crane,* and *Ezra Pound.* . . .

We've had *Jesse James* and *Billy the Kid,* and now it is but natural that *Wild Bill Hickok* is to have his day in biography. *Frank J. Wilstach,* the famous simile-collector, has turned the trick for the man who tamed Abilene and Hays City in the rip-roaring days. But Mr. Wilstach writes no legendary romance. He is said to stick to facts. We had planned some day to do a ballad about Wild Bill's romance with Calamity Jane, only now to find that that legend is wholly without foundation. Recently we talked with *James Stevens,* author of "Paul Bunyan," and "Brawnyman." He is rightly against the spreading of delusions concerning famous frontier characters in biography. The legend should always be sifted from the actual facts; though, if legend be definitely labelled, it may furnish fine material for fantastic fiction. . . .

Dodd, Mead and Company announce that they are publishing in early December *Edward J. O'Brien's* annual landmark of "Best Stories and The Year Book of the American Best Short Stories." This is the first time this group of annuals including "French and British Short Stories," and "The Best Plays" have appeared over the Dodd, Mead imprint. . . .

*Robert Frothingham's* "Songs of Adventure," an anthology, is out through Houghton Mifflin, and has some good stuff in it. And the two ballads quoted from *C. L. Edson* are not the least of the good things. "The Ravin's of Piute Poet Poe" originally appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature.* But, darn the luck, "Young Mark Twain" did not. Yet listen to these two verses selected from it:

*Planters playing poker in the cabin with their chips,*
*Niggers playing stoker with a song upon their lips,*
*Call bells and engine bells and hissing of the steam,*
*And lighted windows moving through the darkness like a dream,*
*And the spray is soft and sappy,*
*And the night is cool and drippy*
*As lean Mark Twain puts her down the Mississippi;*
*And the swamp fires gleam*
*Where the ghost trees loom,*
*As she paddles through the puddles where the bull frogs boom.*

*Fakers in the river towns cozening their dupes,*
*A fallen King and Dauphin, robbing chicken coops,*
*A loafer in the tan yard liquored up with gin,*
*A nigger floating on a raft with Huckleberry Finn.*
*Packet boats in a race*
*Flaming through the night,*
*Nigger on the safety valve holding of her tight.*
*Lard and bacon in the fire,*
*Blazes white and blue,*
*"Every time a darkey stoked, it sucked him up the flue."*
*Bang goes the boiler!*
*A geyser glare of steam*
*And then the dark—*
*"And scalded corpses floating down the stream."*

*John G. Neihardt,* the poet who wrote "The Song of the Indian Wars," which, believe us, is *some* book, has moved from his country home at Branson, in the Ozarks, to St. Louis, where he has taken charge of the weekly book page of the *Post-Dispatch.* . . .

*Martha Ostenso,* author of "Wild Geese" (the large prize winner) and of "The Dark Dawn" (Dodd, Mead), was born in Norway near the little village of Haukeland. Her name, Ostenso, which is pronounced OS-tenso, with the accent on the first syllable, is an historic one, meaning "Eastern Sea" and is traceable back to the Vikings, Miss Ostenso's forebears having held the same tracts of land along the "Eastern Sea" for centuries. . . .

Well,—parting is such sweet sorrow—!

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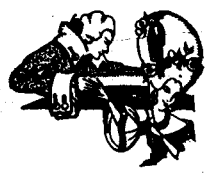

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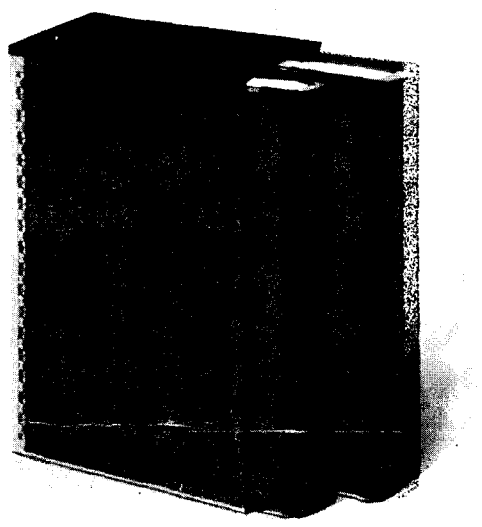

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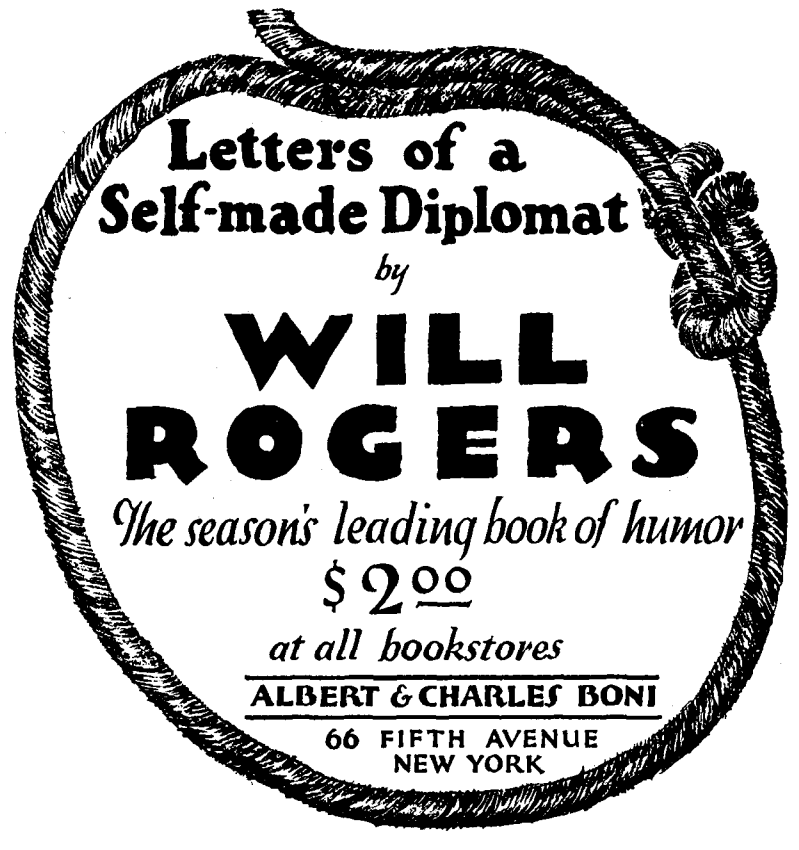

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